★ June 27, 1959

THE NEW YORKER

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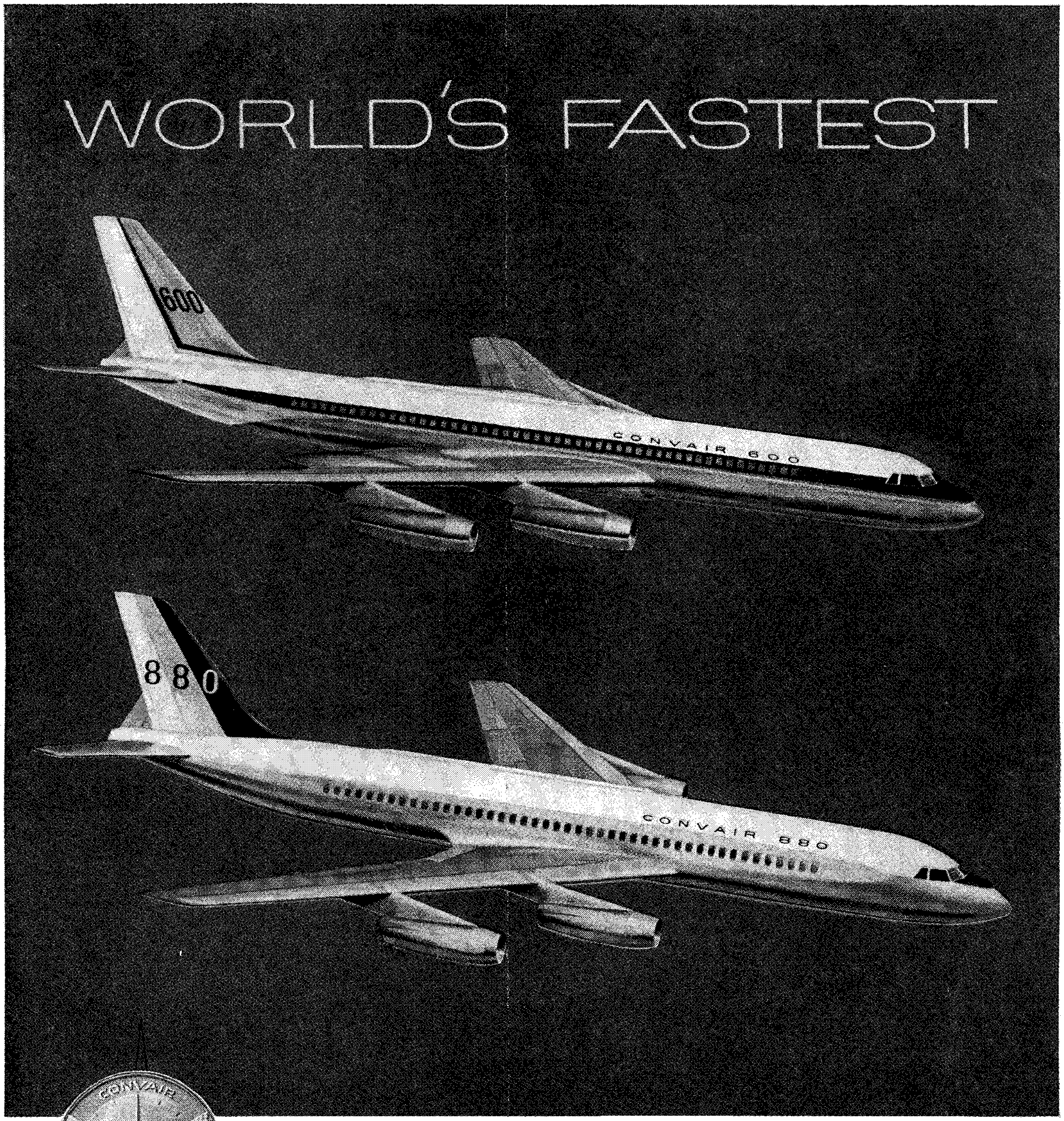
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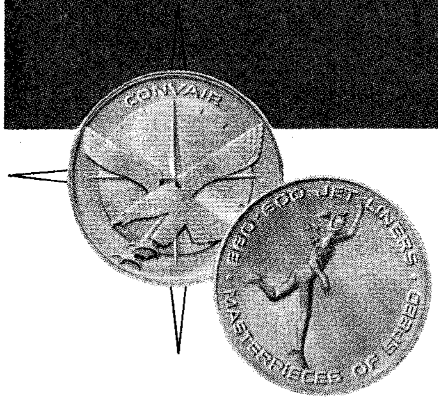
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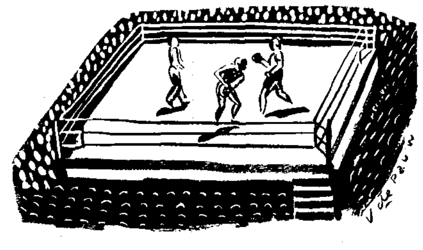
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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28	29	30	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

J. B.—Nobody could have got more dramatic momentum out of the Book of Job than Elia Kazan, who directed this fuddled modernization, by Archibald MacLeish, of the Biblical tragedy. Christopher Plummer, Basil Rathbone, and James Daly do what they can with a grim script. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:45.)

A Majority of One—While this gentle comedy by Leonard Spigelgass, which deals with the slow dawning of love between a Japanese millionaire and a Jewish widow, isn't long on credibility, it has, in the persons of Cedric Hardwicke and Gertrude Berg, a most attractive pair of unlikely lovers. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—A slick and graceful, though faintly soap-operatic, play about young love, adult selfishness, and other family matters. Cyril Ritchard and Cornelia Otis Skinner, who have doubled as director and co-author, respectively, lead the cast, and are strongly supported by Walter Abel, Charlie Ruggles, and Dolores Hart. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Raisin in the Sun—One of the finest contributions to the season, which has to do with the ups and downs of a Negro family in Chicago. Written by Lorraine Hansberry, and directed by Lloyd Richards, the play has a buoyant and talented cast, in which Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, and Ruby Dee figure conspicuously and rewardingly. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Bird of Youth—A dislocated nightmare, by Tennessee Williams, concerned with sex, guilt, and lost innocence. An aging vamp, a blond gigolo, and a vengeful father provide most of the action, which ends on a note of physical mutilation. With Geraldine Page (brilliant), Paul Newman, and Sidney Blackmer. Elia Kazan directed the whirlwind. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The World of Suzie Wong—One of those plays developing the whiskery old notion that brothel inmates are just about the nicest people in the world. France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell do their best when they get a chance. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**two for the seesaw:** The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. Hal March and Lee Grant will take over starting Monday, June 29. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Destry Rides Again—Everybody is furiously active in this spoof of movie Westerns, in which a deputy sheriff with a distaste for firearms finally drills a little respect into some cowtown badmen, but all the exertion doesn't overcome the handicaps of the book. Harold Rome did the music, and Michael Kidd the choreography. Prominently displayed are Dolores Gray and Andy Griffith. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Flower Drum Song—This musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein concerns a romantic contretemps in San Francisco's Chinatown, and shows the great men at less than their best. Pat Suzuki, Miyoshi Umeki, and Larry Blyden perform brisk salvage work. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gypsy—Sandra Church provides a moving sketch of the young Gypsy Rose Lee, with Ethel Merman blasting away as her domineering momma. Jerome Robbins, who directed, has put together a rampageous tribute to the dying arts of vaudeville and burlesque, with the aid of Jule Styne's tunes, Stephen Sondheim's lyrics, and Arthur Laurents's book. Beware, however, of a slight second-act letdown. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—This is an anthology of the madcap revue numbers with which Robert Dhéry, author, director, and star, has been delighting Europe for the past ten years. His attendant zanies, who all speak English when they speak at all, include Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Redhead—Gwen Verdon gives a rousing performance in this otherwise rickety musical tale of Edwardian London. The lyrics are by Dorothy Fields, and the music by Albert Hague. Richard Kiley is Miss Verdon's chief support. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the music man:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Robert Preston. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Pamela Charles that of Eliza Doolittle. Bramwell Fletcher will fill in for Mr. Mulhare for one week starting Monday, June 29. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **west side story:** "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Sonya Wilde, Larry Kert, and Devra Korwin. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 27.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, June 26-28: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, July 3: "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Billy Barnes Revue—A show from Los Angeles, with music and lyrics by Mr. Barnes and sketches by Bob Rodgers. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

The Boy Friend—Ellen McCown and Jeanne Beauvais in a revival of the Sandy Wilson musical. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Crucible—Arthur Miller's play, with Judson Morgan and William Larsen. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

The Drunkard—Matt Conley in a new production of the nineteenth-century melodrama. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

An Enemy of the People—A revival of Arthur Miller's adaptation of Ibsen's drama about a scientist who is all but martyred for his adherence to the truth. Mr. Miller has not entirely succeeded in his effort to bring the play up-to-date, and the cast, which includes Joseph Warren, Earl Montgomery, Lois Holmes, and Al Sperduto, attacks the play with more resolution than inspiration. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the passing years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Kathleen Murray and Art Matthews figure in the gifted cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Mark Twain Tonight!—Twelve years of research, a flexible voice, and prodigious technical resources lie behind Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Once Upon a Mattress—The leading asset of this musical version of the old fairy tale about a princess who detects an antisoporific

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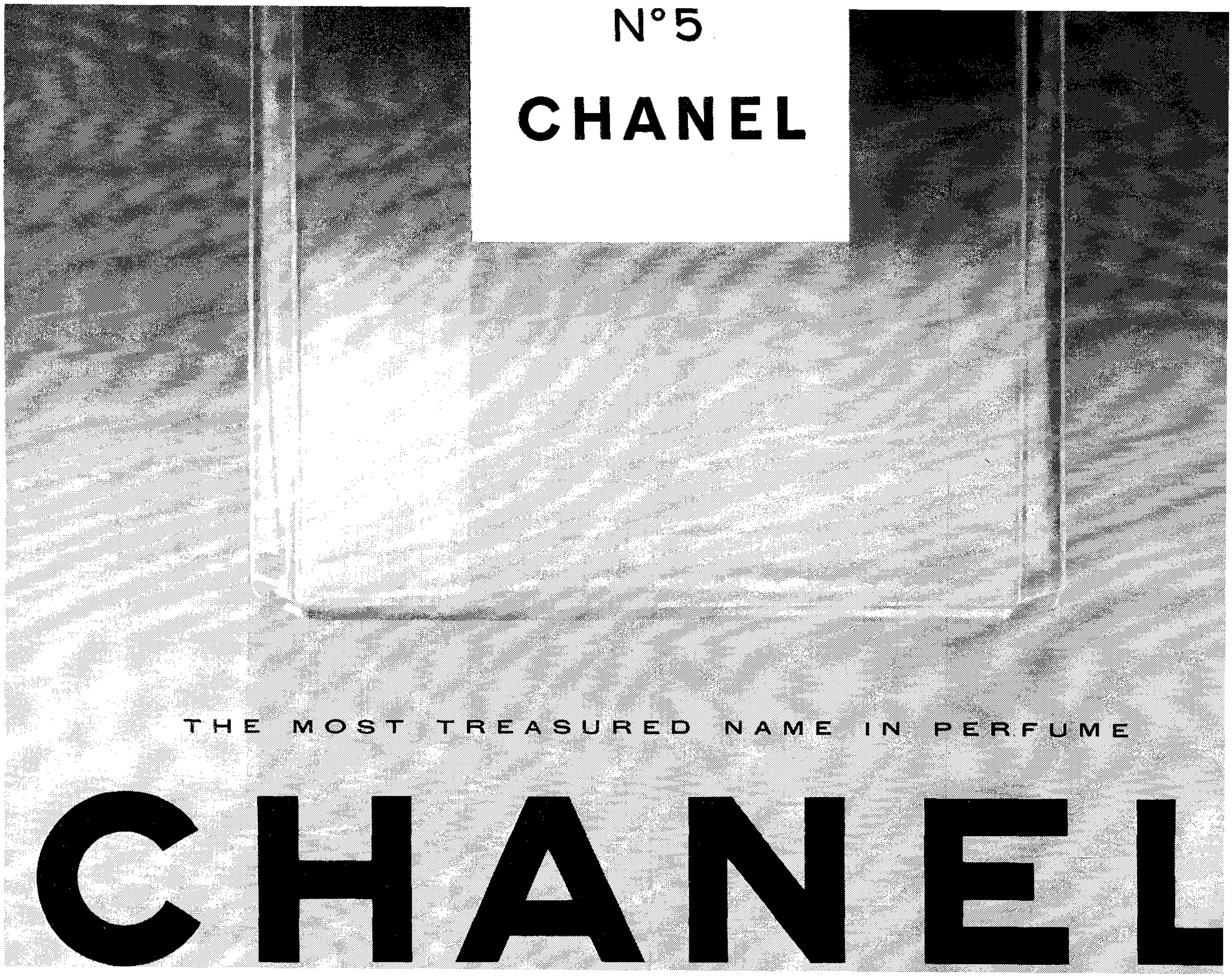
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CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pea through twenty mattresses is Carol Burnett, who plays the delicate lass with a most indelicate air. The music by Mary Rodgers and the lyrics by Marshall Barer also are helpful, but the book is something else again. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Our Town—Thornton Wilder's lovable play receives excellent treatment at the hands of José Quintero, who directed this revival, and of a cast headed by John Beal, as the Stage Manager; Jane McArthur, as Emily; and Clinton Kimbrough, as George. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Shaw Festival—"Buoyant Billions" and "Overruled" (double bill) and "Getting Married," in repertory, with Joan Wetmore, William Whitman, and Patricia Falkenhain. The schedule of performances is so unpredictable that a phone call to the box office seems the best solution. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—A revival of the Jean Anouilh comedy, with Leigh Wharton. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Young and Beautiful—A revival of Sally Benson's play based on short stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Percival Borde—With his company of dancers, singers, and musicians, plus Pearl Primus. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—A revival of "Song of Norway," involving a cast of some three hundred (headed by Brenda Lewis, John Reardon, and Helena Scott), not to mention a seventy-foot Viking ship, a water ballet, an ice show, and fireworks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Saturday, June 27, through Saturday, July 4: Gloria Swanson and Buddy Rogers in "Red Letter Day," a London import. (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Opening-night curtain at 8:40; thereafter Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 4: "Li'l Abner." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:15, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, June 27: "Mister Roberts." Starting Monday, June 29: "Bells Are Ringing." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Starting Friday, July 3: Faye Emerson in "Biography." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Starting Saturday, July 4: Alice Ghostley in "Dig We Must," a new revue. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

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Falmouth—Monday through Saturday, June 29-July 4: Eddie Bracken in "The Tunnel of Love." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Hyannis—Starting Monday, June 29: "Li'l Abner." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Lake Mahopac—Starting Friday, July 3: "Auntie Mame." (Putnam County Playhouse, Lake Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6:15 and 9:15.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, June 28: Billie Worth in "Bells Are Ringing." Tuesday through Sunday, June 30-July 5: "The Merry Widow." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Latham—Through Sunday, July 5: "Li'l Abner." (Colonie Music Theatre, Latham, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 5:30 and 9; and Sundays at 8. On Monday, June 29, the Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas will appear for a single performance.)

Millburn—"Brigadoon." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, June 27: Faye Emerson in "Biography." Monday through Saturday, June 29-July 4: "Bells Are Ringing." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, June 27: Russell Nype and Gene Rayburn in "Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?" Starting Monday, June 29: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

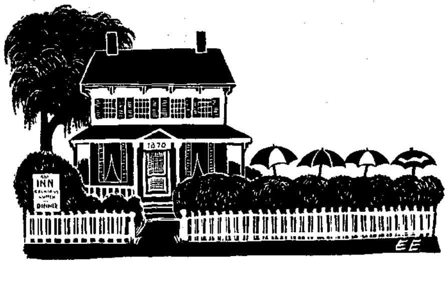
Ogunquit—Monday through Saturday, June 29-July 4: Shirley Booth in "Nina." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Tuesday through Sunday, June 30-July 5: "Third Best Sport." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Monday through Saturday, June 29-July 4: Jacob Ben-Ami in "The Diary of Anne Frank." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, June 27: "The Man in the Dog Suit." Monday through Saturday, June 29-July 4: "Howie." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—"A Midsummer Night's Dream": Thursday, June 25, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 4, at 3.... ¶ "The Merry Wives of Windsor": Previews Friday, June 26, at 8:30; Saturday and Sunday, June 27-28, at 3; and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 30-July 1, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, July 2, at 7:30. Another performance Saturday, July 4, at 8:30.... ¶ "Romeo and Juliet": Saturday, June 27, at 8:30; Wednesday, July 1, at 3; and Friday, July 3, at 8:30. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For tickets, call MU 7-1272.)



Wallingford—Through Saturday, June 27: Anne Jeffreys and Robert Sterling in "Bells Are Ringing." Monday through Saturday, June 29-July 4: William Bendix and Mark Stevens in "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, July 5: "Li'l Abner." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30: Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8:30. For tickets, call LA 4-8156.)

Westport—Through Saturday, June 27: Arlene Francis in "Once More, with Feeling." Monday through Saturday, June 29-July 4: Tony Randall in "Arms and the Man." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30. For tickets, call CI 6-1614.)

Woodstock—Tuesday through Sunday, June 30-July 5: "Blue Denim." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by Pearl Lang and her company, Ruth St. Denis, and Alvin Ailey and his company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 30-July 1, at 9; Thursday, July 2, at 4; and Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A goldfish bowl that, oddly, can be filled to the brim with champagne without having any effect whatever on the denizens. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra pipe the customers aboard. Closed Saturday, July 4.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's small band is usually the dance musician in the Café Pierre, and it operates from cocktails through supper. Renato Rossini's guitar, cooing like a dove or purple with Mediterranean passion, is on hand every day but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, an idyllic way to pass the time of night, the dance orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen glide decorously down Memory Lane. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Summer and summer-weight music (Lenny Herman's band, Al Conte's trio) enfold the mighty Grill in slumber from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—If this isn't Heaven, then why is it so pink, airy, and altogether handsome? This season, there's just one dance band—Milt Shaw's, naturally. The intervals are whiled away by piano, and the business hours are eight to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers cocktail and dinner piano by Tommy Purcell, and dancing after nine to his little orchestra. No music Sunday. The last day of the season is Tuesday, June 30.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, an affair of state, Chauncey Gray's orchestra begins its débutante-speed dance music at nine, and Quintero's band takes up any slack. There's dinner music, too. Sundays are soundless.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tommy Sands, who may never grow up, is singing his child's garden of verses on the Starlight Roof, which is apt to be one vast prom these nights. The older generation is represented by Count Basie's pirati-

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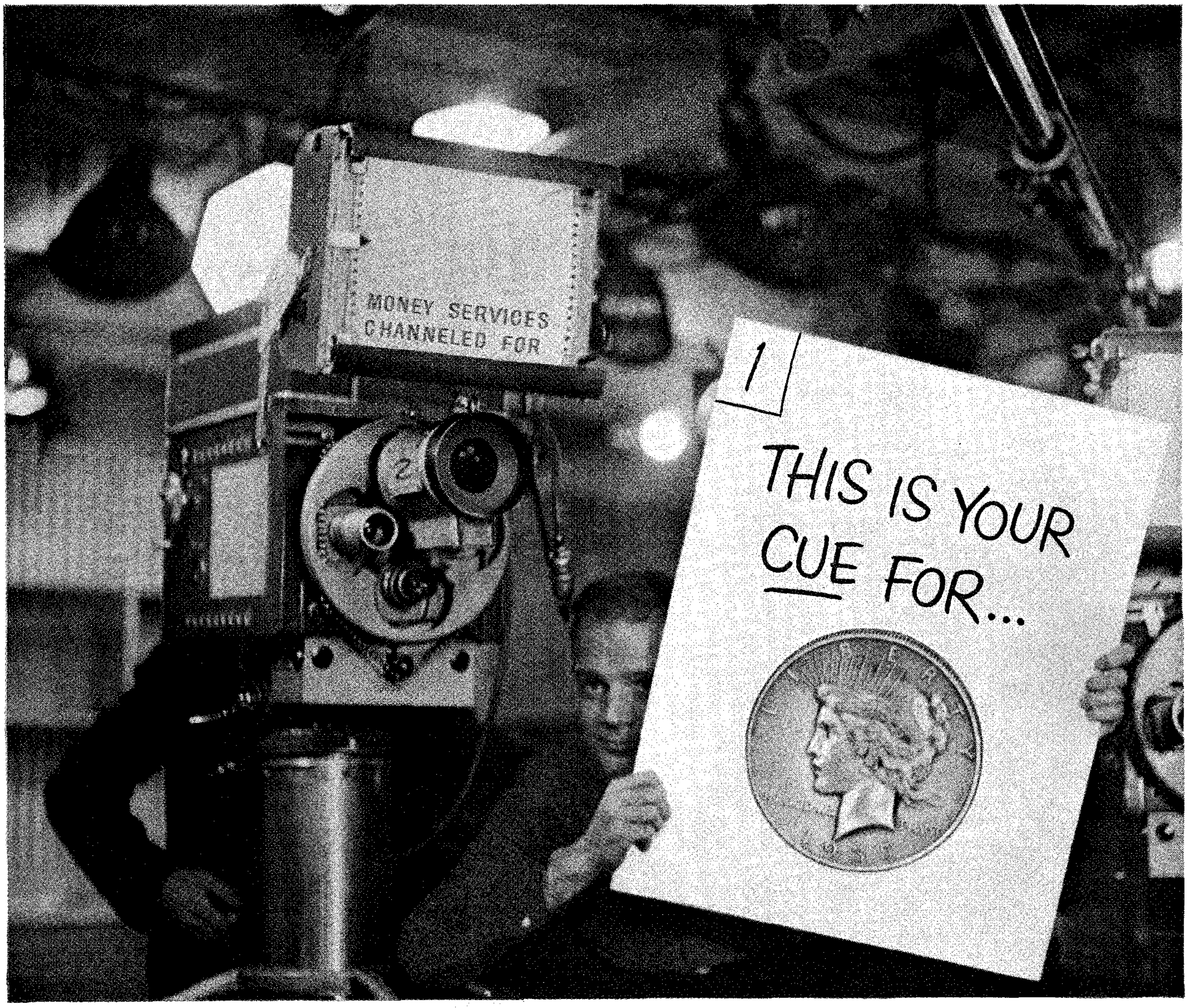

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cal crew of musicians, and Joe Williams, who also knows that the course of untrue love never runs smooth, and wants to sing about it. Rug cutters can pursue their hobby in tune with the Basie band. Closed Sunday, and closes Wednesday, July 1, for the season. . . . ¶ Mondays through Thursdays, from seven to twelve, in the enclosure called Peacock Alley, there's serene sitting-still music by a couple of trios. Fridays and Saturdays, they conjure up dance tunes during the same hours; Sundays, the Béla Babai band takes care of dancers from eight to twelve.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a topless tower of Ilium, permits one to tour the city from behind a glass curtain and with cocktail in hand. There's listening and imbibing music by Joseph Sudy's trio. The bar opens at four-thirty; time's up at nine. Closed Sundays. The phone is CI 6-5800; the address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The night beat for certain citizens who have become characters and certain citizens who are studying to become characters. Rack Godwin's piano, full of both magnetism and mischief, starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The warm-weather menu is this: Goldie Hawkins, prop., at the keyboard from six to eight, Bob Printz doing solo flights until ten, then two- and four-handed piano on into the night. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, master of this eminent domain, rubs off a great deal of the prevailing solemnity when he takes his piano by the hand, which he does (off and on) from five until one. Joel Forbes is the Sunday driver. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Florentine skill of the resident chef is supplemented by calm dinner and supper piano by Dick Hankinson. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Much ado about everything, from soup to *caffè espresso*. The Roman traffic jam is heightened by Theo Fanidi's corps of violinists. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep on the border of Disneyland. The table-side violin of the timeless Norbert Faconi is the main event. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Gaiety in a Spanish wine cellar, which has been furnished with tables, chairs, and a troupe of players who never get out of the habit of singing, dancing, and plain and fancy strumming. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Another aspect of Spain—a de-luxe but pastoral one—where indigenous music wells up until quite late at night. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The only art gallery in Manhattan that permits full-voice conversation. Winding in and out of the after-ten gossip are the ballads (sometimes Gaelic) of Mona McCoy, plus the music of two duos—Perry Lopez and Joe Williams, Johnny and Bubber Johnson. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian songfest and Hungarian music, both by the bushel. Some of the music is from that vanishing instrument the zimbalon, and some of it is for dancing. The summer vacation begins at close of business on Sunday, June 28. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Poor's* and *Moody's* are the favorite light reading of the populace. Rambling perusal music comes from the piano of George Feyer, who's on at frequent intervals from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. On Monday, June 29, Udith Merims (that's a girl) replaces Mr. Feyer. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4. . . . **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-3775): Between bar and dining room of this ornate social hall, Viviane Greene, a recent import from the Coast, often laces her drifting-and-dreaming piano with solid insertions of rhythm and blues. She performs from eight to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, mostly British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, the gatekeeper's lodge of a sumptuous estate, there's fairly robust piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the bar, which provides an excellent vantage point for observing the changing of the Old Guard, Tom Legate is at the piano. His music runs from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty. No notework Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Now and then the perpetual *Kaffeeklatsch* is punctured by outbursts of Shubert Brothers French girl singers, but the rest of the time the music and the *récitatifs* are more in keeping and in key. Closed Mondays. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Basically a diners' club, interspersed with sallies by Morgana King into the tanglewood of the new-era ballads, and with the music of Sal Salvador's trio. Closed Mondays.

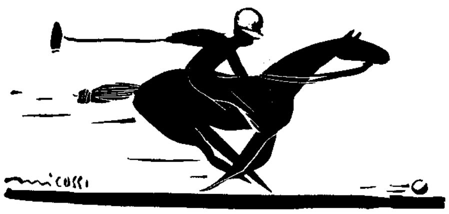
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The massive revue doesn't curl up with a good book, or with good lyrics, either, but the choreography and chorus girls do nicely. Among the million other items in this general store are the indefatigable Andrews Sisters, singing their heads off, and Jack Durant, purveying jokes that have withstood the test of time.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The summer holidays begin here on Thursday, July 2, when all hands—Carol Burnett, the "Once Upon a Mattress" princess; Ken and Mitzi Welch, a college-age couple most likely to succeed at disrespect for their elders and their compeers; Reneaux, a sleight-of-hander who breaks all the laws of probability; and Pat Scot, who's becoming a fine little soprano—take to the hills. So do the futurist Jimmy Lyons trio and Bart Howard, pianist. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, Alex Fogarty conducts his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M. every night but Saturday and Monday, there's also a catch-as-catch-can chukker by the Lyons group. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Jack Fletcher, whose unworldly innocence has enhanced for months the incumbent Julius Monk words-and-music panorama, departs on Saturday, June 27; Joe Ross, a graduate *cum laude* of the recent Village revue called "Fallout," replaces him on Monday, June 29. The other pranksters—Ceil Cabot, Isobel Robins, Gerry Matthews, George Hall, and Estelle Parsons—are staying on. The pit band is the twin pianos of Bob Colston and William Goldenberg; the curtain times are nine-thirty (a quarter hour earlier Fridays and Saturdays) and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Susan Johnson, girl catalyst, is forswearing life upon the wicked stage (in such items as "The Most Happy Fella" and "Whoop-Up") for her old sport of balladry—sad, glad, and mad. William Roy and Carl Norman man the keyboard all evening; she checks in at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Love can be hell, love can be seventh heaven, love can be idiot's delight. Thus speak the lyrics of Mabel Mercer, worldly-wise, world-weary, queen of the night. Her exposition begins after the theatre. Her accompanist, and the piano soloist, is Sam Hamilton, by now practically her alter ego. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, Phil Leeds, one of our most cheerful and indestructible guinea pigs, vanishes as of Sunday, June 28. Yvonne Constant, whose voice is audible at other hours in "La Plume de Ma Tante," takes that day off, and does her last bows on Monday, June 29. On Tuesday, June 30, the Troupers, who really should be called troupials, will lead the new cast, mostly neophytes, aboard. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, the original settlers, will go right on playing piano. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Hot nights in old Greenwich Village—Felicia Sanders, her terse voice locked in fierce embrace with her arias; Milt Kamen, perhaps our most persuasive curbside philosopher; Little, Dane & Mason, a rumpus-room glee club; Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, musicians for madmen; and Jimmie Daniels, street singer for boulevardiers. Closed Mondays. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): Jack Douglas, erstwhile *éminence grise* behind Jack Paar, is now facing reality instead, armed with a showfolk manner, a grab bag of jokes, some original ideas, and a dim view. Murray Grand is the five-to-nine cocktail pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): Part teahouse of the August moon, part steps going down. The muse is Janice Mars, artfully beating the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune into songs whose effectiveness is in direct ratio to their simplicity. Don Evans and Otis Clements do as good mood piano as the town affords, not to mention their pepper-and-salt tandem sessions. On Saturdays, a real oddity is added—the stream-of-consciousness tape recordings (children being themselves, cabdrivers being Mayor Wagner) assembled by a young man named Tony Schwartz. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): The one thing to keep in mind when you explore this segment of the Barbary Coast is that Matt Dennis is playing piano, whipping two sidemen into action, and singing songs that are as American as the buffalo, as easy as pie, as right as rain. His final stint is on Saturday, June 27. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Spanish is the mother tongue here, for menu, guests, and performers, the last of whom are (with one exception) a bit too Latin from Manhattan. The exception: Hanna Aharoni, a sort of free spirit from Israel, whose Iberian arias are better than anything the home team here can offer. Her last night is Thursday, July 2. There are two dance bands for use in case of emergency. The sole Sunday activity is a Pan-American tea dance, three to eight. . . . **CAFÉ SAHBRA**, 253 W. 72nd St. (TR 3-1276): Colonial Israel in amiable bring-the-children style. The top of the evening is Shoshana Damari, who hurls the ballads of her native hills and dales like Jove dealing out thunderbolts. The rest of the amusement can be taken or left alone. Dancing. Closed Fridays.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The famous Condon foot soldiery—Rex Stewart, Mousie Alexander, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall—selling their Dixie lives as dearly as possible. Mr. Condon looks in frequently to review his troops. The recess-hour pianist is Bob Corwin. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Carmen McRae, a mobile constructed of the very best stainless steel, sings as blithely as the cuckoo who proclaims that summer is coming in; Irwin Corey, a Univac constructed of snips, snails, and puppy dogs' tails, spouts his conclusions and inconclusions about everything under the sun. Don Abney's trio is the music. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session; closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Jack Teagarden, world traveller these past five years, is again winding his horn of plenty ("trombone" is an in-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

adequate word in the circumstances) for the pleasure of local fundamentalists. He's surrounded by a sextet; Marian McPartland, who represents a much more recent mode of expression, is surrounded by a trio. Trudi Baer does solo piano earlier in the day, six to eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Way down upon the Swanee River, before chambers had echoes and guitars had electronics. Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Wilber Kirk do the ensemble work; Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays. On Monday, June 29, the Notre Dame Ramblers will, on a one-night stand, take turns with the regulars. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Maxted's band brings a breath of the Old South to an ancient Village glory hole. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Pat Moran, girl from Chicago, packs quite a wallop as she drops her tiny fists on the piano within the oval bar. Bass and drums assist her on her way, which is mostly modern. Bernie Nierow, soloist at the piano, is by turn romance and progress, and he, too, works under a full head of steam. Nine-thirty is zero hour; no music Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): What can honestly be called a bang-up job blasts from the artillery wielded by Claude Hopkins, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, and Illinois Jacquet's quintet (which will be replaced on Tuesday, June 30, by J. C. Higginbotham, Buster Bailey, and Red Allen) in a bar narrow enough to need no microphones. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays. Monday and Tuesday nights, a variation—a group headed by Roy Eldridge, J. C. Heard, and Coleman Hawkins. It's all done in an unmistakably Southern accent. . . . ¶ At the moment, Woody Herman's quintet, which is loud in its praise of music for the masses, occupies an upper sanctum in the attic as of eight-thirty. On Tuesday, June 30, Ahmad Jamal's trio, whose approach is more devious, will succeed the Hermans. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Stan Kenton has baked another impressive layer cake, this one according to his older and richer recipe. Customers on a no-sweets diet are referred to the trio of Phineas Newborn, Jr., which is almost lost in this dim cavern. On Sunday, June 28, there'll be a 3 P.M. matinée by the Kentons. Thursday, July 2, a new arrangement: Chico Hamilton's complex quintet and a group of modest Pacific-slope violets who call themselves the Mastersounds. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular troops are out of action. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The penny-plain music of our forefathers, administered every weekend by those who never forget. On Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, the memory course will probably be conducted by Wild Bill Davison, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, Herb Fleming, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The house rule for the performing artists is keep it to yourself, so that the customers can hear one another talk. Thus Jonah Jones' trumpet, the important part of his quartet, is audible only down front. Yugene Smith's trio is the fill-in. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening, and Sundays are potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The small world of Lennie Tristano, who spends his evenings working out abstractions on the piano keys or pondering the intricacies contrived by his four sidemen, among them Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh. Come as you are is O.K. with the management. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A vasty deep, and wholly Village. Leon Bibb, a solid voice, represents folk music, that overcrowded no-collar profession. Jazz sessions at nine on Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The only outward expression of uniformity is the blue jeans. Dimly visible through a smoke screen are Mal Waldron's quartet (in which Pepper Adams and Roy Haynes are embedded) and Randy Weston's foursome. These wild winds blow every night of the week, but one or the other of them lays off Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): You'd never know this part of storied old Basin Street, what with the palm trees and the untraditional music, such as Kai Winding's gone-with-the-wind quintet and the Herbie Mann sextet, which operates under the influence of bongo and Congo. Sunday is their day of rest. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): A whispering campaign has it that Bobby Brookmeyer and Jim Raney have just joined forces with the local militia. It's likely they'll be around every night but Monday.

ART

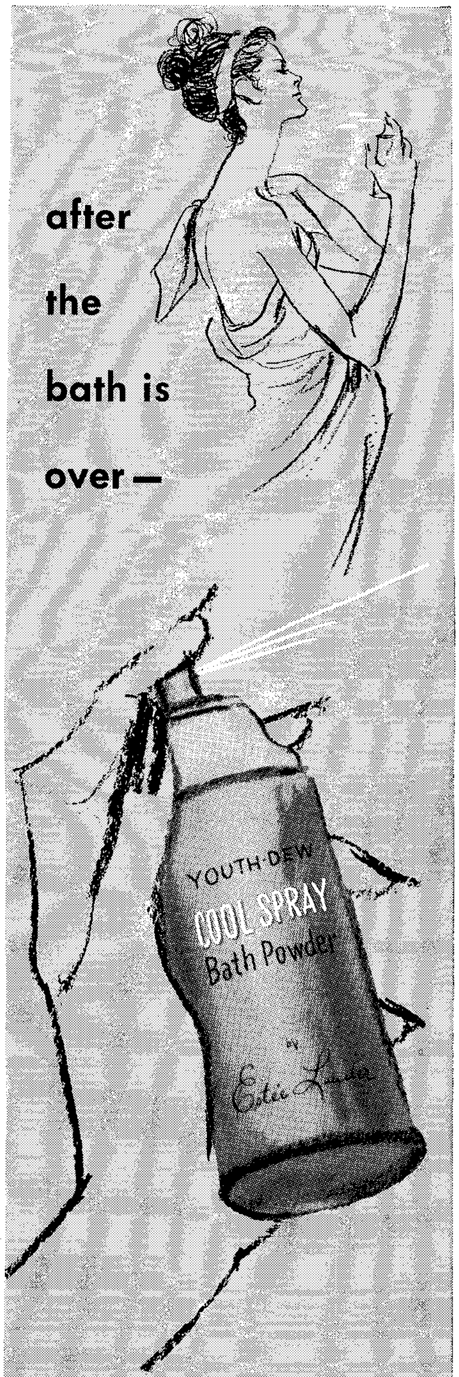
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Recent oils by Jack Levine, Yutaka Ohashi, and five other painters, plus recent sculptures by William King; through Thursday, July 2. . . . **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and other works by Americans, ranging from Thomas Eakins and Winslow Homer to the present; through Aug. 31. . . . **BRATA,** 89 E. 10th St.: Ronald Bladen, John Krushenick, and other painters; through Aug. 31. (Sundays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: Oils by Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and others, and sculptures by William Zorach; through Friday, June 26. . . . **HELLER,** 63 E. 57th St.: Three painters—Sharon Bretton, William Sebring, and Chaim Fleischman; through Saturday, June 27. (Daily, 11 to 5.) . . . **ISAACSON,** 22 E. 66th St.: Paintings and drawings by six artists, including Sophy Regensburg and George Tooker; through Tuesday, June 30. . . . **KRASNER,** 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Albert Alcalay, Sidney Laufman, Zigmunt Menkes, and Tetsuo Ochikubo, together with bronze figures by Chet La More; through Tuesday, June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: The annual season's retrospective, containing realist and semiabstract paintings by such artists as Isabel Bishop, Ernest Fiene, and Zoltan Sepeshy; through Friday, July 3. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, Stephen Etnier, Ogden M. Pleissner, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through Sept. 30. . . . **NORDNESS,** 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by I. Rice Pereira, Gregorio Prestopino, Milton Hebald, and others; through Saturday, June 27. . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Ben Benn, Noel Davis, Cornelis Ruhtenberg, and other gallery artists are represented in a painting-and-drawing show; through July 17. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Charles Cajori, Julio Girona, and Robert Cronbach; through Aug. 31. (Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 32 E. 65th St.: Work of the twenties by three painters—Emile Pierre Branchard, Vincent Canadé, and Arnold Friedman; through Friday, July 3.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Delaunay, Picasso, Lipchitz, and others; through July 30. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Raoul Dufy, Milton Avery, Henry Moore, and other painters and sculptors; through Aug. 28. (Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **WHITE,** 42 E. 57th St.: Lawrence Kupferman, Jean Hélion, and other painters, plus two sculptors—Robert Couturier and Clivia Morrison; through Tuesday, June 30. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by such artists as Bonnard, Brancusi, and Bellows; through Aug. 29. (Open Saturday, June 27.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAMMER,** 51 E. 57th St.: French paintings by Monet, Renoir, Utrillo, and others; through Sept. 6. (Open Saturday, June 27.) . . . **KLEEMANN,** 11 E. 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by German and French artists, including Emil Nolde, Pierre Soulages, and Ernst Barlach; through Tuesday, June 30. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 10 E. 77th St.: Alfred Manessier, Wassily Kandinsky, Lynn Chadwick, and other painters



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and sculptors; through Tuesday, June 30. (Open Saturdays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sunday, June 28.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Museum's most recently acquired El Greco, "St. John's Vision of the Mysteries of the Apocalypse," is now on view, along with eight of his other paintings. . . . ¶ "Art Treasures from Gordion," a loan exhibition from the Turkish Government of ancient Phrygian bronzes, pottery, jewelry, and stone sculptures; through Aug. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Recent Sculpture U.S.A.," an exhibit of seventy-nine works, mostly by artists in their twenties or thirties. There are pieces by Tom Hardy, William King, and Alexander Calder (to mention a few). Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ "The New American Painting," a show that has toured eight European countries and contains eighty-one Abstract Expressionist paintings by seventeen artists, including Willem de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, and Jack Tworkov; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Gibson Girl," an exhibition of original drawings by her creator, Charles Dana Gibson, together with costumes of the eighteen-nineties; through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—No special exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Daily, except Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: "Art in the Academic Curriculum," a review of exhibits designed for teaching purposes in past years and consisting of paintings, sculptures, decorative arts, prints, drawings, and so on; starting Friday, June 26. (Weekdays, except Saturday, July 4, from 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: The twenty-first annual artist members' exhibition, with works in various mediums by Minna Citron, Perle Fine, Harlan Jackson, and others; through July 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . **NEW CANAAN, CONN.** Silvermine Guild of Artists: The tenth-anniversary New England exhibition of paintings and sculptures, this year including items by artists from all over the country; through July 5. (Daily, 12:30 to 5:30.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Charles Demuth, welded-metal sculptures by George A. Curtis, Early American portrait miniatures, and sculptures and paintings by "Americans of Our Times;" starting Saturday, June 27. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: Gladys Rockmore Davis, Gordon Grant, and Robert Brackman are among the artists represented in the first section of the thirty-ninth annual national exhibition of paintings; starting Monday, June 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Chrysler Art Museum: "Permanent Collections—Gifts and Accessions," including American and European paintings, sculptures, and prints (by Hans Hofmann, Karel Appel, William Blake, Calvin Albert, and others); silver, glass, and porcelains; and Egyptian, African, and pre-Columbian objects. Through July 31. (Daily, 10 to 10.) . . . ¶ HCE Gallery: Oils by Milton Avery, Stephen Pace, Angelo Ippolito, and others; starting Saturday, June 27. (Daily, 11 to 6 and 8 to 10.) . . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: Part II of the thirty-ninth annual exhibition, comprising paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by, among others, Jerri Ricci, Joseph Margulies, and Umberto Romano; starting Saturday, June 27. (Opening day, 3 to 6; thereafter weekdays, 10 to 5:30, and Sundays, 3 to 6.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, June 25: Alfredo Antonini conducting an all-Puccini program, with Licia Albanese, soprano, and Richard Tucker, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27: Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting, with the American Ballet Theatre. . . . ¶ Monday, June 29: Thomas Scherman conducting a concert version of Offenbach's opera "The Tales of Hoffmann," with Irene Jordan, soprano; Robert Rounseville, tenor; Martial Singher, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 30: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Mendelssohn program, with Jeanne Mitchell, violin, and Mary Judd, soprano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 1: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Anna Xydis, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Michael Rabin, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4: The Stadium will be given over to a jazz program by Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, Johnny Dankworth's orchestra, and others. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 111 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:06 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 14. Morton Gould will share in the conducting on Sunday, June 28.) . . . ¶ Elliot Lawrence conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Daniel Vandersall, cello. (Saturday, July 4, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 9—Wednesday, July 1, at 8:30: A chamber-music concert by the Kroll Quartet. . . . ¶ Charles Munch directing members of the Boston Symphony in three all-Bach programs. Friday, July 3, at 8:30: With Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and the Tanglewood Choir. Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: With pianists Lukas Foss, Bernard Zighera, and Ralph Berkowitz. Sunday, July 5, at 2:30: With Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Ruth Posselt, violin; and Ralph Gomberg, oboe. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Sunday, June 28, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong and his band. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2, at 8:30: Mahalia Jackson, gospel singer. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 3:30: Odetta, folk singer. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 8:30: George Shearing's quintet. (Lenox, Mass.)

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 2, at 8:30: Count Basie's orchestra, the Four Freshmen, George Shearing, Ahmad Jamal, Buck Clayton, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, Jimmy Rushing, Vic Dickenson, Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, Annie Ross, and others. (Freebody Park.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 11: "The Roots of Jazz," a free lecture (illustrated with jazz records), by Marshall Stearns. (Rogers High School.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 2:30: Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, Horace Silver's quintet, Ernestine Anderson, the Mastersounds, and Kenny Burrell's quartet. (Freebody Park.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 8:30: The Modern Jazz Quartet, Dizzy Gillespie, Phil Napoleon, Oscar Peterson's trio, Dakota Staton, Thelonious Monk, Johnny Dankworth's orchestra, and others. (Freebody Park.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 11: "The Social Background of Jazz," a free lecture, by Sterling Brown. (Rogers High School.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 2:30: The world première of "Fontessa," a jazz ballet, with Al Minns, Willy Sandburg, Leon James, and Jacqueline McDermott. (Rogers High School.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 2:30: The Newport Youth Band, conducted by Marshall Brown; Charlie Mingus's quintet; the Jazz Messengers; and Jimmy Smith's trio. (Freebody Park.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: Duke Ellington's orchestra and Erroll Garner. (Freebody Park.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 11: "The Role of Jazz in American Culture," a free lecture, by Eric Larabee. (Rogers High School.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 2:30: A program of gospel music. (Freebody Park.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, Stan Kenton's orchestra, the Kingston Trio, Dave

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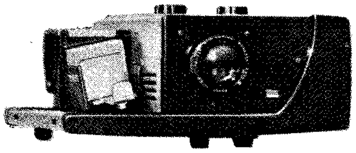

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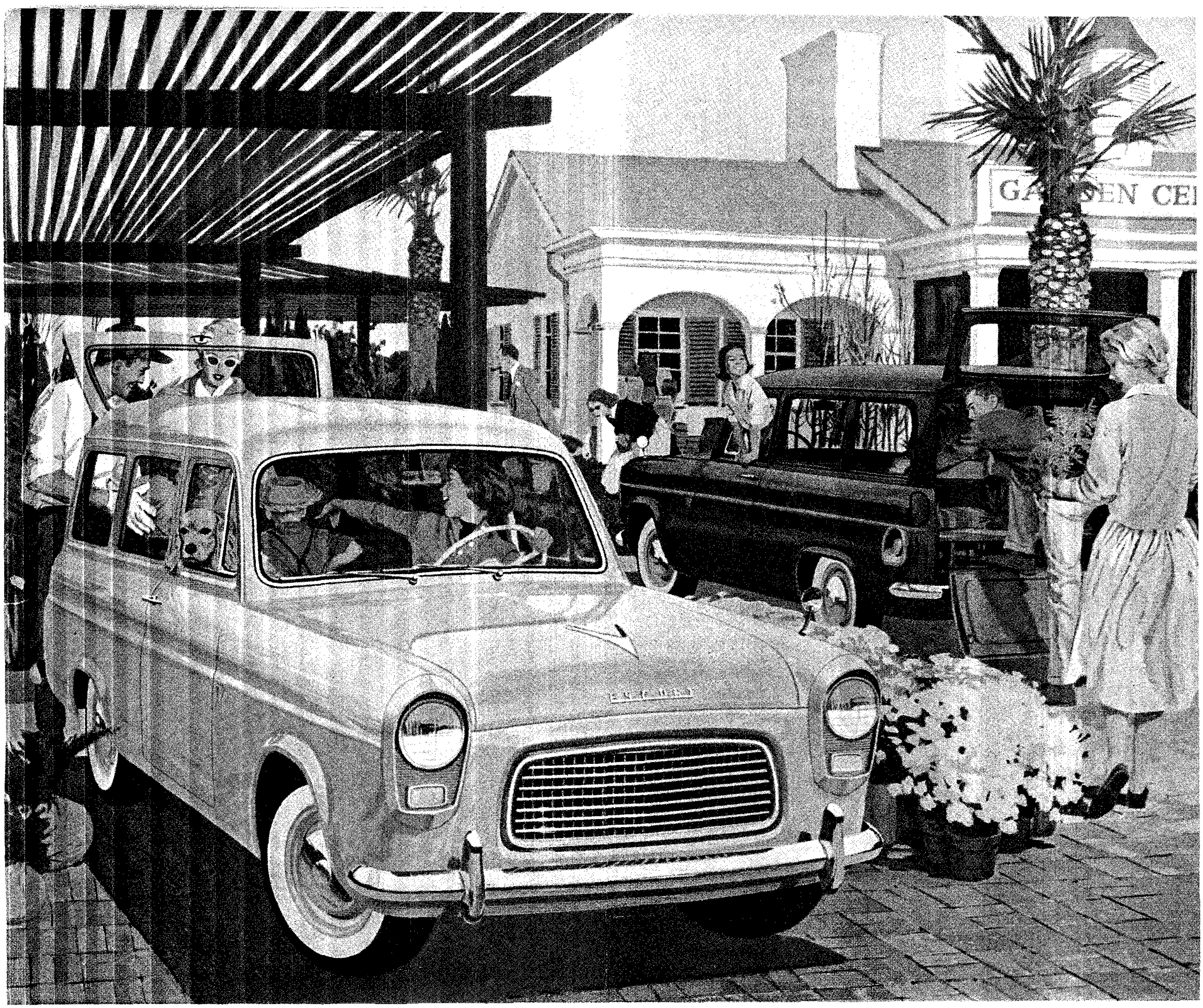

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Brubeck's quartet, Pat Suzuki, Red Nichols, and others. (Freebody Park.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees vs. Washington. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, July 3, at 8, and Saturday, July 4, at 2, doubleheader.)

Boxing—Floyd Patterson vs. Ingemar Johansson, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium. Thursday, June 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)... ¶ Victor Zalazar vs. Ralph (Tiger) Jones, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, June 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Horse Shows—Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury, L.I. Saturday, June 27.)... ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. Friday and Saturday, July 3-4.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho: The opening round of the National Twenty-Goal Championship Tournament, June 28.... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Mondays through Fridays at 1:15, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 11. The Sysonby Handicap, Saturday, June 27; the Shevlin, Wednesday, July 1; and the Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, June 27. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)... WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Tuesday, June 30.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 4, at 1:30.

Tennis—AMATEUR MATCHES: New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Arlington, N.J. Through Sunday, June 28.)... ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Saturday, June 27, through Sunday, July 5.)... PROFESSIONAL MATCHES: Pancho Gonzales, Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Tony Trabert, Ashley Cooper, Frank Sedgman, Pancho Segura, Sammy Giammalva, Mervyn Rose, and Mal Anderson. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. BO 8-2300. Friday, June 26, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, June 27-28, at 2.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:25; through Friday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 22.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Soviet Exhibition—Sputnik models, machine tools, automobiles, home furnishings, and foods will be included among the displays from the Soviet Union. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle, Tuesday, June 30, through Monday, Aug. 10. Weekdays, 11 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films directed by John Ford—Through June 27: "The Informer" (1935), with Victor McLaglen.... ¶ Starting June 28: "Stagecoach" (1939), with Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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Four Continents
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Mediterranean Cruise
MAASDAM Oct. 22
To Las Palmas; Casablanca; Malta; Athens; Catania; Messina; Sorrento; Naples; Villefranche; Palma; Malaga; Gibraltar; Tangier; Cadiz; Lisbon; Southampton; Rotterdam. Return to New York included on the new flagship ROTTERDAM.
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OCT. 2 NIEUW AMSTERDAM to St. Thomas, Virgin Is.; Martinique; Curaçao; Port-au-Prince, Haiti. 12 days from $325.
OCT. 23 NIEUW AMSTERDAM to Port-au-Prince, Haiti; Havana. 8 days from $215.
NOV. 27 STATENDAM to Bermuda; St. Thomas, Virgin Is.; La Guaira (for Caracas), S.A.; Aruba; Port-au-Prince, Haiti. 15 days from $350. 13 day cruise Norfolk to Norfolk, from $330.
DEC. 4 NIEUW AMSTERDAM to St. Thomas, Virgin Is.; Martinique; Curaçao; Port-au-Prince, Haiti. 12 days from $315.

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OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Aparajito—A sequel to the first-rate Indian film "Pather Panchali," which introduced us, with compassion and insight, to a woebegone Hindu family. In this one, the director, Satyajit Ray, accompanies the family through further trials and misadventures, and if his pace is often slow, his perceptions are always keen. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 1.)

Compulsion—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles have joined forces with good effect in representing, respectively, a pair of killers and a defense attorney in this reënactment of the Leopold-Loeb case. Derived from a novel by Meyer Levin. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 1, tentative.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—The tragic tale of an adolescent Jewish girl holed up with her family in an Amsterdam garret while Hitler's supermen prowl the streets. Rather too extended, the film has, nevertheless, plenty of poignant moments. Millie Perkins' portrayal of Anne Frank is not too successful, but Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Ed Wynn are estimable as some of the adults who surround her. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 1, continuous showings.)

Gigi—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

He Who Must Die—A tremendously moving French picture, taken from a novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, about a group of Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. Filmed on Crete by Jules Dassin, it is beautiful to look at and stunningly acted by a cast that includes Pierre Vaneck, Melina Mercouri, Grégoire Aslan, and Fernand Ledoux. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 30, tentative.)

The Horse's Mouth—Alec Guinness giving a solid comic performance as the raffish hero of an adaptation of Joyce Cary's novel. Mr. Guinness, who did the adaptation himself, is perhaps better as an actor than as an adapter, but his portrait of a freewheeling artistic nonconformist in a world he never made makes up for any small handicaps. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting July 1, tentative.)

The Nun's Story—A protracted but interesting adaptation of Kathryn Hulme's account of the spiritual difficulties of a Belgian girl of independent temperament who sets out to be a religious, finds the disciplines of her order hard to accept, and eventually succeeds in becoming a nursing sister in the Congo. Adapted by Robert Anderson and directed by Fred Zinnemann, the film is sensitive, informative, and, on occasion exciting, and Audrey Hepburn, as the nun, gives an almost faultless performance. She has the help of Peter Finch, as a doctor in the Congo; Dean Jagger, as her father; and Mildred Dunnock, Beatrice Straight, Patricia Collinge, and many other worthy females, who portray her associates who have taken the habit of her order. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Pather Panchali—An excellent film about life in a village in India, made on location and directed by Satyajit Ray. Honest, moving, and utterly without pretension. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through June 30, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 1, tentative.)

Pork Chop Hill—An unhappy company of infantrymen try to hold a hill in Korea because the high brass of the United Nations thinks, possibly mistakenly, that it is of utmost importance to do so while peace negotiations are going on behind the lines. Filmed with no sentimental trimmings by Lewis Milestone, who also directed such classics of combat as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "A Walk in the Sun," the movie is altogether praiseworthy, as is the cast, headed by Gregory Peck. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; June 25.)

The Roof—The joint talents of the writer Cesare Zavattini and the director Vittorio De Sica, who were so successful in putting together "The Bicycle Thief" and "Shoe-Shine," have made a diverting affair of this gentle Italian film, which recounts the simple annals of a pair of newlyweds who have to contend with poverty and a host of preposterous relatives. As in previous films, Mr. De Sica uses non-professional actors and gets winning performances from one and all. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Room at the Top—In this British film a poor North Country boy attempts to crash what passes for local high society and, in making his move, demonstrates all the horrid little mores of himself and of those he considers his betters. Adapted by Neil Paterson from a novel by John Braine and directed by Jack Clayton, the picture is an acute social study and a highly dramatic one. The cast, headed by Laurence Harvey, as the young man on the make, and Simone Signoret, as a Frenchwoman who becomes enamored of him as he struggles upward, is splendid. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Separate Tables—An intermittently effective adaptation of the Terence Rattigan play about some sad and lonely people in residence in a seedy hotel in Bournemouth. The cast is headed by David Niven, Deborah Kerr, Wendy Hiller, Burt Lancaster, and Rita Hayworth. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through June 30.)

The Seventh Seal—An intricate and absorbing Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, that offers some views, as a morality playwright might see them, of Sweden in the throes of a plague in the fourteenth century. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 26-27.)

Some Like It Hot—A droll affair all around, having to do with a pair of male musicians who, after witnessing a gang slaughter in Chicago, have to head South in dresses and high heels with an all-girl band to save themselves from being wiped out for knowing too much. Jack Lemmon, as one of the transvestite musicians, is extremely amusing, and almost equally so are Tony Curtis, as his companion in flight; Joe E. Brown, who turns up as a man of wealth but no mental resources; Pat O'Brien as a Hawkshaw; and Marilyn Monroe, as a girl the boys all go for. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

REVIVALS

Chaplin Comedies—All one-reelers from the silent past—June 25: "The Bank," "Shanghaied," "The Tramp," and "Triple Trouble." . . . ¶ June 27: "The Paper Hanger," "Shanghaied," "The Tramp," and "Triple Trouble." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

The Defiant Ones—Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis as a pair of fugitives from a chain gang in flight from a posse. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 1.)

Five Fingers (1952)—Spy stuff, with James Mason as the sneaky one. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting June 26.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 29.)

The Great Man (1956)—Some of the unsavory aspects of the television industry. José Ferrer and Keenan Wynn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 25.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 26-27.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 1.)

The Robe (1953)—The story, in CinemaScope, of the worries and woes of the early Christians. With Richard Burton, Victor Mature, and Jean Simmons. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 25.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 13.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
June 25: "Alias Jesse James," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming, Wendell Corey.
From June 26: "The Horse Soldiers," John Wayne, William Holden.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Five Pennies," Danny Kaye, Barbara Bel Geddes.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through July 1: "The Young Philadelphians," Paul Newman, Barbara Rush, Alexis Smith.

Forum (formerly **odeon**), B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Middle of the Night," Kim Novak, Fredric March.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through June 29: Theatre closed.
From June 30: "Great Is My Country," the first Russian Cinepanorama production. With an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE NUN'S STORY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Say One for Me," Bing Crosby, Debbie Reynolds, Robert Wagner.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"John Paul Jones," Robert Stack, Marisa Pavan, Charles Coburn.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
June 25: **PORK CHOP HILL.**
From June 26: "This Earth Is Mine," Rock Hudson, Jean Simmons, Dorothy McGuire.

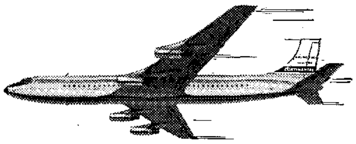
State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
SOME LIKE IT HOT.

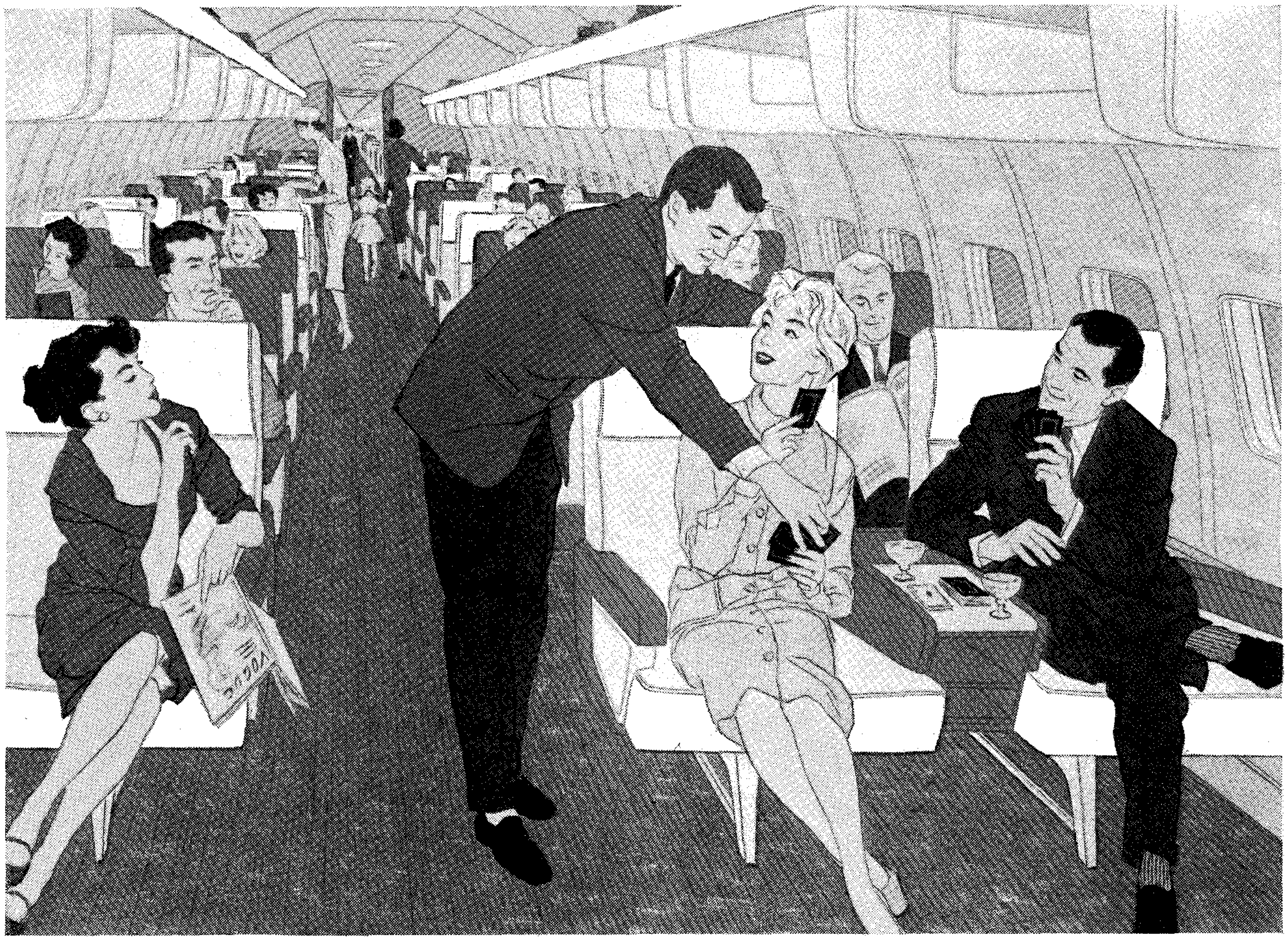
Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Elephant Gun," Michael Craig.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Porgy and Bess," Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge, Pearl Bailey. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Street of Shame" (in Japanese), Machiko Kyo.

You'll have elbow room and room to roam





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3 non-stops daily between Chicago and Los Angeles

The Golden Jet has no swimming pool. And no fireplace. But it has about everything else. From television to chairside tables to soft dinner music. From *"Gold Carpet"*** Service to a 200-mile view.

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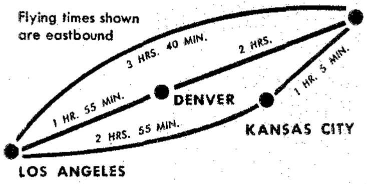
If you live east of Chicago

simply order your tickets from the airline of your choice. Tell the reservation agent you want to ride Continental's Golden Jet from Chicago west. Or, if you prefer, contact your local Travel Agent.



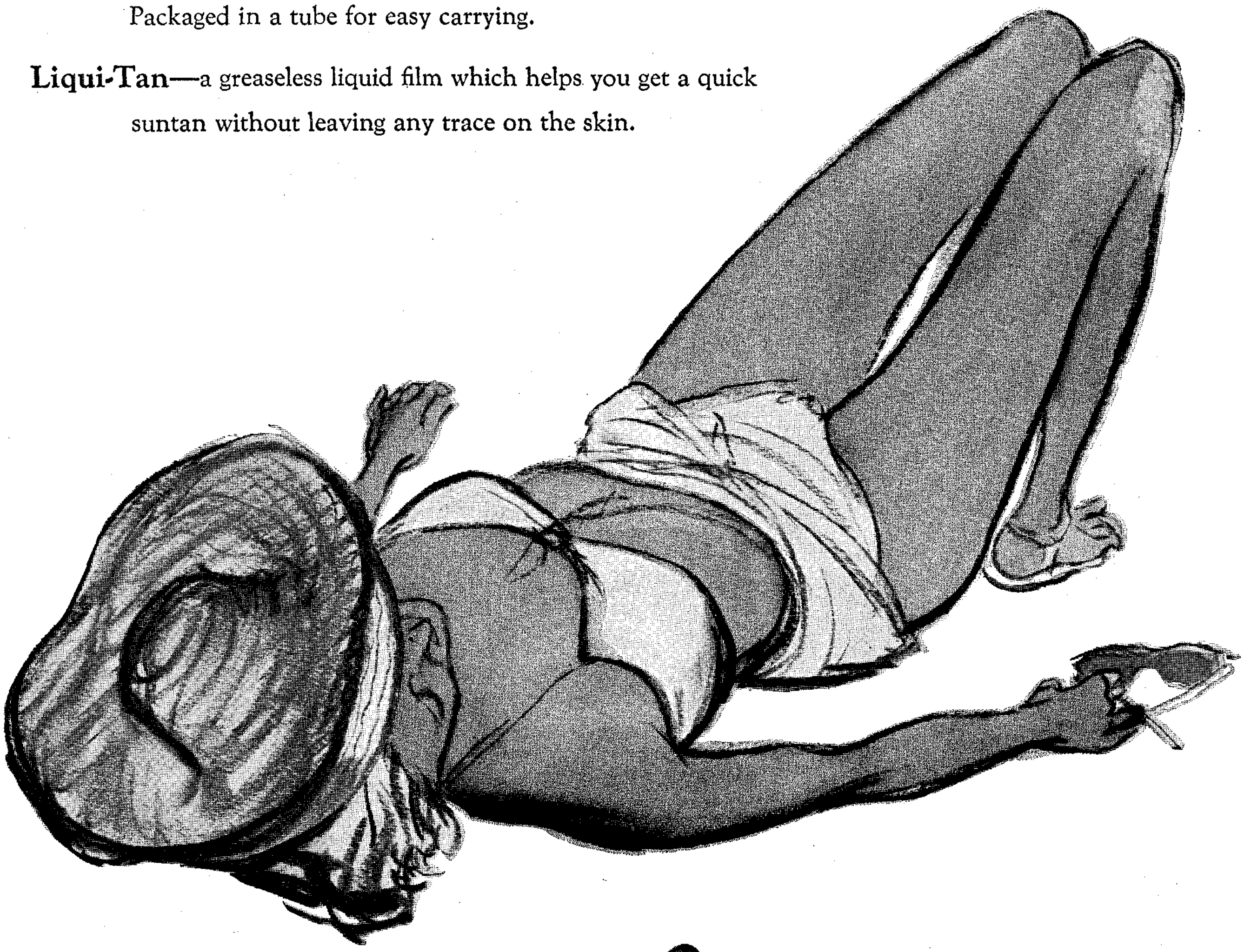
Shown above are the routes of the Golden Jet. There are 3 non-stops daily between Chicago and Los Angeles. Service to Denver and Kansas City starts on August 8.

Monteil's suggestions for a summer without burn

Pour le Soleil—a new sun jelly which leaves a soft film on the skin as protection for a quick suntan. Packaged in a tube for easy carrying.

Super-Sol—a subtly scented greaseless cream which disappears entirely into the skin, leaving a dry powdery surface for a more gradual tanning. Packaged in a tube for easy carrying.

Liqui-Tan—a greaseless liquid film which helps you get a quick suntan without leaving any trace on the skin.



Germaine Monteil

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN overloaded peg in the department of ready-made American humor is the back-seat driver. In our experience, it is usually the man at the wheel, and particularly the professional, who talks his passengers deaf, dumb, and blind. The way it works a good deal of the time is that the driver directs a steady stream of gab at the members of the captive audience behind him, while they, progressively alarmed at the revelation of what kind of mind is guiding them, carefully refrain from any answers that might distract him further. "To be in the driver's seat" is an idiom for being boss; there is an almost irresistible tendency on the part of drivers to confuse idiom with reality. (It is our impression that a driver invented this idiom.) The driver can move his passengers where he will—into the adjoining traffic lane or into the rear end of the car in front. This sometimes makes him feel that he can also tell his passengers where to get off.

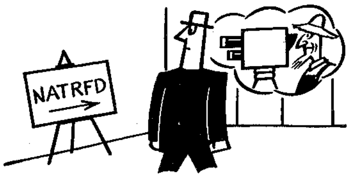
We have never encountered a taxi-driver who could not inform us, on request, exactly how to solve New York's traffic problem; half of the drivers we ride with tell us without any request at all. This means that we hear the solution on an average of once a day. The first thing to do, they all say, is to get the buses off the streets; the second, to make private cars stay outside the city limits. It has always seemed rude to remind them that this would leave taxis as the only form of surface transportation; it would be like accusing a doctor of wanting to make money. As for the drivers who wait outside racecourses to ferry passengers back to town (with no reduction in fare for the fellow who has to sit on the crack between the jump seats), we have never ridden behind one who hadn't fancied every winner, or who explained why he hadn't backed any winner. And there is a breed of hire-car drivers who, when there is a big fight coming on, are chartered by the promoters to take boxing writers to and from the training camps, out where the air is reputed salubrious. These drivers always know more about fights than any of the reporters who have covered them, or even than the old fighters who ride sadly out to the camps to give their "opinions" of the principals to the press and collect a free meal for the favor. We once rode back to Manhattan with a Boxing Commission physician and a driver who strayed from his own field to the etiology of heart diseases. The driver weighed about a seventh of a ton and had carefully collected case histories of thin colleagues who died abruptly at the wheel, precipitating disasters. The tag line of each history was "He was as skinny as a rail." For the last thirty miles of the journey in, he told us about total abstainers he had known who died horribly from diseases usually associated with heavy drinking. The doctor said nothing.

The feeling of authority associated with driving is not confined to professionals, although they are the most susceptible to its inroads. (In Nimrod's England, stagecoach drivers were notoriously overarticulate.) Hundreds of marriages break up when couples including only one driver move into suburbs where a car is a necessity. Even the most dependent wives, if they drive, become arrogant under such circumstances; husbands who have been only normally bossy become completely intolerable when they are the sole drivers. In situations where the previously dominant personality is the non-driver, divorce is a dead certainty. Learning to drive is no good; the apprenticeship only confirms and embitters the discrepancy. When husband and wife both drive well, life together is complicated by an additional rivalry. When they both drive badly, they blame their mistakes on each other. Having individual cars destroys togetherness; the vacant seat at the driver's right invites intrusions.

We have long considered it fortunate that the isolation of the pilot's compartment in airliners prevents him from bending your ear, but we have noted, with distress, the increasing frequency of announcements over the public-address system: "This is Captain Canyon speaking; we are now passing over Dayton, Ohio," and the rest of it. All we want to know is when we are going to fall, and how far.

Very Sound Effects

WE went over to the Hotel Statler-Hilton one morning last week to attend a get-together of NATRFD, which, spelled out, means National Association of Television and Radio Farm Directors. Ourself relentlessly urban, and, for that matter, a little aloof from the tribulations of TV and radio, we moved in on our wired-for-sound agrarians with the nervousness of a city mouse trying to understand a country cousin. As it happened, our country cousins were both comprehensible and interesting, and the subject they were discussing, in an assembly hall known as the Sky Top Roof, was pertinent to our general situation. The theme being kicked around by six panel members was



New York agricultural markets, and when we arrived a gentleman named Joseph N. Gill, who is the Commissioner of Agriculture for Connecticut, was talking about the difficulty of staying close to the soil in his home state. “The urban sprawl has made our land almost impossibly valuable for farmers, since both industry and residential builders are bidding for it,” he pointed out. “My state is two-thirds woodlands, so you can see that there isn’t too much acreage to go around. However, a hundred and sixty to a hundred and seventy million dollars a year is involved in Connecticut farming—sixty million dollars of it in poultry, and the rest in dairies, fruits, vegetables, and tobacco. Our shade-grown tobacco, which simulates the tobacco of Sumatra, makes the best cigar wrapper you can find, and, to tell you the truth, our farmers are the best you can find. The importance of our area can be seen if you will draw a line between Cleveland and Baltimore, and figure that thirty-seven and a half million people live to the northeast of that line.”

We thought about that for a while, and then began to listen to Lee Hamrick, of the Dairymen’s League. Mr. Hamrick briskly informed us that one-twelfth of all the milk in the United States is consumed in and around New York City, that only twenty per cent of the milk in Manhattan and environs is delivered to the home (the rest is store-bought), and that out of ten billion pounds of milk consumed in New York City, adjacent New York State areas, and New Jersey in 1958, five and a half billion pounds was fluid, the remainder being used for ice cream, cheese, and so on. In passing, Mr. Hamrick remarked that the Dairymen’s League had had excellent relations with the Teamsters’ Union, and that the New York population was definitely down on bottled milk. “They will not stand for a glass container,” said Mr. Hamrick, “which presents the problem of what type of coating we are to use on cartons now that there is a cancer alarm about certain waxes.”

At this point, dizzied by new facts and statistics, we departed from the assembly hall, and presently, in a corridor outside, we met up with Maynard Speece, the president of NATRFD. Mr. Speece, a ruddy, 4-H type, promptly gave us some lowdown on himself and the organization he heads. “I’m the farm director of WCCO, in Minneapolis,” he said, “and I formerly taught agricultural journalism at the University of Minnesota. NATRFD was started as a national organization by Larry Haeg, who happens to be the general manager of WCCO. That was back in 1943. Early in the game, you know, the Federal Communications Commission established a rule that radio stations and, later on, TV stations had to do some sort of public service. There was no definite amount of time that the stations had to give, but every three years the F.C.C. would ask a station to justify its license, on the basis of the public service it had rendered. Well, in the farm belt nobody could sell morning time, so we became the stations’ public service. It turned out that early in the morning the farmer could listen to the radio and still get on with his chores, and so, instead of being just a filler, the farm programs became quite valuable, what with quoting prices on farm commodities and serving as a kind of liaison between the researchers and the man in the field. Right now, I have an early-morning and a noon show, and I think that’s the pattern for most farm directors. Any advertising on WCCO farm programs has to be O.K.’d by the farm director, and we won’t handle beer, cigarettes, or patent medicines. We’ve got about four hundred representatives from three thousand radio stations in NATRFD, and about two hundred or better have showed up for this convention. We’re much stronger in radio than we are in television, because a farmer hasn’t time to look at television when he gets up in the morning to do his chores.”

We asked Mr. Speece, wonderingly, what he and his confreres were doing in New York.

“This is our first meeting here,” he said, “but most of the money invested in radio is from this area. So Mohammed has come to the mountain—only this time with a pig in front of him, a cow behind him, and a sack of wheat on his shoulder.”

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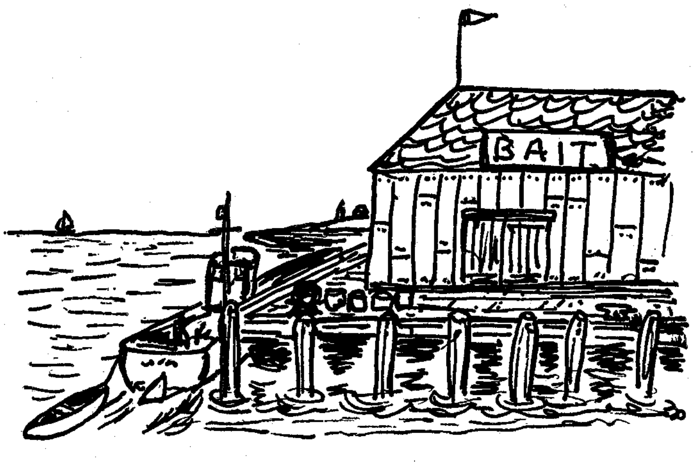
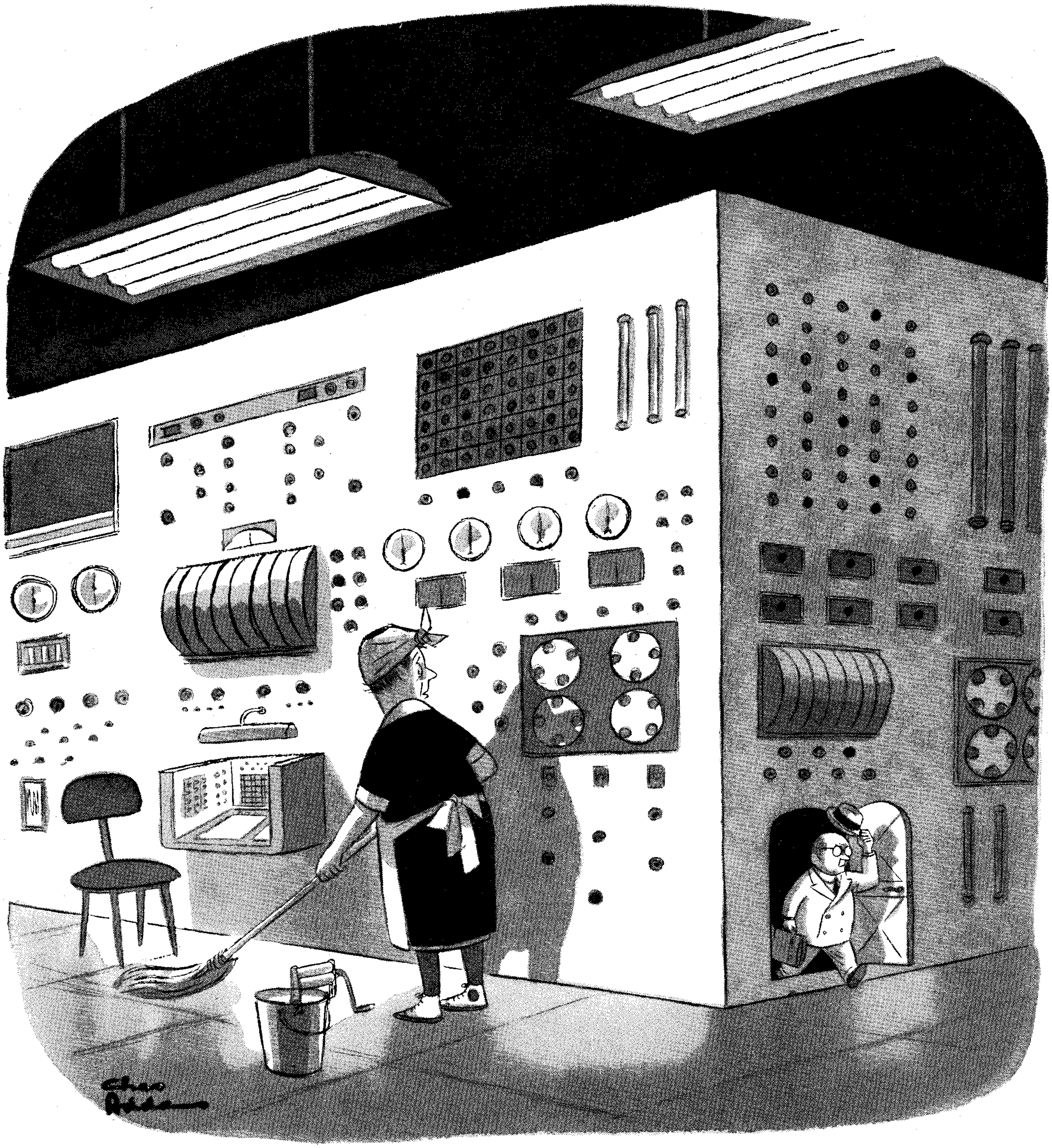
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The marquee of a movie house in Hempstead recently announced a Eugene O’Neill film called “A.M. Becomes Electra.”

Service

NO two ways about it, one of the most remarkable men we’ve ever met is Dr. Muragapa Chenavirapa Modi, a forty-one-year-old Indian ophthalmologist, who keeps a mobile hospital unit rolling all the year round through the states of Mysore, Andhra, Madras, and Bombay—an area covering about three hundred thousand square miles and containing upward of a hundred and fifty million people—and whose surgical skill is so celebrated that the prodigious number of eye operations he performs daily is reported in the papers out there much as Hank Aaron’s batting average is reported in the papers here. Dr. Modi, who got his medical degree from Bombay University in 1940, started his unique travelling practice in 1943, and has since examined some two million patients and performed some seventy thousand eye operations, mostly for cataracts. Hard as it is to believe, he is able, by dint of split-second scheduling, to perform between forty and fifty cataract operations an hour; his record for a single day is five hundred and ten cataracts removed within nine hours. He makes no charge for his work, which is paid for by the governments of the four states and by donations from various philanthropic organizations.

A slight, boyish-looking, and extremely happy-seeming man, Dr. Modi has been spending a few weeks in New York, partly to attend conventions and partly to visit hospitals and demonstrate his operating techniques. “I attended the Rotary International convention a couple of weeks ago,” he told us over a Coke in a midtown bar, speaking English with a charming accent. “I’ll also attend the Lions Club convention, which starts next week. I’m an honorary member of both clubs. Several Rotary and Lions Clubs in India helped finance this trip. Before I return to India, I’ll spend a month in Europe and fifteen days in the Soviet Union. I like to tour the





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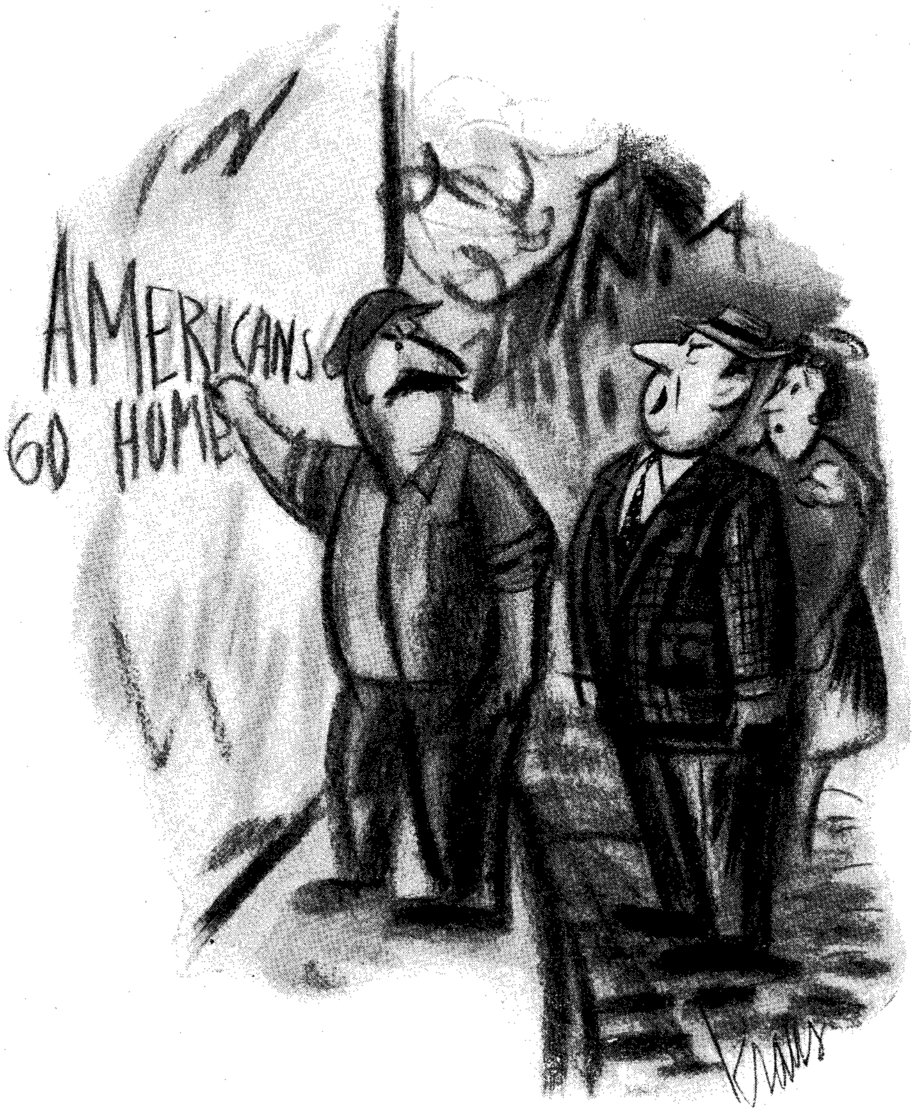
world, because the world is a university and to tour it is an education. This is my third visit to the United States. My first was in '49, when I took advanced postgraduate courses in ophthalmology at Columbia and N.Y.U. When I was here in '57, I spoke on TV on Thanksgiving Day and asked people to please send me their old spectacles. Ever since, I've been getting old spectacles in great numbers. We don't use the lenses—only the frames. I've also started providing white canes for blind people, as you do here. I hope soon to open some schools for the blind. The town I keep my equipment in and work out of is Davangere, which is right in the middle of South India. In two or three years, I intend to found a medical center there, where I can do research and give postgraduate courses to younger men. Now I am always on the go and can do nothing but curative work."

We asked Dr. Modi why he didn't stay in one place and let the patients come to him, as American surgeons do. "Exactly how I began!" he exclaimed. "I had a private hospital in Bombay, and when I would inquire of my country patients how they met the expense of transportation to Bombay, they would say 'I sold my house' or 'I had a cow and I sold it for bus fare.' I saw that I would have to go to them, to keep them from selling everything they had." Dr. Modi shook his head, and for the first time there was a look of sadness on his face. "We have two million totally blind people in India and six million partially blind ones," he said. "Most of them are impoverished villagers. Doctors and hospitals must go to them, wherever they are. I have fifteen assistants, who travel everywhere with me. There is rarely any electricity in small villages, so we have to take a generator with us, as well as our regular examining and operating equipment. It requires four cars and trucks to hold us all. We spend half of our time conducting eye examinations, often in as many as three or four villages a day, and the other half we spend at our eye-operation camps."

These camps, Dr. Modi said, are usually set up in village schoolhouses, which he and his assistants turn into hospitals for periods of up to fifteen days. (The schoolchildren are supposed to make up for the lost time during their next vacation.) On the first day of camp, patients are sorted according to ailment; operative patients get priority, and for the next two or three days Dr. Modi is kept fantastically busy removing cataracts. The rest of the camp time is devoted to postoperative treatment, refraction cases, and the like. A large assembly room is Dr. Modi's accustomed operating theatre, and the classrooms are transformed into wards. Five to ten operating tables are kept in readiness in the operating theatre. "Two things are needed—speed and efficiency," Dr. Modi said. "I perform an operation, and the patient is bandaged and taken away on a stretcher to a ward. By the time I reach the last table, a new patient is ready on Table Number One. I can do my cataract operations in this fashion because we use a local anesthetic. More serious operations would require a general anesthetic, which would be out of the question in our camps. Cataracts are very common in India, as they are in all tropical countries; the ultraviolet rays of the sun are harmful to the lenses of our eyes. In May, I conducted an eye-operation camp at Anantapur; I gave eighteen thousand consultations and performed seven hundred and eighty-seven operations, of which six hundred and ninety-six were for cataracts. Our little temporary hospitals must get results, as your motor factories get results, by mass production. Certainly it is not the best way; for us it is the only way."

We remarked that Dr. Modi's schedule appeared to leave no time for a private life. He shrugged and smiled. "I have always wanted to be useful," he said. "I am not interested in religion; it is a walking stick, and once you have learned to walk, you have no need for a stick. Service to the suffering human body, which is the temple of God, is the best form of worshipping God. I take much pleasure in this service. I have a wife and son, who live in Dharwar, with my wife's father. It would be too hard on them to travel constantly from village to village, as I do. One can truly say that they, too, are making a sacrifice."



"And I say to you, sir, God bless America!"

Some Changes Made

A YOUNG lady we know recently wrote to the publishers of the Oxford English Dictionary to inquire why every word starts out with a capital. She said this confused her. Herewith is the O.E.D.'s reply:

> Thank you for your letter. I do not know of any special reason why initial capitals were used in the O. E. D., except the purely historical one: I fancy that the Victorians were fonder of capitals for display purposes than we are. It does not seem to me that the practice results in any great inconvenience to the user, and I do not quite follow your objection that it makes things a little difficult "when referring to, say, the correct spelling of a noun." However there seems no good reason for perpetuating the practice, and in the forthcoming Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary we shall revert to lower case, as has already been done in the Concise Oxford Dictionary. We shall probably bring the Shorter into line in due course.

Stroke!

WEARING a striped blazer and with a blue-banded boater tilted over his left eye, our man Stanley hove into sight the other day, hummed a couple of bars of "Aura Lee," and, as quickly as he had appeared, disappeared, leaving behind him the following sheaf of slightly beer-stained notes:

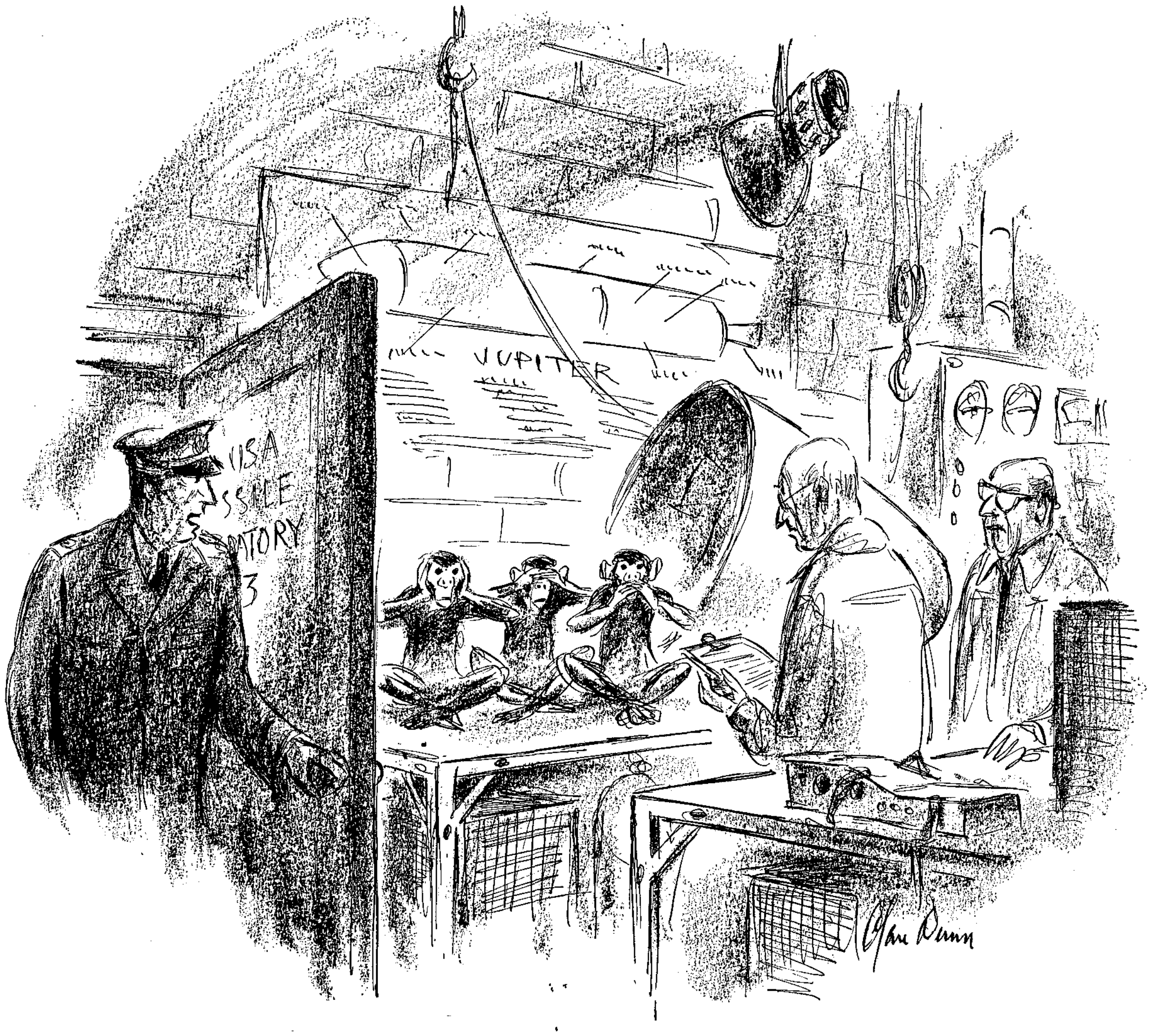
"Boola-Boola. Been off to New London for annual Yale-Harvard Regatta. Arrived by Simca in late afternoon of gray, windy day. Threat of rain. Sought out R.R. station, point of departure for observation train that accompanies race on tracks thoughtfully planted along riverbank. Found station at foot of hill. Bleak red brick building overlooking Thames and fronted by Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. 'Don't Give Up the Ship' inscribed on base of monument.

Yale man say that? Harvard man? Many boats in river, many gulls over river, many Yales, Harvards, and assorted wives, children, and well-wishers milling about station, nearly all toting picnic baskets, ice buckets, binoculars.

"Bought program from crew-cut Yale man, no crewman he. Boarded fourteen-car train on siding at rear of station. Ticket said Car 9. Car 9 almost empty, so chose fine seat by window on river side. Read program. Learned race ninety-fourth between Yale, Harvard since start, 1852. Three races to be rowed—freshman, junior varsity, varsity. Fair enough. Train scheduled to leave station five o'clock. Four-fifty-seven, Car 9 a bare barn. Four-fifty-eight, door kicked open, in burst army of sailor-capped codgers. Yale '14. Forty-fifth reunion. Laughter, backslapping, handshaking. Four-fifty-nine, Car 9 full to brim. Every grad a name-bearing-badge wearer. Bix, Hank, Eddie in seat behind. Tony, Dick, Burt across the aisle. Was joined in seat by Buzz. Short, round, jovial. Can of beer in hand, blue megaphone clamped, coxswain-style, to neck. Sure enough, Buzz an old cox. 'I coxed the crew in '13 and '14,' he said. 'In two years, we never gave 'em open water.' He sipped beer, shouted 'Stroke!' into megaphone. 'I took the train from Palm Beach,' he said. 'Left the crew to bring the yacht up. I'm in real estate down there. Haven't missed a regatta since I graduated. Stroke!'

"Train lurched backward, edged backward along Thames two miles to start of freshman race. Backward view of finish line, backward view of yachts anchored along last half mile of course. Passed trees. Passed submarine nuzzling pier. Stopped at start. Slight rain dimpling river. Bedlam in Car 9. Beer, Scotch, bourbon, gin-and-it, imported from bar in Car 11. Bix, old kid! Hank! 'Stroke!' Buzz said. Voice over loudspeaker: 'The freshman crews are at the starting line. A fast race is expected. The water is flat. They're off!' Train moved slowly along river, following race. Crews just visible, hard to tell which shell in lead. First Harvard, then Yale up and past them. 'And they said it couldn't be done!' Buzz said, slamming my back. Joy in Car 9. Songs. Toasts. To the tables down at Mory's . . . Train backed up three miles this time. JV starting line. JV race utterly ignored by Car 9. Cas, cas, castle on the River Nile . . . For record, Harvard in handy win. Race just over when lightning flashed above river, then downpour.

"Train backed four miles to varsity starting line. Lights in train out. Fumbled my way to bar in Car 11. Looked for Harvards. Devil a one. Dark train halted in rain—spooky, Hitchcocklike. Loudspeaker announced varsity race postponed half an hour. Rain began to let up, lights came on in train, returned to Car 9. Fellowship at new high. Hi, Tony! Hi, Burt! Buzz standing on seat. 'Never give 'em open water, that's the secret,' Buzz said. 'Stroke!' Sun out in west. '14 pressed to every window. 'The race is about to start,' announcer said. Race under way. Shells even, stroking at thirty-six. Harvard ahead by half a length. 'Give 'em ten!' Buzz shouted. 'Yale is making its bid,' announcer said. 'Stroke!' Buzz said. 'Harvard has fought them off,' announcer said. Harvard leading by length and a half at two miles, understroking Yale twenty-nine to thirty-one. 'Harvard is calling for more power,' announcer said. 'Give 'em some of this beer,' said Buzz. Harvard increasing lead. Yale makes final bid. '14 in anguish. 'Don't give 'em open water!' Buzz shouted. Too late. Harvard shell over finish line in twilight, ahead by two and a half lengths. Official time: Harvard, nineteen minutes, fifty-two seconds; Yale, twenty minutes, two seconds. 'My cap's off to them,' Buzz said, doffing cap. Yachts on river dispersing in dusk, running lights' red and green doubled in dusky water. Farewell, '14!"



"Next time you want information, don't send up three monkeys!"

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SIGN chalked on a cement walk in Washington Square: "Amy needs tranquillizers."

GREEN WATER, GREEN SKY

THEY went off for the day and left him, in the sliest, sneakiest way you could imagine. Nothing of the betrayal to come showed on their faces that morning as they sat having breakfast with him, out on the hotel terrace, a few inches away from the Grand Canal. If he had been given something the right length—a broom, say—he could have stirred the hardly moving layer of morning muck: the orange halves, the pulpy melons, the rotting bits of lettuce, black under water, green above. Water lapped against the gondolas moored below the terrace. He remembered the sound, the soft, dull slapping, all his life. He heard them say at the table they would never come here in August again. They urged him to eat, and drew his attention to gondoliers. He refused everything they offered. It was all as usual, except that a few minutes after this he was in an open boat, churning across to the Lido with Aunt Bonnie and Florence. Flor and Aunt Bonnie pushed along to the prow and sat down side by side on a bench, and Aunt Bonnie pulled George toward her so he was half on her lap. You couldn't sit properly: her lap held a beach bag full of towels. The wind picked up Flor's long ponytail and sent it across George's face. His cousin's hair smelled coppery and warm, like its color. He wouldn't have called it unpleasant. All the same, it was an outrage, and he started to whine "Where are *they*?" but the wind blew so you couldn't hear a thing.

He had been on the beach most of the morning before he planted himself before Aunt Bonnie in her deck chair and said, "Where've they gone? Are they coming here?"

Aunt Bonnie lowered the book she was reading and regarded George with puckered, anxious face—in his memories an old face, a frightened face. She sat under a series of discs, in dwindling perspective: first an enormous beach umbrella, all in stripes, then her own faded parasol, then a neutral-colored straw hat. She said, "Well, you know, it's like this, Georgie. They've gone off for the day. They wanted to have one little day on their own. You mustn't be selfish. They're only looking at old pictures. You'd rather be on the beach than looking at pictures—"

"I'd sooner be looking at pictures," George said.

"—so we brought you over to the beach," said Aunt Bonnie, not even listening. "You mustn't be so selfish all the time. Your mother never has a minute. This trip is no fun for her at all."

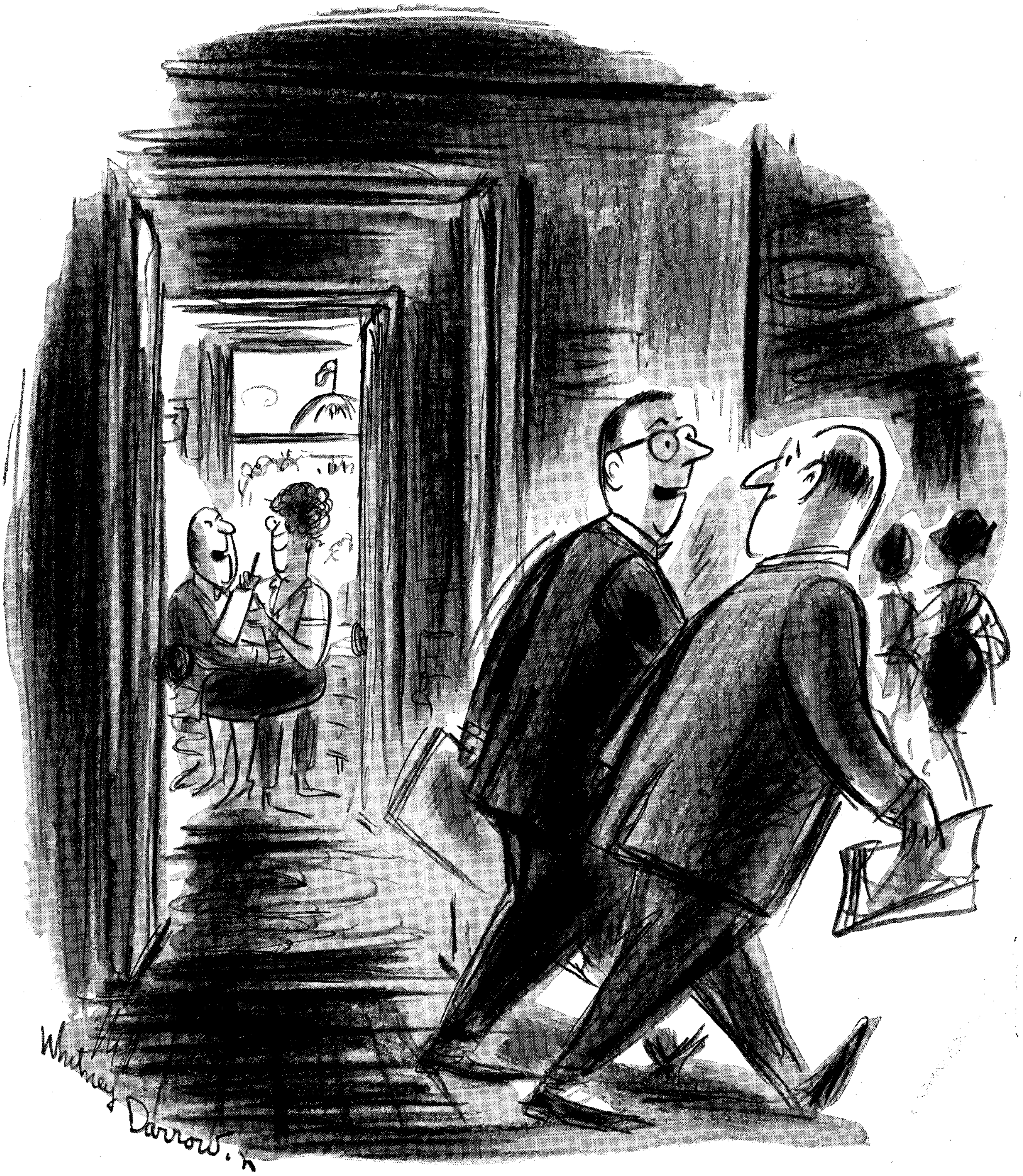
Oh, they had managed it beautifully. First they were out on the hot terrace, offering him gondoliers, then he was abandoned with Aunt Bonnie and Flor.

EVEN years later, when they talked about that day and his parents wondered how they had found it in them to creep off that way, without warning or explanation; even when they were admitting it was quite the worst thing to do to a child; even then there was an annoying taint of self-congratulation in their manner. He had been a willful, whiny, spoiled little boy, and some people—Aunt Bonnie, for one—claimed that his parents were almost afraid of him. His Fairlie cousins had called him The Monster, while his mother's relatives, more serious and concerned, often said he was being badly prepared for the blows and thumps of life, and wouldn't thank his parents later on. As it happened, George had turned out well. Now, at seventeen, he was a triumphant vindication for his parents of years of hell. Oh, Lord, what he had been at five, his mother liked to say, smiling, shaking her head. At seven! He had ruined their holiday in Venice that time, although they always took all the blame; they should never have gone off for the day, creeping off when his back was turned. It might have marked him for life. *There* was a frightening thought. Like any averted danger, it was pleasant to talk about; they liked to bring it up. "Do you remember, George, that time in Venice with Bonnie and Flor?"

Of course he remembered. He still had six little cockleshells picked up on the Lido. He remembered the brilliant parasols, askew in the hot wind, and Flor, his cousin, thin, sunburned, fourteen, sitting straight in the center of a round shadow; she sat and scooped sand with her fingers and looked out on the calm sea. George might have drowned, for all she cared. He stumped about on the sand by himself, tomato-pink, fair-haired, deeply injured, rather fat. The sea was so flat, so still, so thick with warmth you might have walked on it. He gathered shells—black, brown, cream-and-pink, with minutely scalloped rims. Aunt Bonnie carried them back to Venice for him in her pockets, and now six were left. They were in a shoebox, along with a hundred or so other things he would never throw away.

He had another remnant of Venice—a glass bead. It came from a necklace belonging to Flor. She bought it that day, at an open stall, just in front of the place where the boat came in from the Lido. The clock on the Piazza began clanging noon, and the air filled with pigeons and with iron sound. The three of them were filing off the boat in orderly fashion, when suddenly Flor darted away and came back with the necklace in her hands. Aunt Bonnie hadn't finished saying, "Oh, do you like those glass beads, Flor? Because if you do, I'd rather get you something decent . . ." The string of the necklace broke an instant later, the first time Flor pulled it on over her head. The glass beads rolled and bounded all over the paving. Pigeons fluttered after them, thinking they were grains of corn. The necklace breaking, the hotly blowing wind excited Flor. She unstrung the beads still in her hands and flung them after the others, making a wild upward movement with her palms. "Oh, stop it!" her mother cried, for people were looking, and Flor did appear rather mad, with her hair flying, and her dress blowing so that anybody could see the starched petticoat underneath, and the sunburned thighs. And poor little George, suddenly anxious about what strangers might think—this new, frantic little George ran here and there, picking up large lozenge-shaped beads from under people's feet. When he straightened up, hands full of treasure, he saw that Florence was angry and enjoying herself, all at once. Her hands were still out, as if she wanted to give just anyone a push. But perhaps he imagined that, for she walked quietly beside him back to the hotel, and told him, kindly, that he could keep all the beads.

He still had one of those beads. He used to roll it about in his palm before exams. There were other times, the many times he said, "God, help me this once and I'll never bother you again," and it was the bead he held on to, and perhaps addressed. It was a powerful charm; a piece of a day; a re-



"There's real nepotism for you!"

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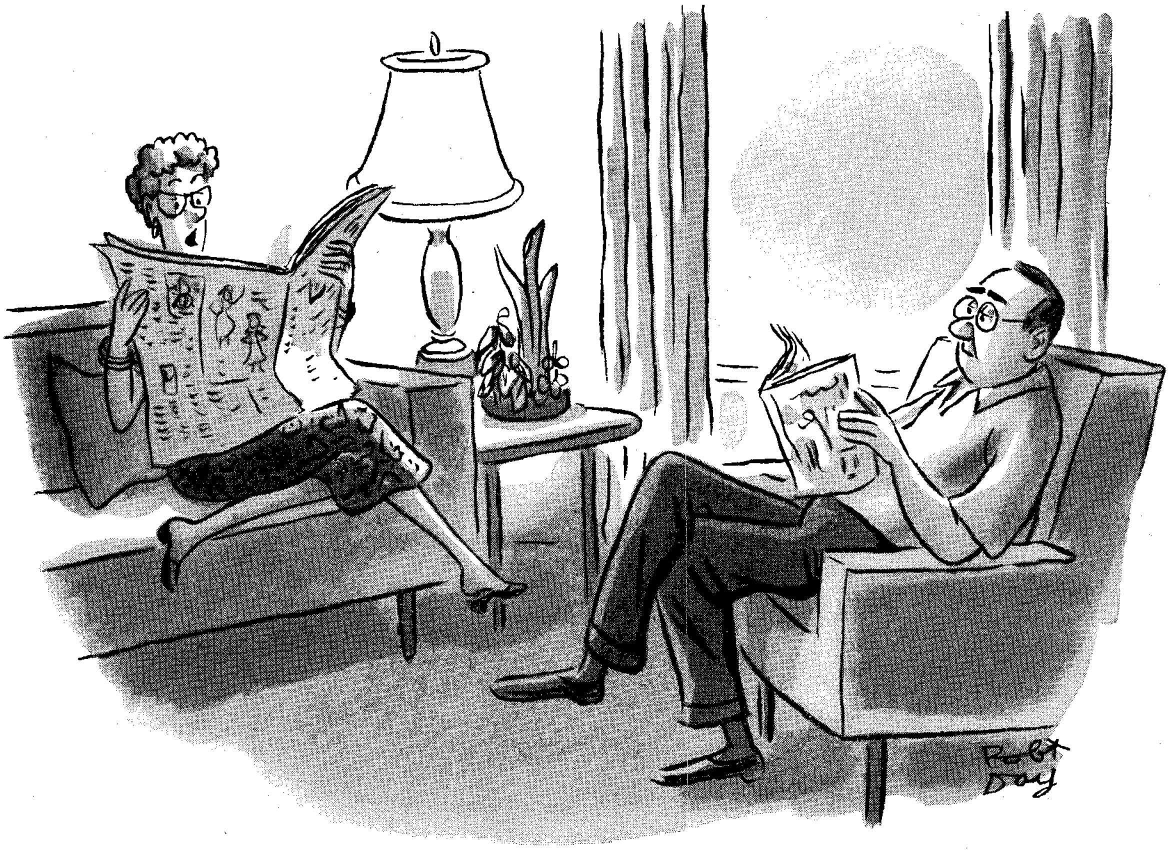
minder that someone had once wished him dead but that he was still alive.

Oh, there was no doubt that Florence had wished him dead. After lunch that day, he and Flor had hung over rickety wooden railings and watched a small cargo boat loading what seemed in his memory to be telephone poles, although he must have been mistaken. Flor leaned forward, resting on her thin brown arms. Their faces were nearly level. She turned and looked at him, half smiling, eyes half closed, as people turn and look at each other sunbathing, on hot sand, and he was giving the smile timorously back when he met her eyes, green as water, bright with dislike, and she said, "It would be easy to push someone in right here. I could push you in." He remembered the heavy green water closing out the sky, and the weight of clouds. The clouds piled on the horizon moved forward and covered the lagoon. Once, he had fallen into the pond at his grandmother's house—the Fairlie grandmother he and Florence had in common. He was sailing a boat, and took one false step. The water in this pond was kept dirty for the sake of some dirt-loving, mosquito-eat-



"No wonder they're ahead of us. It says here that in the whole of Russia there is not one single golf course."

ing Argentine fish his grandmother cherished—grown fish the size of baby minnows. These darting minnow fish came around him as he lay in the pond, unmoving, and he felt the soft tap of their heads against his cheeks. The most oppressive part of the memory was that he had lain there, passive, with the mossy water over his mouth. He must have been on his back; there was a memory of sky. The gardener heard the splash and fished him out, and he said that George was not on his back at all but on his face, splashing and floundering.

HE didn't think about this in Venice. It was much later that he placed the two memories one on the other, glass over glass. In Venice, he didn't reply; there wasn't time. There wasn't even time for rage or fear. Aunt Bonnie was waiting for them after her afternoon sleep. They were to find her in the Piazza, and feed the pigeons, and listen to the band. He stamped along on fat legs behind Flor, through heat like water, head down. They stopped and weighed themselves on a public scale that told them their fortunes as well as what they weighed. Their fortunes came down on colored cardboard rectangles. George's said, "Do not refuse any invitations this evening," and Flor's said that she must take better care of her liver, and that she would soon be seeing someone off by train. "Mama's waiting," Flor said, throwing her fortune away. She grabbed his arm and made him walk faster. When they came up to Aunt Bonnie, sitting with tea and a plate of little cakes, they were both flushed with heat, but neither of them complained. They were acting in unison, without having been told. They were doing everything to please Aunt Bonnie. George had an instinctive awareness that this aunt loved him, not because he was Georgie Fairlie and ought to be loved but because he was a relative, Aunt Bonnie's brother's son. He understood that Flor must know her cousins; she mustn't become too strange. He was conscious of a quality of love that was a family, and not a personal, thing. Florence was playing up well, too. Earlier, at lunch, out on the terrace of the hotel, when one of them said something funny the other laughed much harder than the joke deserved, and Aunt Bonnie laughed with a sad, grimacing pleasure that was painful to see. Her husband, Uncle Stanley, had been so dreadful to her; he had humiliated her so deeply that she couldn't live in America; she couldn't show her face. She was condemned to live abroad and bring Flor up in some harmful way—harmful to Flor, that is. That was what Aunt Bonnie told him, in a high, wretched voice, and Flor listened, bent over her plate, flashing a glance sidewise, now to her mother, now to George, to see how he was taking it. She listened as if she had never heard any of it before, although it must have been her daily fare. Flor was patient; she was patient even with George's stammer. He asked long riddles, stammering like mad if he thought a waiter might be listening, and his cousin was good about guessing the answers, even when he had left out some clue, or given the whole thing away by telling it backward. That laughter, that patience, was for Aunt Bonnie. George had never been separated from his parents before and had fugitive thoughts that they might never come back, but he still understood about pleasing Aunt Bonnie, without having been told. It was the first time he had been expected to do anything for anyone in his life.

To please Aunt Bonnie they stood on the edge of the Piazza, not too far away, because she would want to see them enjoying themselves. They shook grain out of newspaper cones and flung it around. Aunt Bonnie watched from her café table, and nodded, and smiled.

Without looking at George, Flor said, "You saw Stanley, didn't you?"

"He came on the boat," said George.

"Was she with him?" said Flor. "What's she like?"

He didn't hedge, as an older person might, and say, "What's who like?" or anything of the kind. He thrust one foot toward a fat, feeding pigeon—taking a stand. He said, "She brought us all different things. She brought me candy."

"I see," said Flor. "They came to see you off. That was loyal of your parents. That was nice." He didn't understand sarcasm. He went on scattering corn. "How old is she?" said Flor, after a time.

"Around thirty-three," said George solemnly, to whom "fifty-eight" or "thirty-one" might have meant much the same. He had heard it said of his own mother that she was thirty-three.

"She couldn't even be my mother," said Flor contemptuously. "Mama's forty."

"What fun you're having!" came Aunt Bonnie's wailing voice.

They bought new cones of grain and flung it out in an awful rite, in silence. The pigeons were too fat and lazy to fly. They waddled around George's feet, pecking and squabbling and pushing one another away.

"She took it all right," Flor suddenly began again, "until some damn fool went and told her the other one was younger and better-looking. She was all right, at first. She even said to me, 'Your father is going to live with this other person. I'm sure she's perfectly sweet.' She couldn't complain," said Flor. "She'd had this man around for ages—this doctor. So she couldn't complain. She used to take me to this doctor for sun lamps on my spine. She must have thought I was deaf and dumb and blind. The nurse of this doctor taught me to play gin rummy. Stanley never said anything, and then all of a sudden he blew up and threw her out. Threw us *both* out. Threw her out of the house, and she took me, too." Flor was rather affected telling this, although that was certainly not the word George would have used then. He mistrusted the toss of her head, and the glance she gave, seeing if he was impressed. The effect of this story was to increase his stolidness. He dropped corn one grain at a time, choosing his pigeons. "Nobody was loyal," Flor said. "You stinking Fairlies weren't loyal. You see him all the time. It doesn't matter. She's different now. She never looks at anyone." In George's memory it was here that Florence cried, "She'll never do anything more! I'll always keep her with me!" That wasn't affected. There was no toss of hair, but the same queer pushing attitude of hands he had seen after the necklace broke. She meant these words; they weren't intended for George. It was a solemn promise, a cry of despair, love and resentment so woven together that even Flor couldn't tell them apart.

The paper cones were empty again. They threw them away and went back to Aunt Bonnie's table. It was time to listen to the band. Flor ran to her mother, and there in front of everybody—all the strangers and waiters—flung her brown arms around Aunt Bonnie's neck. She cried, "Oh, you look so tired. You look so fed up! Do you hate this place?"

"Darling," said Aunt Bonnie, who had been crying, "it's only for you! You looked so sweet and pretty there with Georgie. I'm sure you hate me. You'll hate me one day. I'm sure I should bring you up some other way. I'm no good at this."

"I'll never hate you, I'll love you," Florence said angrily. "I hate Stanley, I hate George, I hate everybody, I love you."

They sat close, with their cheeks touching, and both of them talked at once, and they began laughing and crying, with an easiness of emotion, as if they did this a lot. They didn't care about the waiters, and they had forgotten George, who stood apart, with an eddy of pigeons around his feet. He loathed his cousin and aunt. He was so embarrassed at what they were doing he wanted to fly at them and punch them and make them stop. He was alone and ridiculous with pigeons. His parents had gone off for the day without him. They had sneaked off without saying goodbye. It came over him—the hollowness of having been left, the fury at having been made a fool. He dropped his hands to his sides and opened his mouth and howled and howled. His eyes were shut to crescents, and his mouth was a great cave. He was much too big to be crying this way.

"I've scared him," Florence said. "I told him something silly, for a joke."

But he wasn't going to let her have the satisfaction of that, and he shut his mouth and opened it again to gasp, "It-wasn't-you," from the circle of waiters and his fluttering aunt, who had sped to take him in her arms. Flor thought he was being honorable, an honorable boy, and she looked at him in a perfect fury of contempt and then turned her back; until both of them were grown she never really looked at him again. The look was enough to make him stop crying.

He waited until his parents returned that evening, apprehensive in their guilt. Then he staged the scene all over again, this time sure of the response. He wailed, "You left me all alone!," to which Aunt Bonnie gave an accompanying wail, "My word of honor, he was good as gold!," while his mother, rocking him, crooned, "I know, I know," to both. Flor was dressed for dinner by then, in a dark-blue dress. Her arms were bare, her ponytail brushed, coppery, over one shoulder. George's mother stopped mooning over him long enough to stare, admiring—this particular public scene took place in the hotel bar; George was by now getting the hang of attracting and ignoring the public, although he didn't do it so well as Flor—and she exclaimed, "Flor, honey, do something tremendous. You're too pretty to waste."

"Whatever happens," Florence said composedly, "I shall never marry a Fairlie. I've had enough fam-

CHAIR, DOG, AND CLOCK

That's the queer life, *said the chair,*
The chair that came from Ireland,
That's the queer life!
Twenty-five guineas they paid on the dot,
But now that I'm got,
Do they treat me with proper respect? They do not.
His grim, gross hams in his blue-serge suit—
Too much!
And her bloody great rawboned corsets
(Saving your presence) spiked as a ploughman's boot—
Well, of course, it's
Not what I'm used to at all.
I've a thoroughly delicate sense of touch,
Said the chair,
Stuck in a Tudorbethan hall
With a bogus Broadwood and a Paisley shawl,
Not what I'm used to at all, at all,
Not what I'm used to at all.
Have I told you the tale of my life? (You have, *said the dog.*)
Well, I'll tell you again, *said the chair.*
I was born—yes I recall
Exactly where.
In a lovely wood of Limerick
The branch I was that bore the birds,
The soft salt air— (Skip that! *said the dog.*)
I will that. I will swallow my words.
Let us hop two hundred years. (Good show! *said the dog.*)
Twenty-five guineas they paid and they looked at my legs.
Well, well, I thought, well, well;
All things come to him that endures,
All things proceed in their due rotation—
High time you returned the compliment,
For it's often enough I have looked at yours
(For I take what you might call
A basic view of the human situation).
Oh, the little round bottoms of children like cherries
That found me too hard and as broad as a bath!
The fresh young hips of a girl!
And two sometimes
Sat in me then,
A boy and a girl, *that* I remember,
Making of rhymes,
Changing of kisses,
Eating of berries—
That was the best.
By broad maternal acres blessed,
I grinned and bore it. And then the wrinkled,
The puckered shanks of the threshold-haunters I knew,
Dry and tetchy as timbers, too—
That's the queer view,
Said the chair, the Irish chair,
That's the queer view!
And breeches and bockers and trews
And bustles and panniers in various manners
(Though never a crinoline,
For I wasn't sufficiently broad in the beam)—
The lot—
I knew them all and they're none of them news.
(Do they treat me with proper respect? They do not.)
I can tell you the mode and the social code
And the very day that knickers came in,
Ah, sure I can, praise God,
Said the chair,
The chair with three legs in the eighteenth century
And one in the Brompton Road.

Never thee mind, *said the dog,*
The china dog from Stafford,
Never thee mind!
All's grand for the likes of you.
These flowers of flesh they come and go:
At babytime they briskly blow;
Boyflower hangs his head with dew;
Like flags they are shaken out in summer,
But, oh, the winter wind
Comes cutting round the corner quick
And mister of his petals skinned
Lies pithless in the snow.
Toward their proper ends they grow;
Hang on, you'll see it through.
But I, dad, that's another kettle,
Said the dog with painted whiskers,
Perched on the back of a Mummerset settle,
Staring all day down the gullet of doom
While a daft, starved skivvy with a broom
And a streamlined Hoover with fathoms of flex
Is supposed to be sweeping the room
And looks very much more like sweeping the decks!
It's a dent or a scratch or a worm for thee
But a shove and a dustpan for me, old dear,
A shove and a dustpan for me.
If I could break this china sleep,
Said the dog, the Staffordshire dog,
Sharp on these china paws I'd creep,
Deep with these china claws I'd dig
Under this Beautiful Home a big
Big hole, down down,
Tunnel it, kennel it under the ground
Till the house came crump with a sniggering sound
And hammered her in like a nail,
Said the dog,
The dusty dog with a supercilious grin
And a crack in the tip of his tail.

Dig dog, *said the clock,*
Dig dog dig dog dig dog,
Said the clock.
Then they all came in and the clock said,
ONE TWO THREE you're dead.

—HILARY CORKE

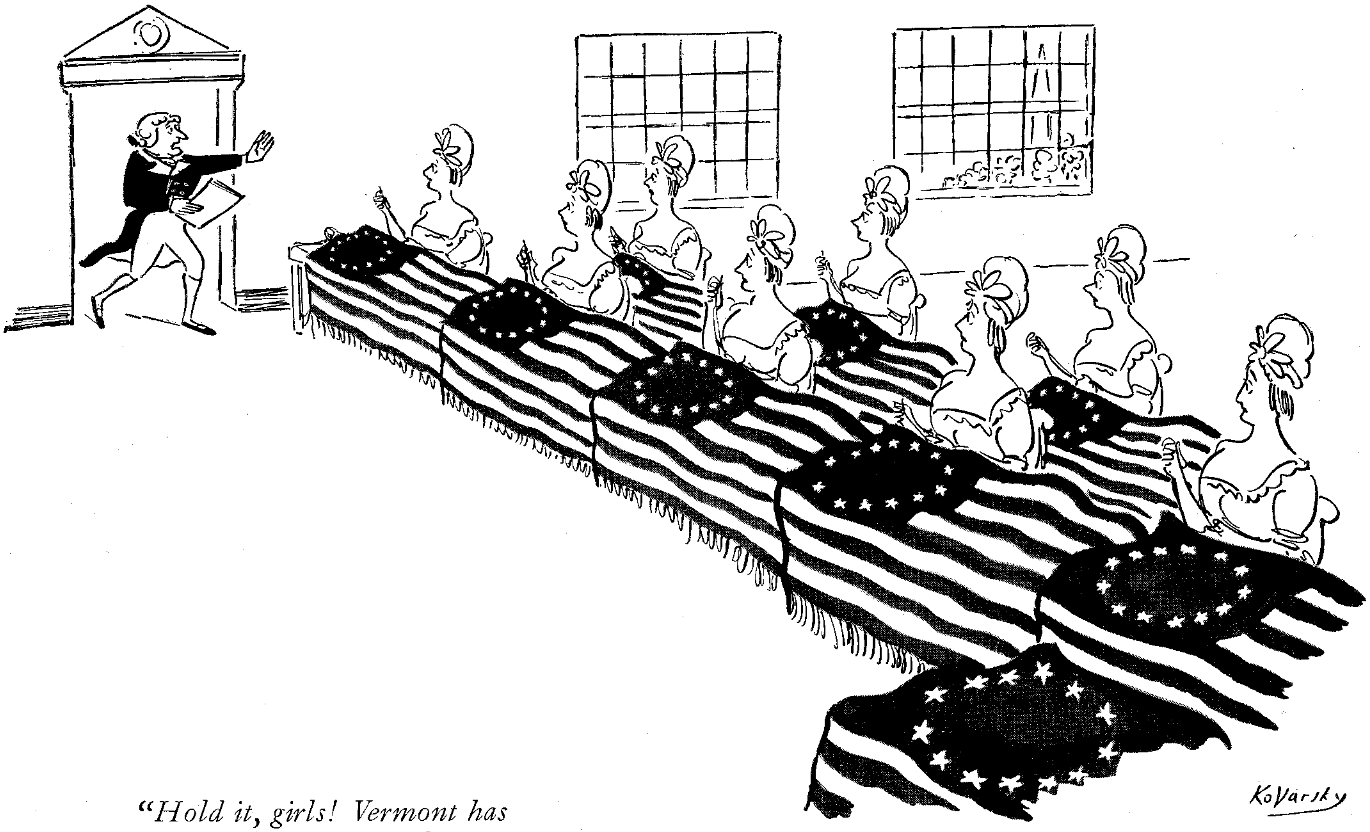
• •

ily. Nothing would persuade me to marry a Fairlie, and nothing would persuade me to marry George."

WHY this should have made everyone laugh was beyond George, but it became a family expression, brought up, through the years, whenever George and Florence were made to meet. They met summers, two and three years apart, so every time it was like meeting a different person. Florence paid no attention to him, and they never spoke, but his parents never seemed to notice this. "Flor is sweet," his mother said once, "but she's not like a young girl at all. She's too grown-up. I wish Bonnie would send her to college here."

"She wouldn't fit in any more," his father said. "Anyway, why come back here? She doesn't want to marry a Fairlie."

This reminded George's mother of Venice, and she smiled. George was in



"Hold it, girls! Vermont has just been admitted."

• •

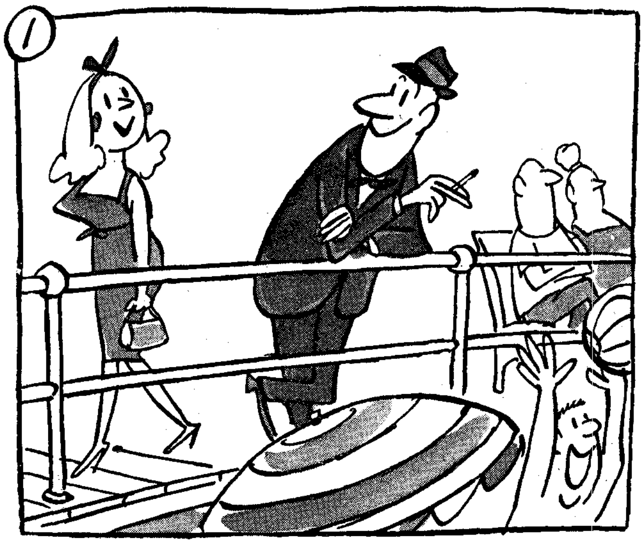
love with the daughter of the man who owned the garage in the place where they went summers. His parents hadn't started worrying about Barbara Sim; not yet. They still thought it was young and touching and funny—young and funny like George's reply to Florence in the Venice hotel bar: "I'd sooner get nothing for Christmas for nineteen years than marry you."

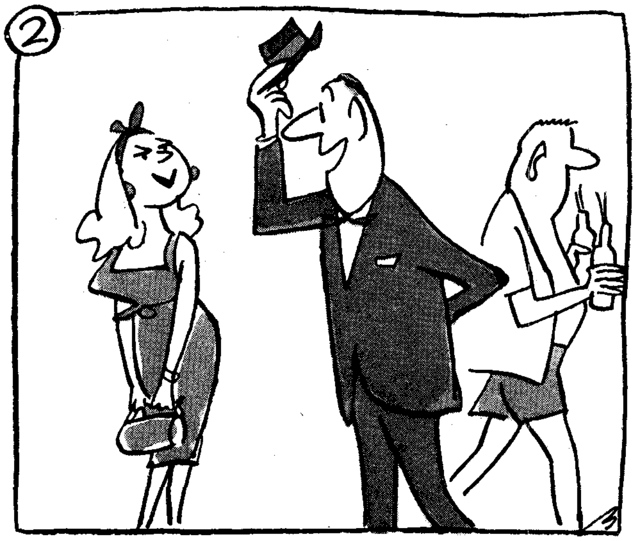
They met summers: an unreal meeting in hot New York, one year when Bonnie decided to brave it out and then found it was August, nobody there. Once, there was a meeting in England, in a hotel, and then somewhere else, on a blowy sandy beach. It was always hot, and Aunt Bonnie had a new thing now—migraine headaches. Then there was the last meeting, when Flor married a man called Bob Harris, whom she had known in Cannes, and they came back to New York—not creeping this time, but with clatter and circumstance.

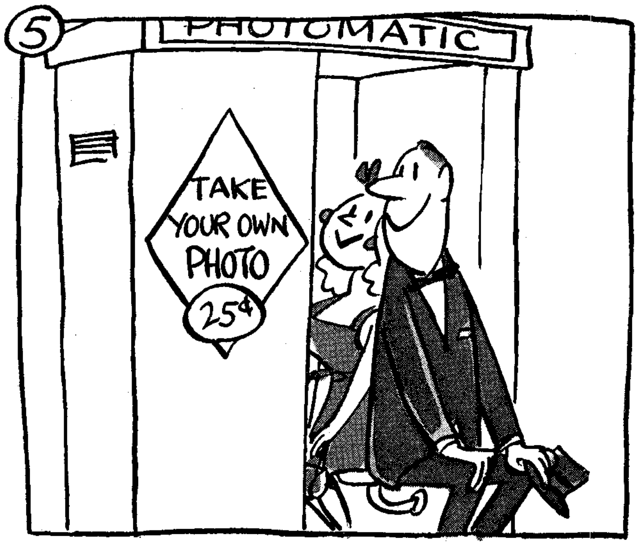
They met in an apartment someone had lent the Harris couple. It was full of dark wood and paintings of ships. "This stuff isn't just old," Bob Harris said. "It's period." George didn't hear this; it was repeated to him later on. Because Aunt Bonnie couldn't stand the air-conditioning, the windows were open. The room was dense with heat and noise. Most of the people there were Fairlies. George counted eleven persons, including himself, who bore the Fairlie features: whitish-blond hair, whitish lashes, ruddy cheeks, and, in the case of the less fortunate, the big front teeth. They had come in from everywhere to see the bride. Once you were in the family, you were in to stay; death, divorce, scandal—nothing operated, nothing cut you away. Bob Harris was in it now, too. He would fit in, sift down, find his place. Now that he was in, there would be no criticism, not a flicker, not a glance. No one would recall that Bonnie had written from Cannes, "Well I don't know what's going to happen now but Florence has gone and married this Jew." When George's mother had read this bit aloud, she had taken on just a shade of Bonnie's whiny accent, that sacred Fairlie drawl, and it came out, "Flounce has gonen married . . ." Nothing else was hinted; nothing survived except their manner of saying "Bob-Harris" all the time, as if it were all one word.

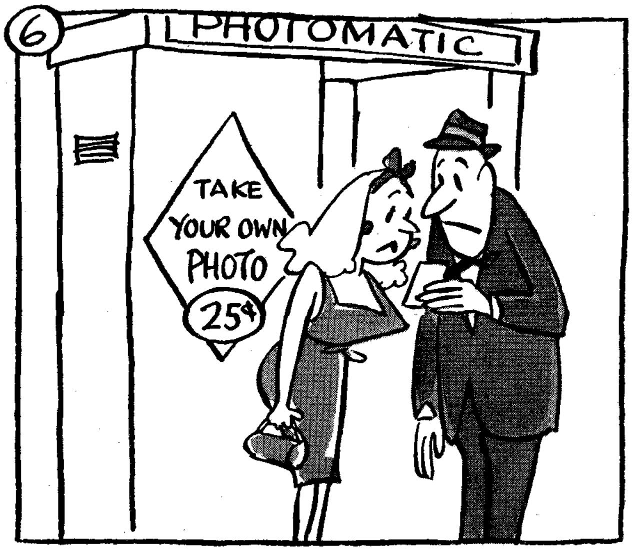
There were no Harrises in the room, although Harrises were known to exist. Harris *père* had given Florence a handsome wedding present, and someone had seen the name, quite dignified, on an advertisement for his wine-importing firm. Bob Harris ran the French end of the business: he lived in Paris. He was the same age as Florence—twenty-four. It was the good life. George heard all this and understood. He was part of this family—so much so that he understood their hints and suggestions, their stressed words, even when nothing important was said. It had all been settled for him in advance; his attitudes and perceptions had been decided for him before he was born.

Perhaps because the room was so crowded and hot, George began to sweat. He felt sweat breaking out on his back and under his arms, and was sure it showed through his clothes. Only, as it happened, no one was looking at him. They were much too interested in Florence, who was really a beauty now, straight and quiet, with the pretty coppery hair wound in a knot behind her head. They had all been told by Bonnie, separately, as a secret, that there was something wrong with Florence; she wasn't well; she could never have children. There was a high tide of noise and Aunt Bonnie's voice above them all. George and his parents had driven in from the country and come here late. Everyone but Florence was loud and drunk. After a time, George forgot what people might be thinking of him, and he began covertly watching his cousin, from under his whitish lashes, looking for traces of illness, traces of love. He was seventeen that summer, and always looking for things. He sat on a chair at right angles to the sofa on which Florence sat with her mother. They were holding hands. He









saw that every time Flor's husband came near her he brushed some part of her skin with the back of his hand; and that although Flor never looked at him she was aware of that faintly brushing, foreign, masculine hand. It was as though some projection of the two as a couple was quite apart and in another room, or simply invisible.

She'll never do anything any more. I'll always keep her with me. This voice came at him, hurled out of the past, with the violence of his cousin's warm hair picked up by the wind and blown across his face.

"Georgie," said Florence, and she bent toward him, the first time she had said anything to him for years. "Do you remember how hot it was in Venice when we were kids? I was just reminding Mama. Do you remember that?"

"But New York is *too* hot," said Aunt Bonnie, as if it were somebody's fault.

"Do you remember how green it was all the time?" Flor said to him. "Everything was so clear and green; green water; even the sky looked green to me."

He had been staring, but now he inadvertently looked into her eyes, dark-lashed, green as the lagoon had been. He thought he remembered it now. He couldn't reply. Bob Harris kept moving around, too hospitable, doing too much—at least, it seemed so to George, who was sensitive to how people did things. He wanted Bob Harris to be above reproach.

"You were an awful little boy," Flor said to him, smiling. She bent toward him but still held her mother's hand. He had heard about his bratty childhood so often that he no longer minded hearing about it. "You wanted so much watching," Flor said. "I think I wasn't a good nursemaid."

He said rather stiffly, "It was only one day."

"But what a day," she said, still smiling, still kind. "You used to run all over the place, like a little mouse. We could hardly keep up."

He said, "I don't remember any of that." His cured stammer returned. "I remember c-c-crying in the square."

"I think you cried a lot," said Flor.

"Only once."

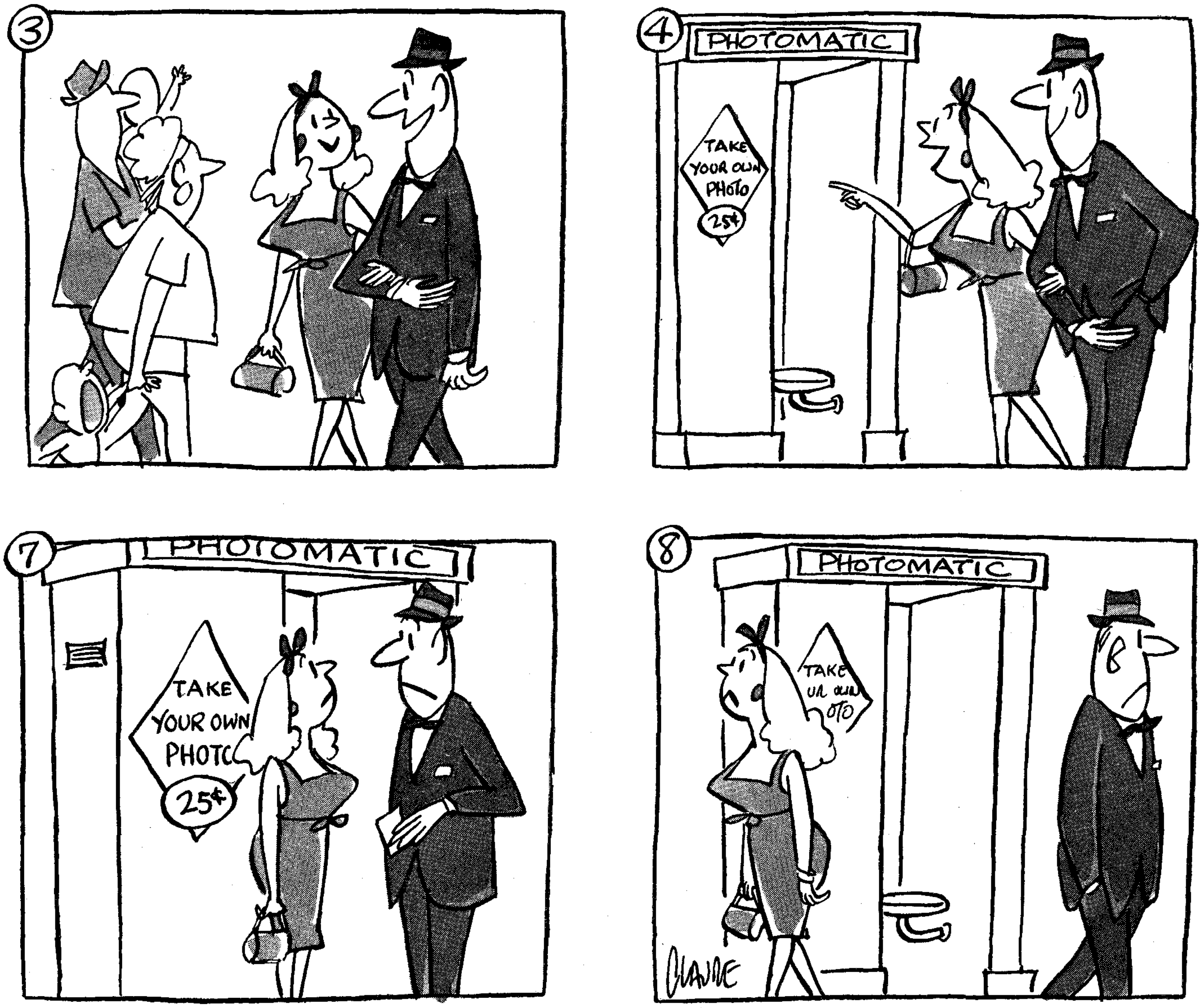
The dialogue faltered. They remained in an attitude of conversation, as if posed. "George ought to come over to us in Paris next year," they heard Aunt Bonnie say. "He certainly must do that," Bob Harris chimed in. "He certainly must."

"You know I can't have children?" Florence said, looking George full in the face. He mumbled a reply. She said, "It was nice of him to want to marry me, all the same."

"Flor," he said, "I've got this bead. It's lucky . . . no, take it . . . I swear, it brings luck . . ." It was out of his pocket and on his wet palm: clear, flawed, the treasure of Venice.

Flor looked at him, with a half smile and puckered brows. "What is it, George?" she said, as if to make him stop stammering.

He would have given anything not to have started this. "You know, you



bought this string of beads? And it broke? When we came back from the beach? You bought this string of beads and broke it . . ."

"I'm not a person who breaks things," Flor said. "I don't remember that."

George said, "We came off the boat, you know? You went right over to this sort of booth."

"It's just that I'm not a person who breaks things," Flor said. "Of course, if you say it happened, it's true. I haven't much memory."

"I thought you sort of broke it on purpose," he said.

"Oh, George," said Flor, shaking her head, "now I know it can't be real. That just isn't me. It didn't happen."

He had kept it ten years. He had only to roll it in his hand or put his eye to the clear, flawed glass and the air was full of pigeons and bells and the movement of Flor breaking something because she wanted something broken; perhaps because she was going to be with Aunt Bonnie for life. Sometimes it was as though Flor had never left his thoughts, even when he didn't think of her at all. Because of her, the twin pictures, love and resentment, were always there, one reflecting the other, water under sky. Everything had happened as he remembered; the day had taken place; it had taken its place in his life. He closed his hand, because he thought he looked rather silly sitting there with a lozenge of glass on an open palm. Of course it had taken place: look at all these people tangled together, all the Fairlies, and Flor and Bonnie, and now Bob Harris was in it, too. And what about his own parents? After that day in Venice, they had sworn they would never leave him again, never, ever, and they had kept their word, so their love for him was a structure, and he was inside. They might have resented it, sometimes. He had; sometimes he had. And now he was going to college and leaving them, and maybe the next year he would take up that invitation and go to Paris. And the inevitable disloyalty, the faithlessness, the casting-off made him feel as if he were already at an imagined distance, and remorseful, and starting back.

Flor looked at his closed fist. "Why do people keep things?" she said.

"I don't know," said George. "I guess it proves you were somewhere."

She said, "I feel as if we hadn't ever been in the same place."

"George!" his mother cried from across the room. "Do you remember that time in Venice with Bonnie and Flor?"

"Do you want this?" he said quickly. "It's really yours."

"It wouldn't help me," said Florence. "We weren't ever in the same place. We don't need luck in the same way. We don't remember the same things." —MAVIS GALLANT

•

MERGER SPLURGERS—Wilson Brothers, big Chicago-based maker of men's underwear, is going into the guided missile business.—*The Herald Tribune.*

It's so easy to go stale.

THE ROSE OF SHARON

THEY had been coming up the Mississippi with the weather, posting their bills ahead of them, and making, as spring crept north, Cairo, Cape Girardeau, Alton. One day in late May of 1935, when the Garretts, who lived in Brigham's Crossing, drove down the river to visit some relatives in Bowling Green and saw the signs posted in Canton, Quincy, and Hannibal, Mrs. Garrett ventured to predict that Brigham's Crossing would be favored by a call. She was right. The next Sunday, from the pulpit of the Main Street Methodist Church, Reverend Thorne announced their imminent arrival and expressed hopes for a grand turnout. Posters were displayed the next day in the lighted glass bulletin board outside the church and in the windows of some church members' parlors. The bills, which said at the top "FOR ONE SERVICE ONLY," showed an ethereal young lady standing beside a marimba. Next to her was the head of a heavily maned man of about forty, with a square jaw and a compelling look about the eyes. They were the Rose of Sharon and her father, and they were billed simply as evangelists.

On the Sunday they were to appear, the youngest of the Garretts—Ira, who would be fifteen in the fall—rose early to deliver the *Sunday Register*. On the kitchen table, in the cool, drowsy light of the spring morning, lay a note his mother had left for him the night before. It said, "Ask Ruth Earl if she wants to go to church with us. Tell her we have room and it's the Rose of Sharon. Make enough coffee for everybody."

Ruth Earl was a *Register* subscriber who lived down the hill, and who went to the Garretts' church on Christmas, Easter, and other times when there was going to be something good. Her husband never went to church at all, but that, Ira's mother said, was Ruth Earl's cross to bear.

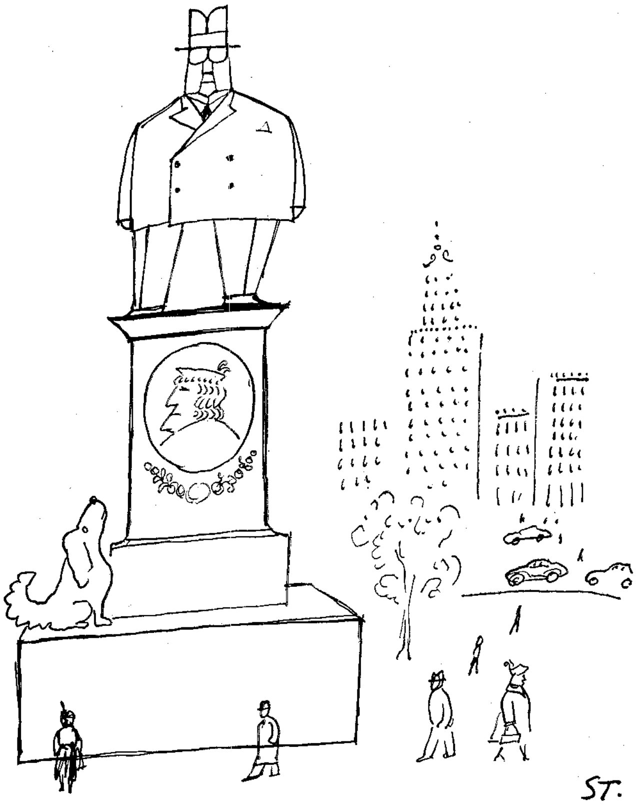
Ruth Earl was always up when Ira brought the paper. After the first of March, she arose at five-thirty each morning, including Sundays, to clean her house and tend her dog, a wan and listless Boston bull that was exhausted, Ira's mother also said, from all the baths it got. It barked feebly each Sunday morning when Ira set his foot on the porch steps. Mrs. Earl herself invariably awaited Ira at the front door to ask him how his mother was and to snatch the paper from his hand before he could get his dirty shoe across the threshold. When he read his mother's note, he knew what Mrs. Earl's answer would be. She would love to hear the Rose of Sharon, who was reputed to be absolutely pure.

Ira was anxious to hear her, too. He claimed to know the difference between a marimba and a xylophone, and although he had often heard a xylophone, he had never heard a marimba. He made the coffee and took his time with his breakfast, because he did not want to get out on his route too early. If he got started before six-thirty, nobody except Ruth Earl would be up, and he liked to stop and exchange a few words with his customers, whether they wanted to talk to him at that hour or not.

Ira was deeply interested in other people's business, including that of his brother Jason, who was seventeen and lived in a world of his own. Jason almost never spoke to his family, who, he rightly believed, did not understand him, but he often spoke at great length to himself, so that Ira, who was an expert eavesdropper, knew a good deal more about his brother's affairs than anyone suspected. He knew, for instance, that Jason had been planning all week to listen to the Havana Symphony Orchestra concert, which was to be broadcast that Sunday morning. There was bound to be trouble, because the night before, at supper, Jason had denounced the marimba and its advocates, saying that performing upon one in church was nothing short of obscene.

Ira had not mentioned Jason's plan to hear the Havana Symphony to anyone, but as he went his rounds he wondered what would happen. He laid the fat, photogravure-faced papers on wooden porches newly painted for spring; he tucked them behind screen doors newly hung; he slid them under rocks that had been left for that purpose on whitewashed cement steps. He peered into people's windows and saw his customers sleeping in ground-floor bedrooms, and if they opened their eyes and saw him he waved hello. He read the notes that had been left in milk bottles, he petted friendly dogs and spoke soothingly to irascible ones, and each conscious person that he encountered he told about the Rose of Sharon.

Of course, he delivered the invitation to Ruth Earl, and at his Aunt Shug's house, which was across the street from his own and the last stop on his circular route, he reminded the houseful of his grown women cousins, one of whom was spooning coffee into the percolator while the rest blearily padded around in their slippers and housecoats, that they must be sure and come. There was plenty of room in his father's car for all of them, he said. This done, he crossed the street with his own family's paper to make sure that everybody had awakened while he was gone. They had—everybody except his brother—so Ira spread out the funny papers on the living-room floor and began to read them.

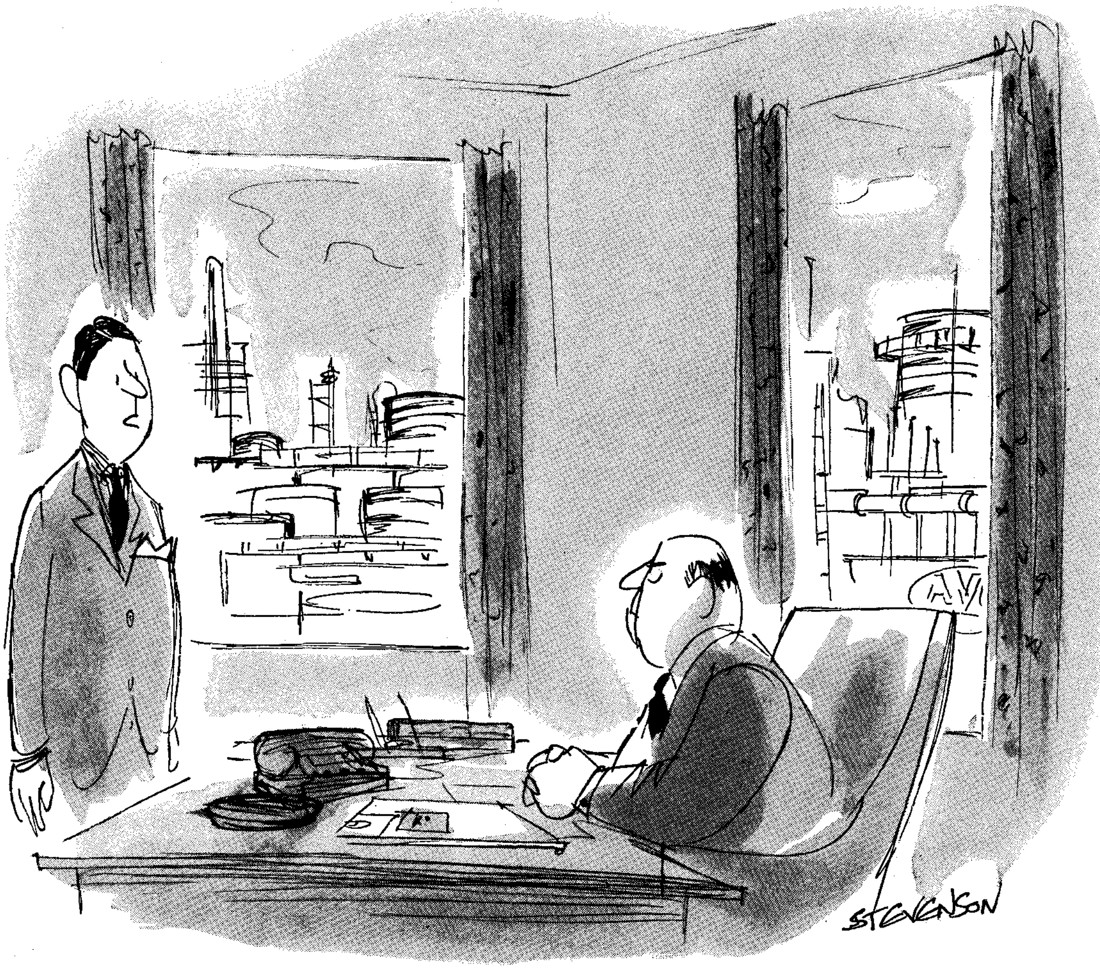


MRS. GARRETT came into the living room in her slip, and asked Ira if Ruth Earl was coming.

"She'll be here at ten o'clock," he said, without looking up from "Blondie."

"It's almost nine now," Mrs. Garrett said. "I see you've had your breakfast. Have you decided what you're going to put on?"

Ira mumbled that he had, and his mother went to the kitchen. She hoped, just as she hoped every Sunday morning, that things would go right—that the family would get to church on time. She knew in her heart that they wouldn't—they never did—but she always hoped and she always tried. She said to her husband, who was eating his breakfast at the kitchen table, "For once, I'd like for us to get to church on time. We always come trailing in at the last and have to sit down in front of everybody. I put your clean shirt out on the chair in the bedroom, and there's some clean underwear in the clothes basket behind the door. It's not ironed yet, but you'll have to wear it anyway. Have you had enough to eat?"



"I agree that giving all our workers a wage increase would aggravate the inflationary spiral, but do you really think the nation's economy would be affected by giving me a little raise?"

Mr. Garrett said yes, he had, and as his wife turned away to the bottom of the stairs that rose from the kitchen to the bedrooms above, he slipped out to the back porch to overhaul the window screens.

Mrs. Garrett called up the stairs to her daughter, "Mil-lie, it's almost nine o'clock! Now, we *don't* want to be late *again!* Is Moody up?"

"I can't get up until Sis gets out of the bathroom," Jason answered.

"Well, don't go back to sleep again. It's almost nine o'clock."

Mrs. Garrett turned from the stairs and crossed the kitchen to the door to the back porch and looked out. When she saw what her husband was doing, she opened the door and said, "Daddy, you can do that some other time. Now, we *don't* want to miss the Rose of Sharon."

Mr. Garrett grunted and went on with his work, while Mrs. Garrett turned peevishly away and walked again to the front room to ask Ira if anybody across the street was coming.

"Wid's coming, and maybe Hade," Ira said. "Wid and Hade played bingo last night. Wid didn't win anything, but Hade won five pounds of Swift's Premium Bacon. Wid says she saw Eleanor at the Legion, and Eleanor saw the Rose of Sharon in Quincy and said she was the most beautiful and innocent-looking thing she ever saw, and spoke so you could hear a pin drop, and when she played her marimba her hands went so fast they were nothing but a blur."

"Well, I hope if they're coming they'll get here on time," his mother said. "Run across the street and tell them Ruth Earl's coming up at ten o'clock. Then come back and get ready."

"I'm ready. All I have to do is change my clothes."

"Have you washed?"

"I told you, all I have to do is change my clothes."

Mrs. Garrett tried to straighten up the dining room a little bit, because the sun was warm and the front door stood open to let in the air; anybody passing by on the sidewalk could look right in. She heard Ira slam the door across the street, and she wondered if she would ever get a minute to sit down and have a little peace and quiet. She hadn't even had her second cup of coffee yet. She went back to the kitchen and turned on the heat under the coffeepot. Then she called up the stairs again to her children. As she called her daughter's name, the girl, who was nineteen, came down the stairs in her housecoat, her head wrapped in a towel.

"I thought you were ready," Mrs. Garrett said, dismayed. "You aren't even dressed."

"Well, Mama, I have to get a cup of coffee," Millie said.

"There's some heating. It *was mine*, but go ahead, take it. I suppose I can make some more. Who's in the bathroom?"

"Nobody," Millie answered.

"I think I'll just run up, then, while I've got the chance," Mrs. Garrett said.

She vanished up the stairs, and Millie picked a cup from the pile of unwashed dishes in the sink, rinsed it out, poured herself some coffee, and dropped two slices of bread into the toaster. Then, with her coffee cup in her hand, she went to the back door. "Daddy," she said, stepping onto the porch, where her father was on his haunches, ripping out some rusted screen wire from a

LIGHT AND DARK

Your eyelash is a shade
For my most lovely luminary;
Open, its transitory,
Finely pronged, reverse cascade

Reveals the ambushed white
Liquid sky whose oval ground
Backs the colored round
That is my circle of delight,

As dazzling as the sea
When, swimming out beyond my height,
I dive, from toppling light,
Down to the deepest dark can be.

And there are other lights:
When the electric sky ignites
Windows on heights, or sleights
Of hand—sunrise and sunset kites

Vanishing up and up
Beyond what vision understands,
Like moonlight on my hands,
Or the spectrum in a waterdrop.

When fireworks go off,
Scribbling flowers on the sky,
Though they streak up high,
They never go quite high enough,

For darkness settles down
Again, and then too soon the black
Crown above me is back,
And I walk slowly in to town,

Moved by I know not what.
Is it not that the flash has shown
Me, standing alone,
How huge the dark is I forgot?

And I forget again,
Seeing those two loved brilliancies
Dredge up from subtle seas
The sunken fragments of the sun,

Or the colorless moon—
Whose changing luminosity
Does and undoes the sea—
Ballooning out, or thin pontoon.

But it is starlight, surely,
That is most like those eyes I love
When stars hang where they hive
To make night late and morning early;

As distances debar
From touch those lights that, moving near,
Move us more and more—
Alight, the dark is where you are.

—Howard Moss

• •

frame. "Daddy, can't you do that some other time? You know how Mama gets worked up on Sunday mornings."

Mr. Garrett looked up at his daughter's turbaned head. Both of them heard, from upstairs, Mrs. Garrett shout at her oldest son, "Now, *get up!* I'm *not* going to call you again!"

"What's wrong with Moody these days?" Millie asked her father. "All he seems to do is sleep."

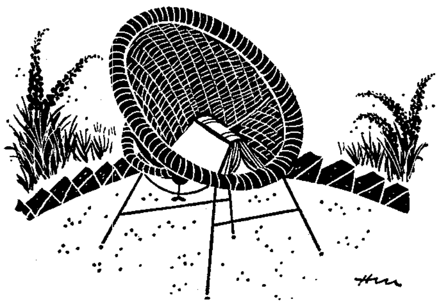
"That's more than *you* do, it looks like," Mr. Garrett said. "What time did you get home last night?"

"I'm not going to tell you, because it's *silly* for me to have to tell you every night what time I get home. And it was so late that if I *did* tell you, you'd get mad. So it seems to me what you don't know won't hurt either one of us." She leaned down and kissed her father on his bald head. When she heard her mother's heavy steps descending the stairs, she said, "Daddy, you better come in and start getting ready, if you know what's good for you."

"Somebody's toast is burning," Mrs. Garrett announced as she reached the bottom step.

Fifteen minutes later, Ira came back from across the street, got a dish towel out of the kitchen, sat down in the dining room, and started to give his shoes a lick and a promise with it. By that time, Jason was downstairs. He looked sleepy, and seemed even more moodily silent than usual. He took a cup of coffee into the living room and turned on the radio to Station WBBM-Chicago, from which the Havana Symphony Orchestra was going to be broadcast by electrical transcription. The program was to start at ten. It was then nearly a quarter to, and several people from the University of Chicago were discussing the possible consequences of recent events in the Saar, and the abnegation by the National Socialist Party in Germany of certain clauses in the Versailles Treaty. Jason left the radio on.

Millie, having made fresh toast and taken it upstairs with her, came back down now with her skirt and blouse on. She began to comb her hair in front of the dining-room mirror, which was the only full-length one in the house, and then Wid walked in from across the street, bringing with her the strong scent of the lavender perfume she had only just applied to the lobes of her ears.



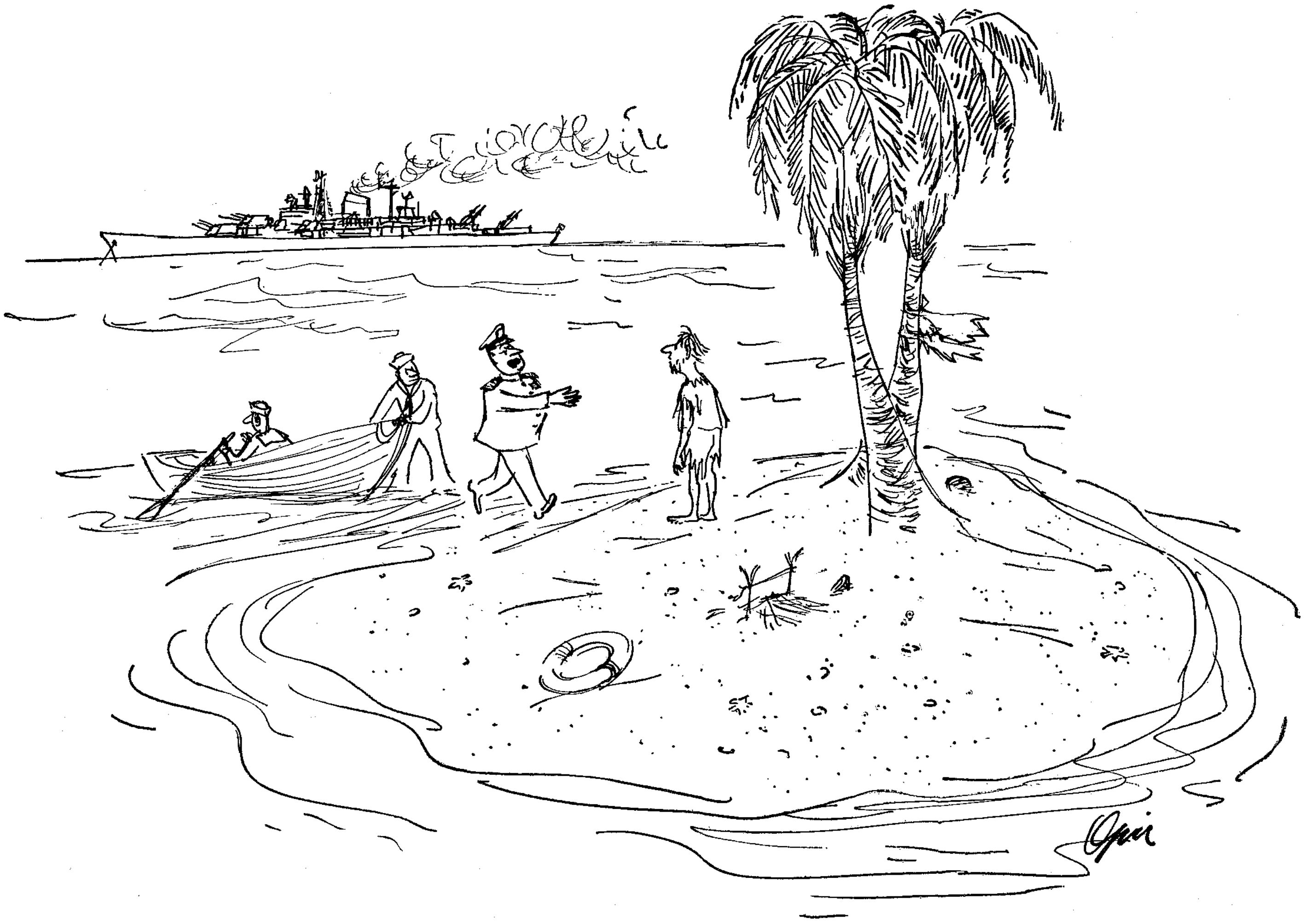
"I'm ready," Wid said. She was nearly as old as Mrs. Garrett, her aunt, and was thinner, probably, than anyone else in the world, and jumpier. She dyed her hair red—to keep her job at the dime store, she said. She had five pounds of sliced bacon, wrapped in cellophane, in her hands. "See what Hade won at bingo last night," she said to her aunt, who was rooting through a pile of things on a dining-room chair, trying to find her garters. "Swift's Premium is the best bacon you can buy."

"We've always been partial to Armour's," Mrs. Garrett said, giving up the search. "I must have left them upstairs."

Ira spat on the toe of one shoe. "What are you going to do?" he asked. "Take it to church?"

"No, I'm *not* going to take it to church," Wid replied, with a cackle. "But you, Aleck—you think you're so smart—you can just run this back over home and put it in the icebox, and tell Hade to hurry on if she's coming."

Ira finished his shoes and went out



"I'm Commander Norton. We're relocating you. Atomic tests have been scheduled for this area."

• •

the door, tossing the bacon into the air and catching it again, and singing "Bringing in the Sheaves." He had been thinking, however, for about a week that it was terribly funny to say "cheese" instead of "sheaves." It was wicked, he knew, considering that it was a sacred song, but, in some inscrutable way, juggling five pounds of bacon on a June morning made him *feel* like being wicked. Besides, he might just as well do his worst now, because shortly he was going to be washed absolutely pure by the spotless presence of the Rose of Sharon.

When he returned home from his aunt's house for the third time that morning, he brought the news that Hade had said she looked too awful and couldn't go.

"I told her last night," said Wid, "she ought to come home earlier, but you know how she is. She's not satisfied unless she closes the place."

"She sure brought home the bacon last night," Ira said, and Wid rumbled with laughter, saying, finally, "Nin, that boy's a crackerjack."

"Nin" was a nickname for Mrs. Garrett, who said jokingly, from time to time, that it was short for "ninny," and that she had got it in childhood, when she was slow to grasp her lessons. "Well, I *think*," she said sharply, "we can just get along with a few less jokes on Sunday."

"Don't look at me—I'm ready," Ira said. He hopped to the kitchen and out the back door.

The experts from Chicago University had finished discussing their sticky problem, and after three soft notes on the chime the announcer said, "WBBM-Chicago. The time—ten o'clock."

Mrs. Earl came up the walk, calling, "Yoo-hoo, anybody home?"

"Now here comes Ruth Earl. Of course she couldn't be a few minutes late, not even once," Mrs. Garrett said under her breath to Wid. "And I haven't even got my dress on."

IN the living room, Jason, who was wearing nothing but a pair of everyday trousers—no shoes or socks, no shirt—turned up the volume of the radio so that he could hear the Havana Symphony Orchestra. The announcer, telling how Beethoven had been walking one Sunday in the country among the simple people and had got caught in a thunderstorm, sent his voice all over the house. Frantically, Mrs. Garrett swiped with a mahogany clothesbrush at her dark-blue dress, which she held at arm's length. "There's so much noise in this house I can't hear myself *think!*" she cried, lashing out at the dress with the brush.

Ruth Earl stood at the open front door waiting for an invitation to enter, and Mrs. Garrett, from the middle of the dining room, gestured her in. "We'll be ready in a minute," she said, trying to make herself heard above the orchestra, which had begun to play. "Make yourself at home."

Mrs. Earl came in and took a chair at the dining-room table, where she sat looking as if she were waiting for lunch.

"Nin, is there any coffee made?" Wid shouted at her aunt, who had dropped her dress on the back of a chair and had taken Millie's place at the mirror.

There Mrs. Garrett began to cover

her worried face with pale powder. "I spect there is, Wid!" she shouted back. "I made some a minute ago, though *I* haven't had a drop of it yet." All at once she dropped her hands to her sides in despair. "*Moody!*" she screamed. "*Turn that down!* There's no *reason* why you have to have it so loud. There's enough commotion as it is."

There was no answer from the parlor, and no decrease in the music's volume. Mrs. Garrett stepped into the room and turned the radio down herself. Jason flew into a rage. At that moment, music was his religion. He glared at his mother and shouted, "Beethoven *has* to be *loud!*"

"And look at you!" Mrs. Garrett cried. "You haven't even started. You know what *time* it is?"

"I'm *trying* to listen to Beethoven," Jason said. "Go away."

Hurt, angry, Mrs. Garrett stormed from the room. She whipped her dress off the back of the chair and started to slip it over her head. Wid, with a cup of coffee in one hand, came out of the kitchen. She pursed her lips and slurped delicately from the cup, which was marked with her lipstick. "They say the Rose of Sharon is more like an angel than anybody else you're likely to see," she said. "And they say she's just as demure and holy in real life."

"Who's seen her?" Ruth Earl asked. "In real life, I mean."

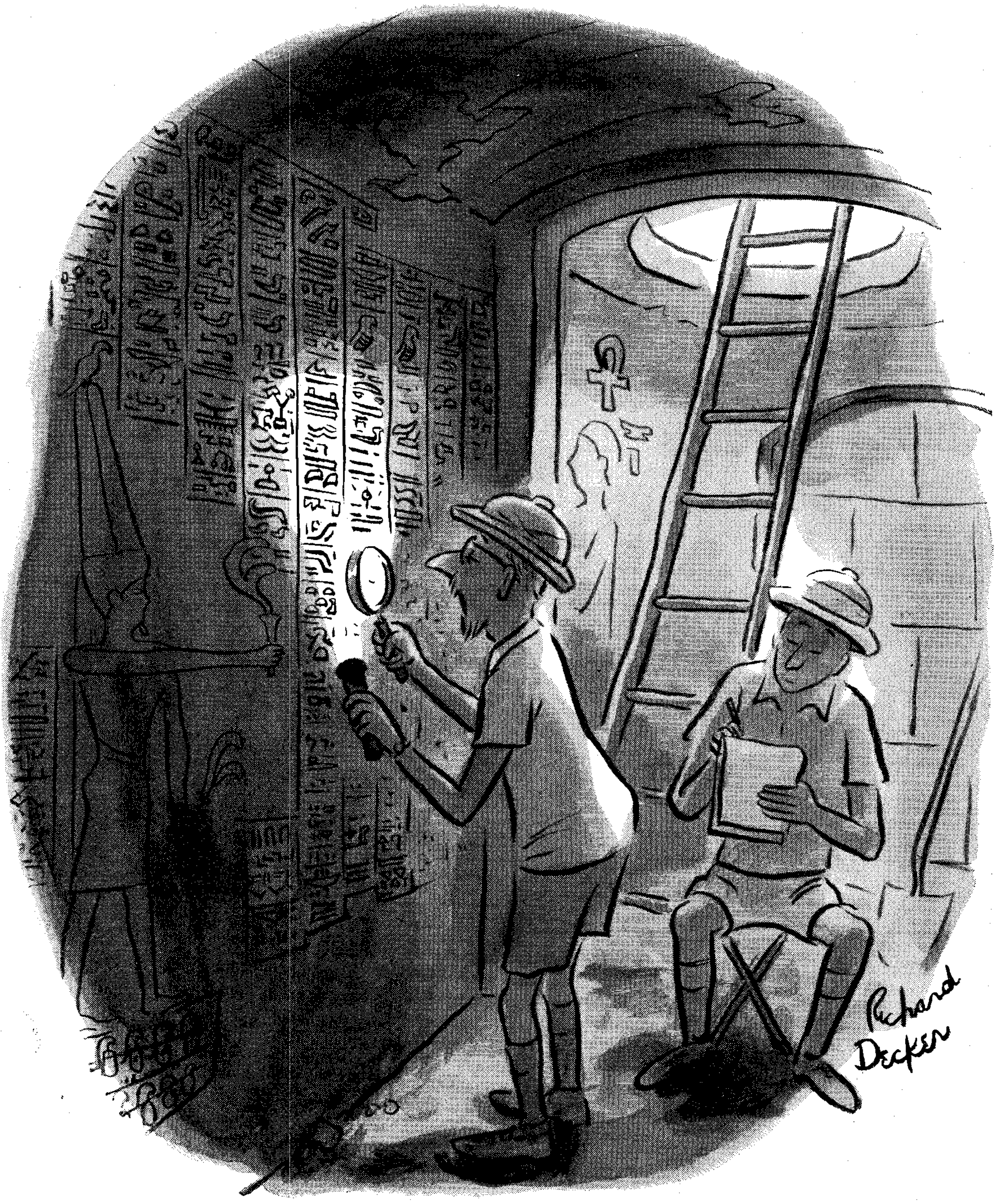
"Nobody I know of."

"Mil-lie!" Mrs. Garrett called as soon as she got her head through the neck of her dress. "Are you ready? It's after ten, and we *don't* want to be late again."

From upstairs, Millie answered that she was coming. The back door slammed, and Ira came gravely into the dining room from the kitchen. "Mom," he said, "Daddy's still working on those screens, and it's nine minutes past ten."

Mrs. Garrett sighed. Then she took a deep breath, to arm herself for still another battle, but as she did so the back door slammed again and Mr. Garrett's heavy footsteps crossed the kitchen and ascended the stairs. Mrs. Garrett released her breath and began to do up her dress, saying to Ira, "Run down and open the garage door so Daddy can get the car out when he's ready."

Twice, as she went on with her dressing in front of the dining-room mirror, Mrs. Garrett stopped and went to look into the front room. Jason had not moved. Barebacked, barefooted, he still sat opposite the radio. Mrs. Garrett didn't know what to do with him. The first time she looked in on him, she said, angrily, "Now, young man, you just better get ready, and right now, or you're going to be sorry." The second time, she said nothing, for he had not budged. She was so nervous and hurt and irritated that she could hardly put on her lipstick. It was always like this on Sunday, she reflected, and on



"And it goes on to say, 'The price of bricks is away out, and the cost of grease has bugged the economy of Thebes for years. Everybody is twitching in the kitchen and hunching for bread. Queen Hatshepsut is the craziest, but she's not hip to the fact that taxes are the most, like, man, the most!'"

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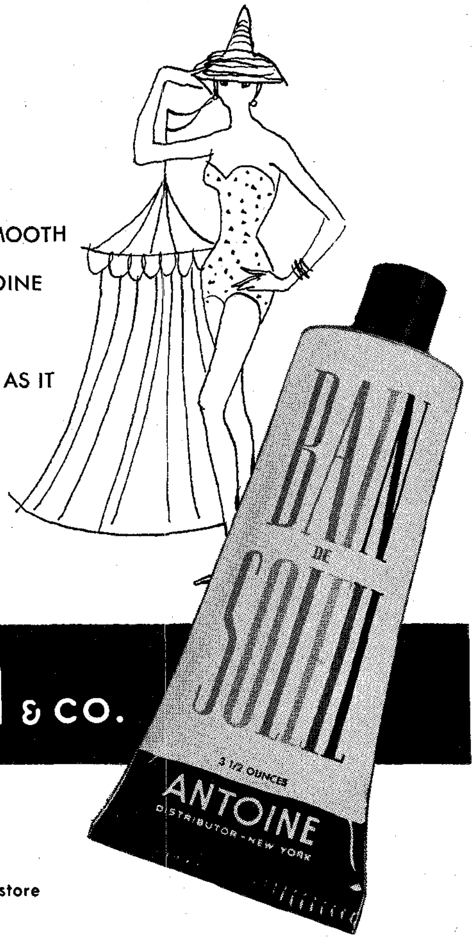

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Sunday, of all days, when they should put aside their differences and try to make things go right, and put aside their wickedness and love one another.

To finish her preparations, she went upstairs, where her husband and daughter were. When she had gone, Wid said to Ruth Earl, "I suppose I never would be able to get in that bathroom, with all the rumpus up there. I think I'll just run on over home."

She hurried out the front door, taking her coffee with her, and leaving Ruth Earl sitting alone in the dining room. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, listening patiently, with a little unconscious smile, to the footsteps tracing and retracing the rooms above, and she listened to the pastoral music that swelled from the parlor. She thought that it certainly made it sound like Sunday.

JASON, forgetting about Ruth Earl, and hearing his family upstairs, leapt up and paced the living room, waving his arms to the music. And when it became too beautiful for him to bear, he clapped his hands over his ears. His heart turned and his spirit soared at the thunderbolts, and he knew for certain, regardless of what *anybody* said, that the Lord would think better of him for listening to such music—for thus experiencing Him in his own way—than if he went to church to hear a marimba. They were fakes, all those evangelists. *He* knew it, the Lord knew it—though perhaps the fakes *thought* they were sincere. At any rate, he would stand his own ground, and perhaps he would be forgiven for being rude to his mother. As soon as he heard footsteps on the stairs, he sat down sulkily again, for he did not want to be caught conducting.

At once, and in single file, the rest of the family came down the steps. Mr. Garrett went straight to the garage, where Ira awaited him, to bring the car to the front of the house. Both Mrs. Garrett and her daughter went into the dining room and began turning around in front of the mirror. "Now, do I look all right?" Mrs. Garrett asked anyone who cared to answer. If anyone had said no, she would have burst into tears. She was biting her lip to keep control of herself, for while she was upstairs she had thought and thought about Jason. It was very late. By the time they got to church, the service would already have started. "Why, why, why?" she asked herself. She was already in tears in her mind, though she managed to keep them out of her eyes.

Wid returned. Mr. Garrett drew up

in front of the house and blew the horn. After a minute or so, he and Ira went into the house to see what was keeping everybody. When they reached the front step, Mr. Garrett heard his oldest son exclaiming in the parlor, "I'm *not going!* I told you I'm not going, and I'm *not!* You think I don't mean what I say? I don't want to go. They're fakes. What makes you so *stupid*? Can't you see that anybody who'd play a marimba in church is *bound* to be a fake?"

Mrs. Garrett was standing in the doorway between the dining room and the living room, speechless and insulted, when her husband came into the house and approached his son. "Here, here," Mr. Garrett said, a little too quietly. "That's enough of that."

Mrs. Garrett's indignation and self-pity boiled over like a kettle. "If *you're* not going, then *I'm* not going!" she screeched. "Either I go with *all* my family— I try *hard.*" She sobbed, and ravaged her handbag for a handkerchief. "I *try hard*, I work like a slave, I want to be *proud* of my family, but you all— you, you—"

Mr. Garrett confronted Jason. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said sternly. "A grown boy. Look what you've done to your mother." Even as he spoke, however, he knew that he, too, was one of those of whom his wife tried so hard and so unsuccessfully to be proud. "Now, you get upstairs and get dressed, and you make it snappy."

More surprised than frightened by his father's interference, Jason obeyed, while the rest of the family and the guests silently filed to the waiting car, avoiding each other's eyes. When at length Jason came out, shoving his shirttail into his belt and trailing his necktie from his hip pocket, his mother ordered him to go back and turn off the radio and lock the door. "Though, Lord knows," she added, trembling, "we haven't got anything anybody'd want to steal."

THEY were shamefully late. The offertory hymn was being played, and the collection plates had already passed halfway through the congregation. The only remaining seats were scattered in the very front. Ira and Jason sat in the middle of the first row, squashed together, while Wid and Millie and Ruth Earl sat at the far end of it. Mrs. Garrett tried to look as if nothing had happened, but she felt that everyone in the congregation could see that there had been trouble, for mortification clearly showed on her face as she

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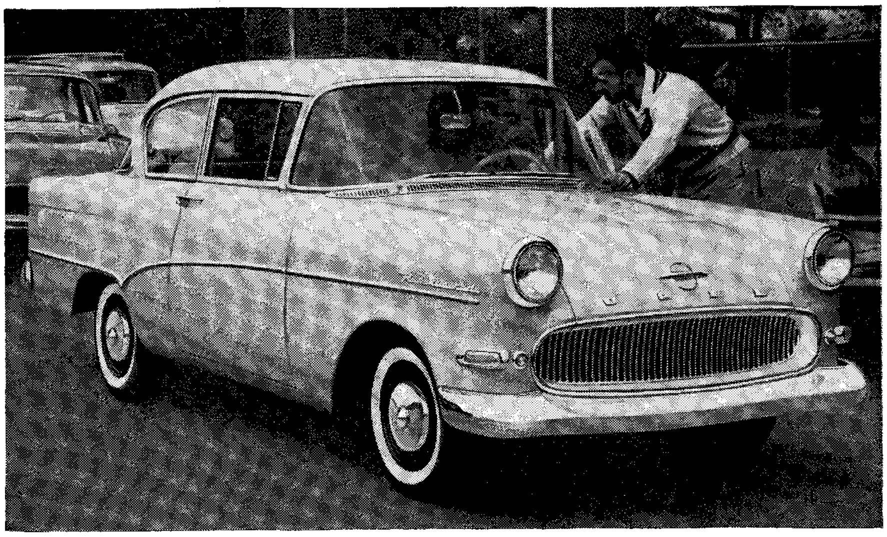

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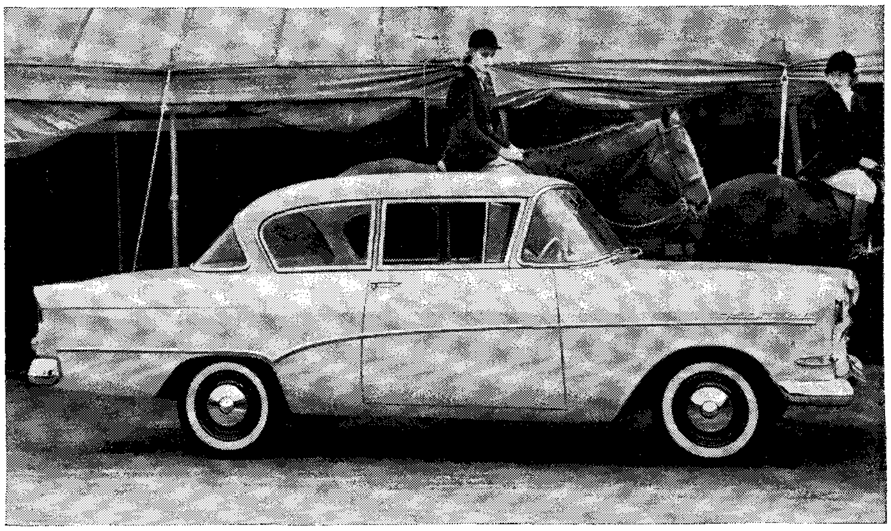

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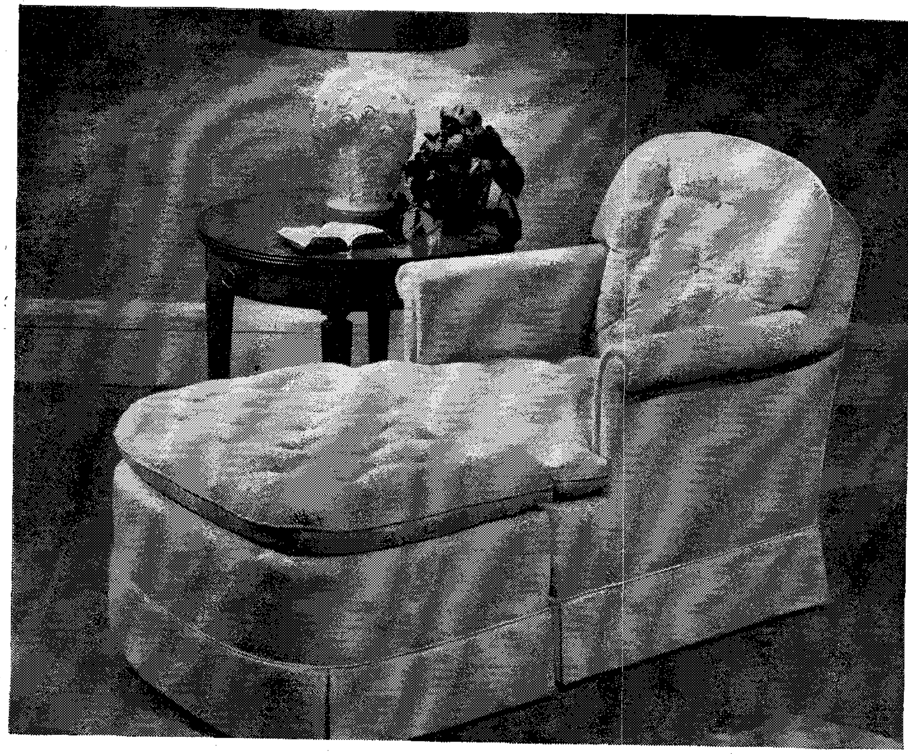

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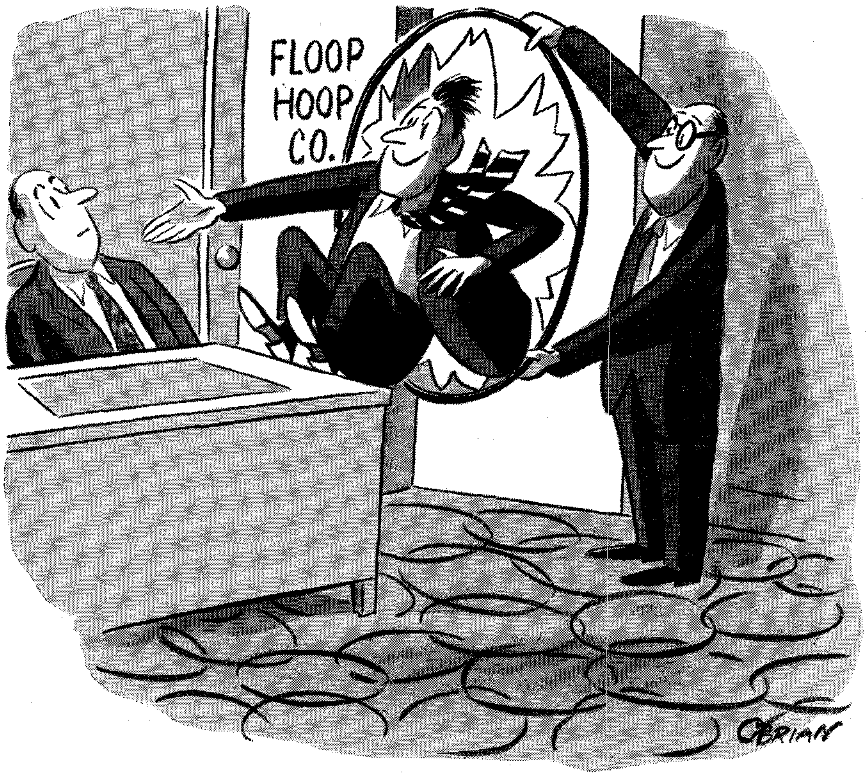

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found seats for herself and her husband in the row behind her sons. They were practically at the feet of the evangelists, who occupied separate benches on the curved, carpeted platform, the ends of which were banked with early woods flowers that had been gathered the day before by Sunday-school picnickers. Directly in front of Ira and Jason stood a large rectangular object veiled in voluminous, rose-embroidered fringed white satin. Ira knew this must be the marimba, because he could see little rubber-tired wheels beneath the fringe.

Reverend Thorne, who was bald and very short, stood on his carpeted box behind the pulpit waiting patiently for the plates to pass. The Garretts, coming in as they did, missed the collection. It was a special one for the evangelists, who took no pay but provided for their simple needs from the free-will offerings of their congregations. Eventually, the ushers collected the plates and bore them down the center aisle. The organist struck a chord, the worshippers rose and sang "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," and the plates, piled high with envelopes and coins, were laid at the foot of the altar. Jason sneered pointedly, hoping the father of the Rose of Sharon would see him, but the evangelist's eyes were at that moment raised to Heaven.

In press reports, the evangelist had often been referred to as a straight-from-the-shoulder preacher, and when he spoke—after a brief introduction by Reverend Thorne—of his joy at seeing so many happy families in attendance, and then moved on to false gods, his voice evinced such straightforwardness and severity that it reached like a knowing finger into his listeners' hearts and sprang the hidden latches of their sins. As he told of how, as a young man in the greenness of his age, he had cast off the teachings of his sainted mother and worshipped Baal, his eyes, like a portrait on a wall, seemed to seek out the gaze of every youth in the congregation, no matter where he sat. The preacher was an enormous man, and when he gestured he used his hands as if they were weapons.

Wid whispered to Ruth Earl, at her side, that she had expected him to be older. He looked scarcely forty, she said, and Ruth Earl thought how fortunate they all were to have such a strong, fine-looking man in the Lord's service.

"Oh, my friends," the evangelist said, stretching wide his tremendous arms, "look at me. Look at me, my

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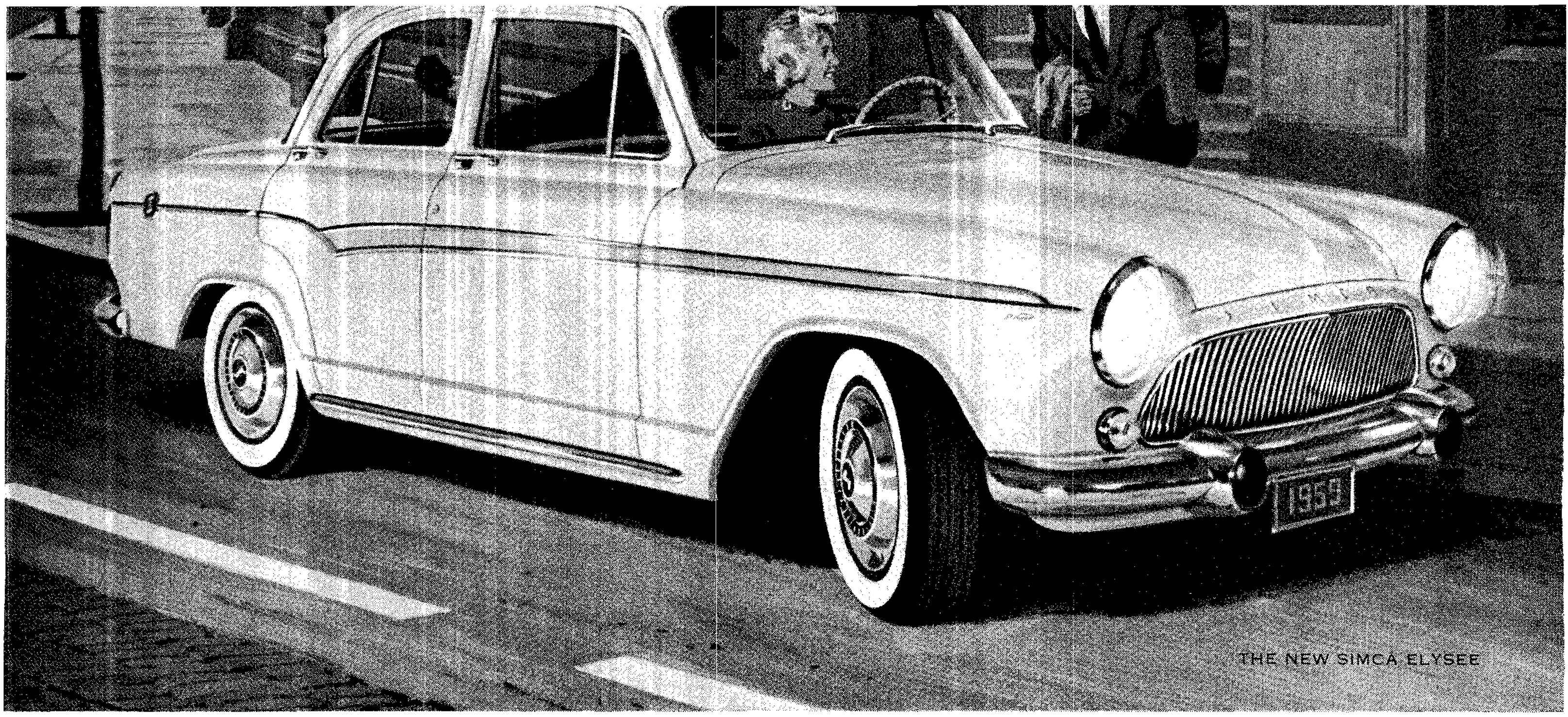
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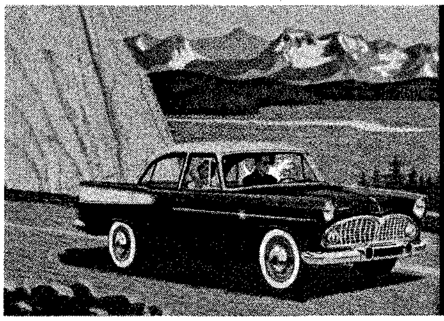

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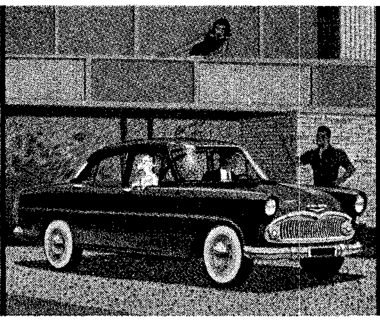

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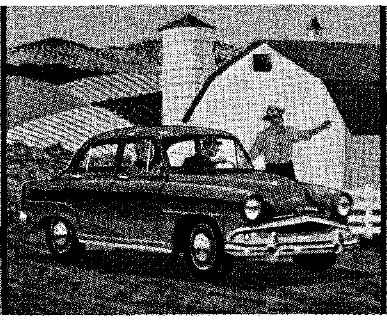

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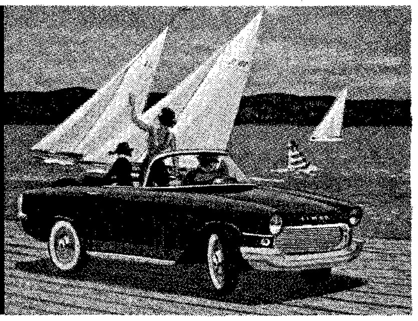

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friends, and what do you see? You see a sinner cleansed by the mercy of Almighty Jesus. You will find this hard to believe when I tell you . . ." And he went on to say that as a youth he had gone in and out of pool halls and taverns, and had tasted of the grape, and had run around with strange women, and lied and stolen and gambled and cheated and taken the name of the Lord in vain, and once, even, he had raised his hand against his brother. "Since boyhood," he cried, "my blessing and my curse has been my strenth! My strenth is greater than twicet the strenth of a normal man—the strenth of Samson, the strenth of a Jacob to wrassle with the Angel of the Lord. And my brother George, a tender man, a kind and gentle man, was but as a sapling in a cyclone to this turrible strenth of mine." He reached out over the great Bible lying open on the rostrum, and his fingers flexed as though they were searching, even then, for a throat. "And in my brother's house," he said, "with my own child, Rose, asleep upstairs, I raised these mighty hands to *kill*." He said he had caused such commotion that he awakened his daughter, who came down the stairs in her nightgown and her little bare feet, with sleep still clinging to her innocent eyes. She floated across the room to him, her father, and touched him, in his rage, with the touch of angels, and said, though she was only six, "My father, commit not the sin of Cain."

"It was a miracle," the preacher said, and paused. His hands went to his eyes and passed over his face, as though to conceal commencing tears. "A miracle, my friends," he repeated—for, he said, the child had been born stone-deaf, and could not have heard the quarrel had not the Creator raised her from her sleep and guided her down the stairs. At that moment, he had bowed down to the Lord and had given his life, strength, and soul to Him.

"I was nearer, my friends, to Satan than to God Almighty," he proclaimed. "I was the farthest from grace, yet I was shown the light and the way. There is no sin so black it can't be warshed pure and clean by the Blood of the Lamb. It is the stain-remover that leaves our hearts as pure, as white as the lilies of the valley, as serene, my friends, as stainless as—the Rose of Sharon."

The girl then left her seat and stepped quietly forward, and the evangelist gave way before her as Night before Dawn. She was slim and very young. Her golden hair, rippling over her shoulders, fell unrestrained to her

DON'T
STIR
WITHOUT
NOILLY
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TWO KINDS:
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NOILLY PRAT
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VERMOUTH

A Dry Martini is not a Dry Martini is not a Dry Martini . . . until you put in enough new Extra Dry Noilly Prat. This imported French vermouth is extra dry and light by nature. Its civilizing presence makes the *vital* difference between a Dry Martini and a hooker of gin. Don't ever stir without it!

BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

WOMAN'S DAY CIRCULATI

(May '59 was 74% ahead

May '58: 2,419,638/May '59: 4,205,000.* And it's all still *single-copy* sales. Circulation has been moving forward like this at Woman's Day ever since we made it available to all stores. (Take a look at '59's box score on the right.) Something else that's moving ahead: our advertising lineage. May '59 was

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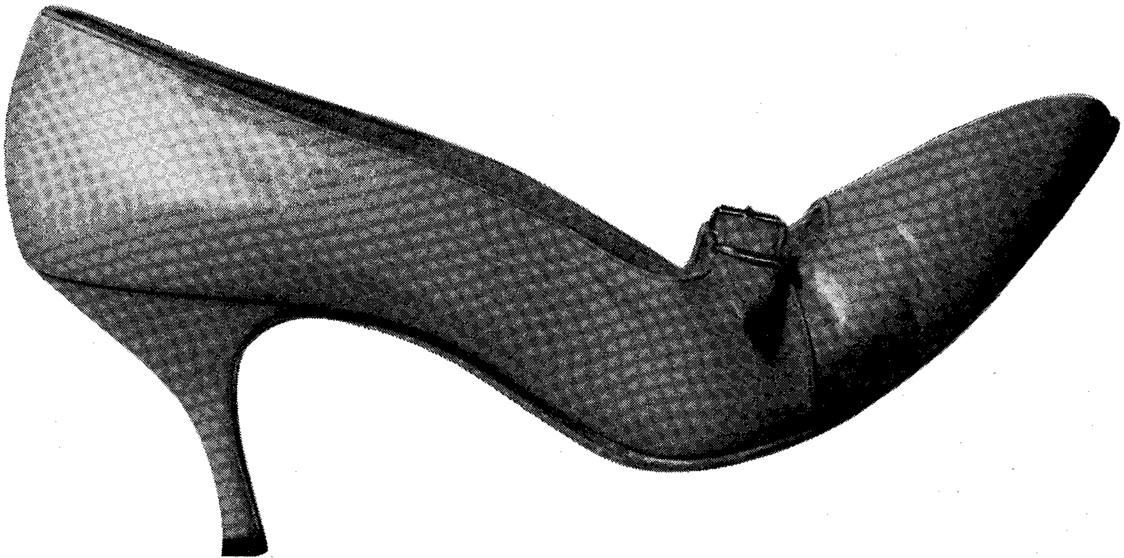
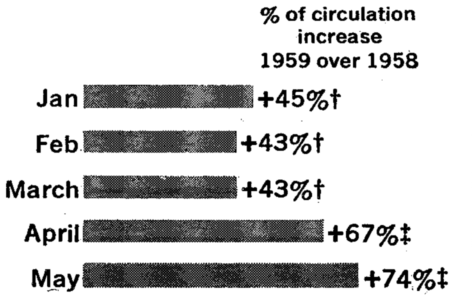


ON REALLY STEPS AHEAD!

of May '58)

30% ahead of May '58. Advertisers like the enthusiastic response they've been getting — *and the healthy circulation bonus*. You will, too.

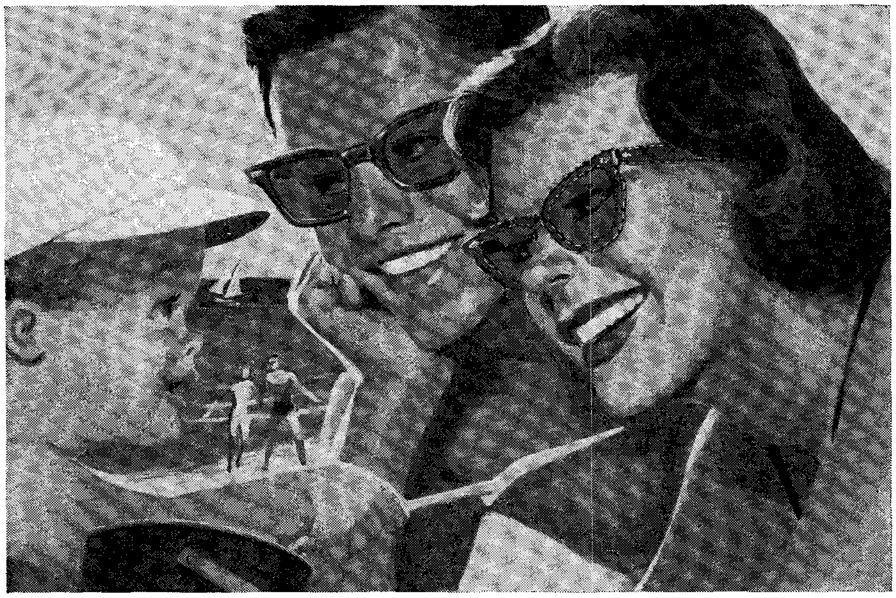
*Publisher's estimated sales



†Based on figures submitted to A.B.C., subject to audit.
‡Based on publisher's estimated sales.

Woman's Day
10¢
SOUPS, SALADS, SANDWICHES

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION



Best in sight...for outdoor living

For those with a love for easy, outdoor living—and an eye for fashion—it's AO Outdoor Eyewear.

Ordinary dark glasses merely reduce the amount of light. But optically correct AO Outdoor Lenses also absorb the harmful ultraviolet and infrared rays and eliminate distortion.

AO Outdoor Glasses are offered in Calobar (green), Cosmetan (tan), or True-Color, a new AO grey-tinted lens specified by the U. S. Air Force because it shows all colors exactly as they are. Any of these lenses can be combined with Polaroid® elements to reduce reflected glare—giving you the *finest Outdoor Glasses made.*

All AO Outdoor Glasses are available through the Eye Care Professions. Add a pair for Outdoor Wear!

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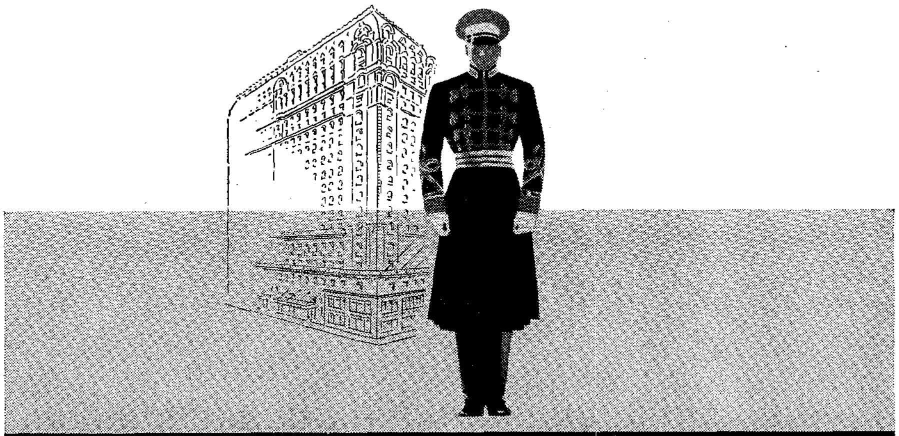

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The traditionally fine services within the hospitable walls of this renowned hotel are constantly maintained to provide guests with only the best.

waist. Her face was pale as marble, yet it shone with life. Not a touch of paint or powder disguised the freshness of her lips and cheeks. She wore a long, white sleeveless garment of delicate lawn, gathered and secured about her waist by a thin gold rope. Her feet were bare, and her clearly visible toes were pink.

" 'I am the rose of Sharon,' " she said. Her bare arms hung easily at her sides, and her voice sounded like a flute. " 'And the lily of the valleys.' " Like a flute her voice was, sounded on a distant summit and borne across a valley on twilit air. " 'As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight and his fruit was sweet to my taste.' "

No one coughed, no one shifted in his seat.

" 'Stay me with flagons,' " piped the Rose of Sharon, " 'comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.' "

The congregation knew that she was speaking of Christ's love for the Church, and they heard her through, entranced, to "a young hart upon the mountains of Bether." She stopped there, and without another word stepped over and unveiled her marimba, picked up her little hammers, shook back her hair, and played "He Walks with Me and He Talks with Me." The gesture—the shaking back of the hair—momentarily revealed her ears, and Ira's quick eyes saw that the soft, ripe lobes were pierced.

Jason stuck his fingers in *his* ears, hoping that the evangelist or Reverend Thorne would see his protest. But the evangelist was meditating, and his eyes were closed, and Reverend Thorne's eyes were on the dancing hammers and the girl's hands, which, as she began to elaborate upon the chorus, were indeed nothing but a blur.

Jason kept his fingers in his ears until his mother nudged his father, who leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder. Much as the marimba wounded his sensibility, Jason nevertheless could not take his eyes off the angelic image, swaying and blooming like a perfect rose, before him. He became so bewitched by her that when Ira whispered in his ear that he sure would like to get *her* in a haystack, Jason produced an expression of such pain and shock that Ira gave up trying to understand his big brother altogether.

The girl played a second selection,

Unforgettable moment for Philippe Entremont...
A Playback in Columbia Guaranteed Stereo-Fidelity

At 25, French-born Philippe Entremont is already one of the titans of the pianoforte.

Here you see him, in one of our studios, passing judgment on his newest recording in Columbia Guaranteed Stereo-Fidelity. M. Entremont found it a real ear-opener. He conducted (with a screw driver), sang in nonsense French, pounded his fists, scowled, smiled and finally said modestly, "That's really good, you know."

Columbia Guaranteed Stereo-Fidelity has that way of involving you in the performance. It's a big, satisfying sound, luminous, clean, richly alive. It has brought us to a new age of recording, unthought of a decade ago.

M. Entremont's latest recording, listed here with several other outstanding Columbia Masterworks recordings, is an extraordinary example of stereo's power. Ask your record dealer to play it for you—on a new Columbia Stereo-Fidelity Phonograph, of course.

GRIEG: Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 16 • RACHMANINOFF: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, Op. 43—Philippe Entremont, Pianist, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor. MS 6016

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3 in E-flat Major, Op. 55 ("Eroica")—Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. MS 6036

MARCHE SLAV: The New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, conducting. TCHAIKOVSKY: Marche Slav, Op. 31; Capriccio Italien, Op. 45 • MOUSSORGSKY: Night on Bald Mountain. MS 6044

RHAPSODIES: The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor. LISZT: Hungarian Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2 • ENESCO: Roumanian Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2. MS 6018

SHOSTAKOVITCH: Piano Concerto No. 2—Leonard Bernstein at the piano and conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic • RAVEL: Piano Concerto in G—Leonard Bernstein at the piano and conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. MS 6043

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WILLIAMSBURG

end trip to Washington, D. C., or a tour of the Old West, you can't beat the comfort, convenience and personal freedom offered by a full-sized American car.

miles across the great plains to the place where Custer stood against the Indians.

It's a big country, and our history was made all over it. The way to see it is by car. Traveling great distances is no problem in our full-sized American cars. They're designed for the full-sized, comfortable way we like to live.

That's a Mercury Country Cruiser in the picture. It's as comfortable as it looks, with enough room to provide a home away from home for the whole family. It takes you where you're going, smoothly and in safety. Power brakes and power steering are available to make it even easier to drive. And air conditioning can make a cool adventure out of a hot trip through the desert.

Our American cars—with all their room, comfort, and driving aids—didn't just happen. They were developed over the years to fit our American way of life. They evolved to suit the needs of a nation and a people on the move.

In a very real sense, our American cars were designed—not by the stylist, not by the engineer — but by the American people.

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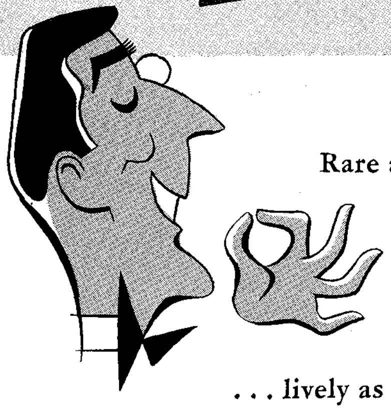
BITTER CAMPARI
and Tonic
THE NEW SUMMER DRINK!



Rare as a day in June, your tall drinks,
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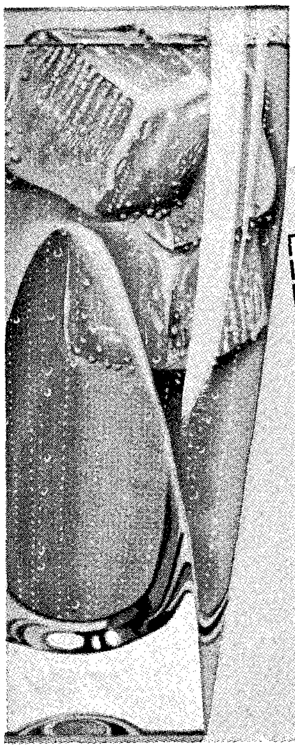
Aperitivo, will be as
smart as Italian styling
. . . lively as a spring freshet
and cooling as autumn air . . . "*dry*"
(that overworked word) and
completely thirst-satisfying.



-----TEAR OUT—TO REMEMBER-----

BITTER CAMPARI *and Tonic*

Fill a glass with ice cubes, add 2 generous ounces of Bitter Campari . . . and fill with your favorite tonic water. Deliciously dry and cooling for *everybody!* 48 Proof.

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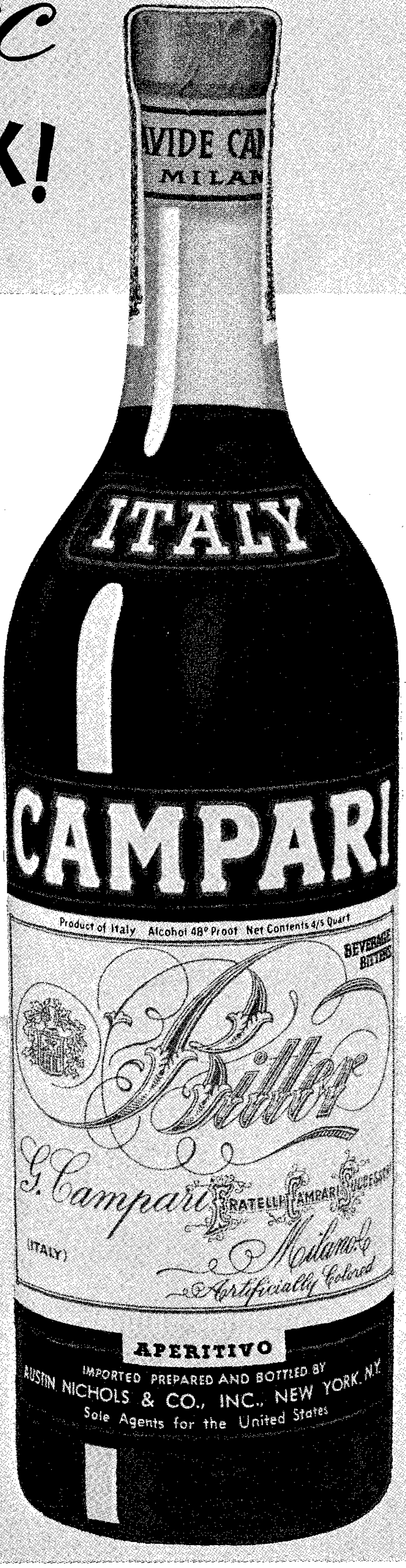
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and then stepped back and sat down while her father again commanded the attention of the congregation. He explained that the real miracle of his conversion was that not only had his daughter been stone-deaf until the moment the Lord had given her hearing to save him but that, when it was all over, in place of her affliction she had found herself with her gift. The marimba was a difficult instrument, but, he said, his daughter played it naturally, by ear, and now she would honor them with a classical selection entitled "None but the Lonely Heart," by Tchaikovsky.

When she had finished, she laid aside her hammers and stepped to the edge of the platform, where the hem of her garment brushed the pale-pink, pale-blue, pale-yellow-and-white flowers of spring, and she closed the service with a recitation of the Twenty-third Psalm.

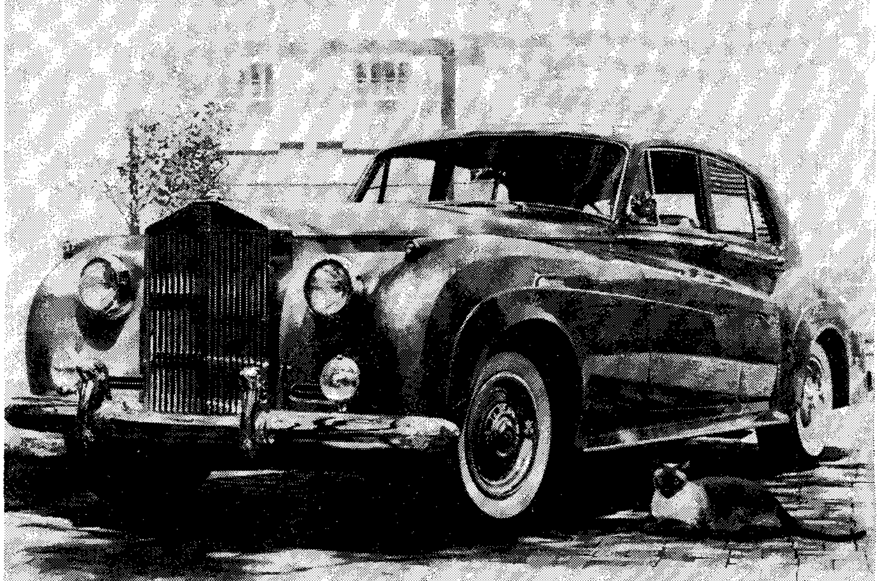
" 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures . . .' " She spoke in a manner so calm and pastoral, in her voice like a shepherd's pipe, that it seemed to Jason that the walls of the house of the Lord opened, and soft grass grew, and the waters lay deep and cool in the desert of the temple. And when she reached the valley of the shadow of death, it seemed to him that she walked as a pure light—a torch of goodness—through the dark, sinful tunnel of this world.

THE organist played the postlude. The ushers swung open the doors on the bright and beautiful day, but the fresh sun did not dispel the shadows on the brows of the Garrett family, who moved, shamed and silent, down the church steps to the sidewalk.

"Well, thank you, Nin," Ruth Earl said to Mrs. Garrett. "I certainly did think that was grand. We just might never get a chance to see anything like that again. I wouldn't of missed it for the world."

She took leave then to ride home with some other friends, because she had to put her husband's dinner on the table, and she knew the Garretts would be taking a long Sunday ride before they went home to eat.

The males of the family had already hurried toward the car. They were followed shortly by Wid and Millie, clutching their purses and watching their steps across the street. By the time Mrs. Garrett reached the car, her husband had the motor running, and when she had got in, started



Win your next Rolls-Royce...

The superb $13,995.00 automobile illustrated will be awarded to the reader of this message who listens to a Shure high fidelity Stereo Dynetic phonograph cartridge demonstration and best describes its singular sound re-creation qualities (in 25 words or less). No purchase is required.

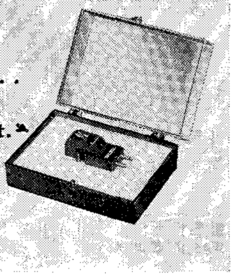
If, however, you are the winner and have purchased a Shure cartridge (our thinly disguised motive for sponsoring this competition) you may accept your automobile at the Rolls-Royce factory. Travelling expenses for yourself and a friend to the British Isles and return will be defrayed by Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Should you win (we don't expect an overabundance of entries, so your chances are rather good) you'll probably never have to buy another automobile as long as you live.

Details and contest blanks available only at high fidelity dealers' show rooms and salons. Contest ends August 31st, 1959.

SHURE

high fidelity Stereo Dynetic phonograph cartridge . . .
Unanimous choice of the critics.
Model M3D, $45.00 net; Model M7D, $24.00 net.



(*Advertisement*)

Everybody Agrees with Esquire Magazine that John C. Bruno Serves the Perfect Steak

. . . One of the most civilized men ever to cross our path is John Bruno, owner and host of the famous Pen and Pencil Restaurant in New York City, which has no peer in this country for the perfect steak.

There is a type of elegant restaurant which shoots highest of all in attempting to give you a kind of perfection in surroundings and service and still outdo if it can the competition from the frankly meat-&-potatoes retreats. It is this high art in which the Pen and Pencil is not to be outdone.

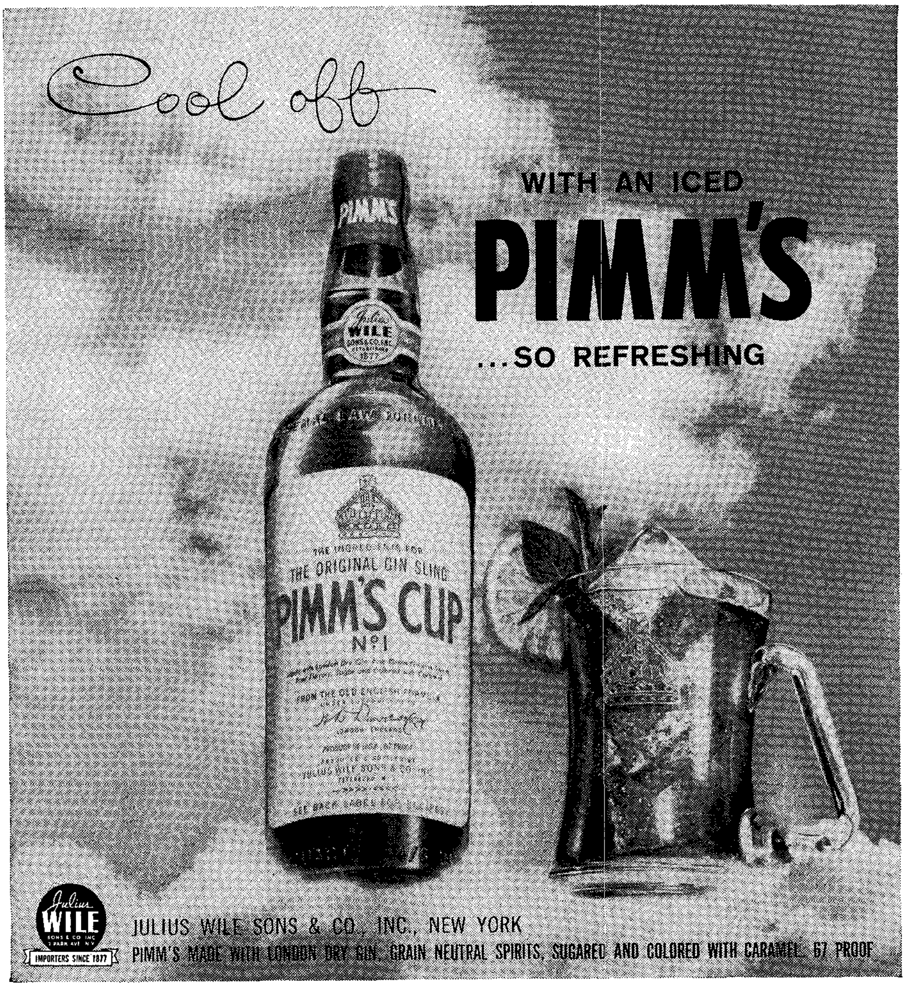
The credit for this considerable accomplishment goes to Mr. Bruno. Those superb steaks are not the result of wishful thinking. John's big frame and stern eye are known to all down in the meat markets, where what he can see by the dawn's early light is the finest prime beef in the place. You just haven't a chance of getting a cut of this caliber at home.

Pen and Pencil is a sophisticated restaurant. It is packed with celebrities at all hours. The name is no misnomer: artists and writers favor it for its steaks or chops or roast beef or lobster—like as not with champagne. The trimmings of such a dinner at the Pen and Pencil would stop the show anywhere else. . . . Take your girl or your biggest account to the Pen and Pencil and order the steak for two. The waiter will slice it for you, and each single piece will have a more crisply broiled exterior, a more gloriously red interior, a more exquisitely tender yielding to your eager knife, a more luxurious gift of flavor than any you ever had before. And if you will be good enough (to yourself) to escort these choice miracles to your taste buds with a setup of French-fried onions you will be in all good truth, sir, having the kind of meal that other mortals may dream of, or even describe in their misled way, unless they too have visited John Bruno's answer to the man who wants the best.

—F. A. Birmingham

—reprinted from Esquire Magazine, Feb. 1958

John C. Bruno, owner-host of the famous Pen & Pencil 205 E. 45th Street, N. Y. C.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off for their usual circuit along the River Road and back.

The Mississippi and the sky, the willow trees and the red-winged blackbirds, the green slopes and cow pastures sparkled exuberantly, but the Garretts' Ford scuttled along the narrow road like a dark and fugitive cloud. Mr. Garrett attended fiercely to his driving. Wid and Millie wore wan little smiles that were meant to conceal their embarrassment. Mrs. Garrett looked hurt and angry, as she had done before church. Ira sang "Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, How You Can Love" under his breath, in a miserable attempt to display unconcern. And Jason kept his eyes turned from the others and fastened to the passing countryside. Though they would never have admitted it even to themselves—for such a feeling was not the proper one—each of them in his own way was feeling something close to anger for the girl. After their own selfish squabbling, their petty transgressions against each other, the girl, blameless as she seemed to be, tranquil as she was, had been just too *good* for them to bear—for all of them except Jason, that is. He was burning not only with remorse but with something else as well—something close to love.

Three-quarters of an hour passed, and the Garretts' car returned to town and approached the foot of Main Street Hill. Mr. Garrett shifted into second. As he rounded the crest of the hill and shifted back into high, an old Buick convertible, with its top down, rolled around the corner from the direction of the Hotel Grand garage. It was the only other moving vehicle on the short commercial street. Nearly everyone in town was at Sunday dinner.

At the next intersection, the Garretts waited behind the Buick for the light to change. Ira said immediately that the driver looked like the Rose of Sharon's father. Mrs. Garrett, who sometimes possessed uncanny foresight of scandalous events, suddenly came alive, dropping her dark mood like widow's weeds.

The light changed. The Buick zoomed across the intersection and parked in front of the Hotel Grand.

"Daddy, Daddy," Mrs. Garrett said to her husband, "park down there a little ways." She pointed to a spot about twenty yards beyond the convertible. Mr. Garrett brought the car in there and turned off his engine. Silently, they all watched as the man got out of the Buick and crossed the sidewalk to the hotel entrance, where he picked up two suitcases and carried them to the car. He was followed by a young lady in a plain dress, who had a coat thrown over her arm. The man put the suitcases in the trunk while the girl waited for him to come and open the door for her. In a gesture the Garretts had seen before, she tossed back her long blond hair, and a flash of gold—of a dangling earring—caught Ira's eye, and then the man bent down his huge rough head and kissed the delicate pink conch of her ear. The girl giggled, her hair fell back in place, she squirmed into the front seat, and the man closed the door behind her. Then he went around the car and got in behind the wheel.

"*There!*" Mrs. Garrett exclaimed triumphantly. "Did you see *that*?"

Ira shrugged. "*I* could have told you, but nobody pays any attention to me."

"I didn't see a thing," Jason said, lying to himself as well as to his family.

"Didn't you see those earrings?" Ira said.

"So what? Lots of girls wear earrings," Jason said.

"Yeah," Ira said, "but not like those."

"Mighty queer behavior for a father, it seems to me," Millie said.

The Buick backed into Main Street. Its engine roared, and a spume of blue exhaust spiralled from its tail pipe as it sped up the hushed, deserted street. The Rose of Sharon's golden hair flew behind her, waving brilliantly—brazenly, it seemed—in her breezy wake.

"I could have told you," Ira said. "I saw right away she had holes in her ears. I'll bet she's really a gypsy. Only gypsies have holes in their ears."

"*Well!*" Wid exclaimed, with unconcealed relief. "She's sure no *angel!*"

She threw back her gaunt head and laughed, bringing on an avalanche of remarks and speculations. Ira, more to exasperate his mother than to praise his brother's perspicacity, said that he guessed Jason had been right, after all. He nudged Jason, but Jason ignored him.

Feeling overheated, the older of the Garrett boys kept his face to the window and pressed his forehead against the cool pane and, wishing it would cloud up and rain, closed his eyes and tried to shut his ears, for everything he saw or heard was false and painful to him.

—CALVIN KENTFIELD

•

ITALY SEEKING A MODUS VIVENDI
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—*Headline in the Times.*

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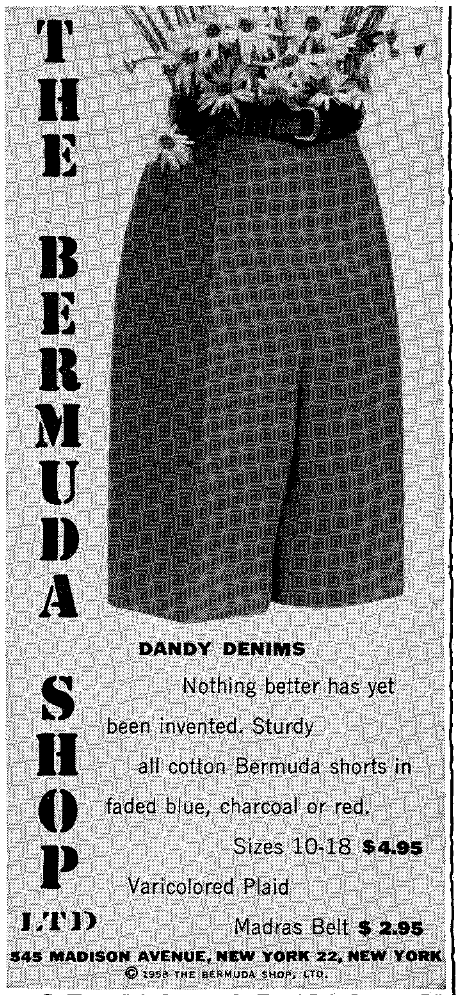

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DANDY DENIMS

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Sizes 10-18 **$4.95**

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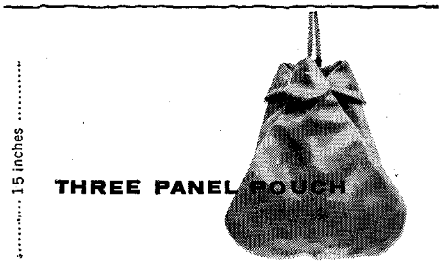

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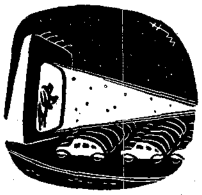

"THE NUN'S STORY" is an attempt, for the most part successful, to deal realistically and sympathetically with the spiritual ups and downs of a proud young woman determined to accept the grim disciplines of a religious order so she can emulate St. Teresa, who wanted to spend her paradise doing good on earth. Based on a factual account, by Kathryn Hulme, of the career of a Belgian nun and adapted for the screen by Robert Anderson, the picture describes in detail the struggles of its self-reliant heroine to conform to the rules of a convent in Bruges, where self-abnegation is regarded as a condition devoutly to be wished. The regimen of this convent is strict indeed, and any tendency toward individualism is suppressed summarily. The regulations include everything from the imposition of absolute silence at given periods to open confessions of wrongdoing in the course of which any sister may jog the memory of another by reporting some forgotten peccadillo to the mother superior. Obviously, in a collective of this sort the going is bound to be rough for an independent girl, but it is a strong-willed character "The Nun's Story" is concerned with, and eventually she succeeds in progressing from postulant to nun.

As director of the picture, Fred Zinnemann has made the most of the pictorial possibilities of life in an ecclesiastical establishment, and he is equally adept with his camera when the scene shifts to the Belgian Congo, to which our nun is presently sent as a nursing sister. Her qualifications for this post are excellent, since besides having learned a good deal about medicine from her father, an eminent surgeon, she has graduated, with honors, from a school of tropical medicine. In the Congo, she encounters a brilliant doctor, who, while seeing her through a bout of tuberculosis, advises her that maybe her woes of the flesh derive from agonies of mind, and that perhaps the religious life is not her true vocation. Later on, back in Belgium at the outset of the Second World War, she learns that her father has been killed in an air raid, and realizes sadly that it is beyond her capacity to love his killers. After some activity in the anti-Nazi underground, she requests release from her vows.

Mr. Zinnemann has taken a good deal of time to tell this tale—the film lasts about two and a half hours—but his descriptions of the way things are in convents and in the Congo are interesting, and occasionally a note of high drama is introduced, as when a crazed native bludgeons a kindly nun to death on orders from a witch doctor. In the difficult central role of "The Nun's Story," Audrey Hepburn is entrancing, and as her religious colleagues, Mildred Dunnock, Dame Edith Evans, Patricia Collinge, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, and Beatrice Straight, among others, are splendid. Peter Finch, who plays the helpful doctor, gives a fine, restrained performance, and so does Dean Jagger as Miss Hepburn's father.

DANNY KAYE is amusing in his portrayal of a carefree jazz player of the twenties during the first half of "The Five Pennies," which is supposed to be a biography of Red Nichols, the cornettist, but in the second half he is betrayed into some very foolish lachrymose situations. It seems that when the hero of the piece is at the top of his musical game, his daughter is stricken with infantile paralysis, whereupon he loses all his jauntiness and, in a spasm of regret over not having been as close to his family as he should have been, heaves his horn into San Francisco Bay. Thenceforth he is a domesticated type, and all the bounce disappears from the picture. But before "The Five Pennies" dissolves into suds it offers a lot of old jazz numbers, some of them lined out by Louis Armstrong, and maybe that's enough to compensate for its dreary conclusion. You might be diverted for an hour or so by this one and then creep quietly away when the sorrows set in.

IN "Middle of the Night," an adaptation by Paddy Chayefsky of his own play of that title, Fredric March plays a comfortably fixed garment manufacturer, widowed and getting well along in years, who finds himself attracted to a young divorcée (Kim Novak) working as a typist in his office. Mr. March never quite convinces us that he is, for real, an aging, despondent Seventh Avenue type, and Miss Novak doesn't seem to know precisely what she is supposed to do. Mr. Chayefsky's dialogue sounds, regrettably, like a court transcript, and as a result this version of "September Song" turns out to be babble rather than drama.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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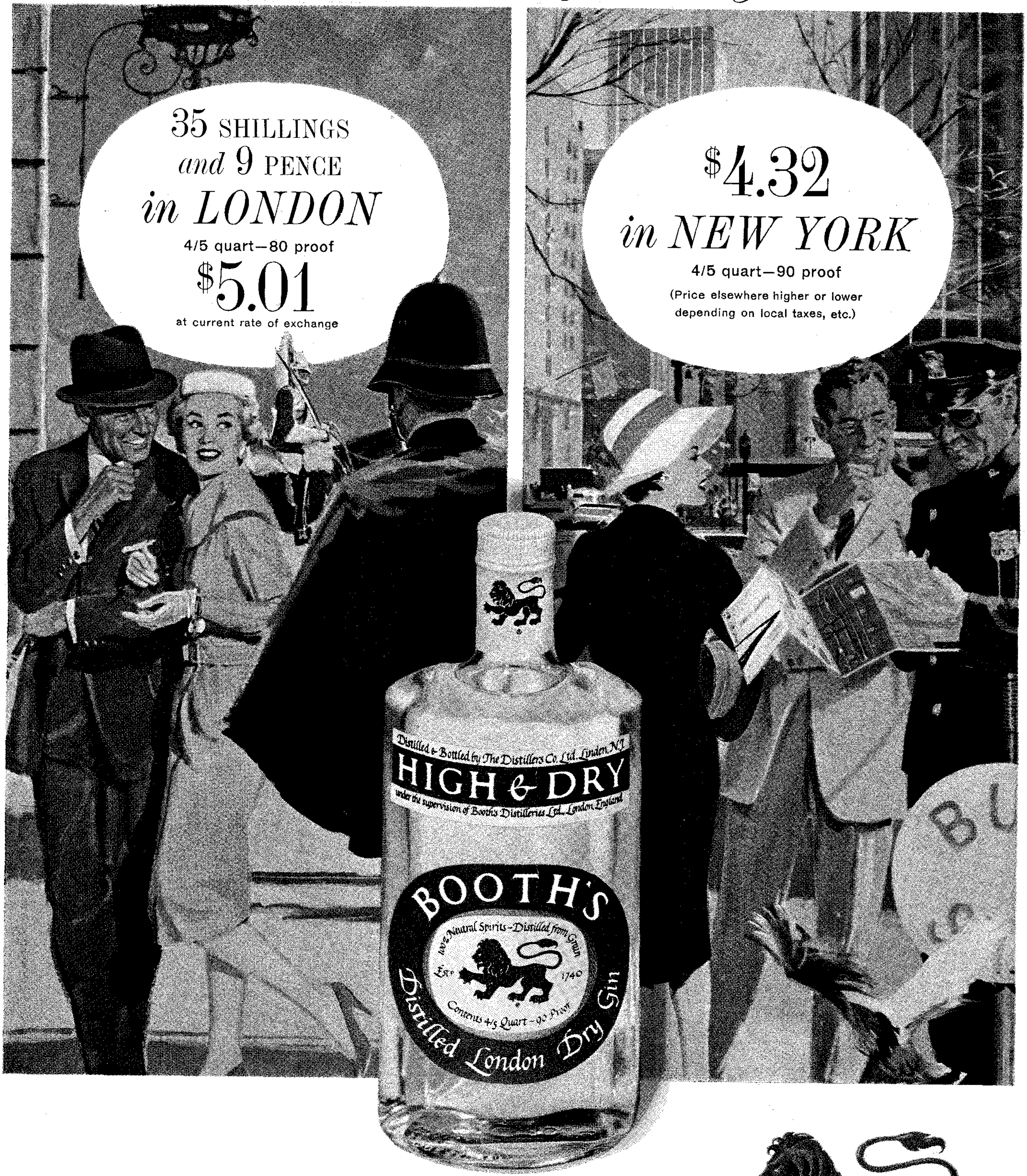
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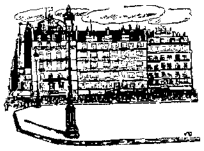
LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 18



THE world's first International Conference on Information Processing, together with an attendant exhibition of its computing and peripheral equipment—in other words, the first occasion when men from thirty-six countries, in many cases accompanied by their mysterious machines, have journeyed to one city to give combined evidence of the genius of the computing machine and the genius of man—is the great twentieth-century event here this week, being held under the over-all title and dateline of Auto-Math 59 and under the sponsorship of UNESCO. The plenary sessions of talk on such topics as "Methods of Digital Computing," "Pattern Recognition and Machine Learning," and "Automatic Translation of Languages," with simultaneous, merely vocal translations of the technical addresses into French, English, and Russian, are being conducted in the conference rooms of the UNESCO Building, on the Place de Fontenoy. The compact machines on which all the talk is based are themselves on view in the basement of the Grand Palais, where the public may go to look at them and listen to their clicking monologues of infinite, minute functioning parts and to the monotonous conversational chatter of their automatic typewriters. Doubtless never before has there been a display of machinery here that could so soon affect man's prospects of employment, his continued humble faith in pen, ink, and simple mathematics, his educated private thinking, his increasingly dangerous connection with paper-loving bureaucracy, and, most of all, his comprehension of what kind of new world he is living in—and doubtless never before has such an opportunity attracted so few visitors, and quite rightly. It is far beyond ordinary understanding, as most of us among the Grand Palais's few dozen visitors last Sunday were clearly aware, and thus outside the limits of public curiosity. The first postwar display of washing machines, at the Exposition des Arts Ménagers, also in the Grand Palais, drew vast, excited crowds, because housewives had been laboriously hand-washing dirty clothes for several thousand years. This past Sunday afternoon, which was fine, hot, and sunny, thousands of Parisians sweated out the trip to Le Bourget airfield to see France's XXIII Salon de L'Aéronautique—principally out of interest in the potentially destructive gigantic international flying missiles, quietly upright there on their tails—because men have been shooting arrows into the air to kill food and enemies since long before women began finically washing their garments.

There are no Russian computing machines in the Grand Palais exhibition—merely a few Russian participants in the conference and observers of everybody else's machines. A Japanese computing machine of the Hitachi Company is patterned for publicity, handing out giveaway pictures of Rodin's "Le Penseur" made by typewriter. The outline of the Thinker's head is typographically obtained by using zeros, with "A"s for the face, "R"s for the leaning arm, a quantity of "B"s for the supported torso, and heavy "Q"s and "P"s for the base. At one of the French stands, you can choose from a numbered list of questions and answers and ask the machine, say, Question No. 10,644, which in English would be "Who determined the thermometrical centigrade count?" In response, the machine types out and hands you a slip reading, "It was the Swedish physician Anders Celsius, 1701-44, who proposed giving the figure 100 as the boiling point of water and created the thermometrical centigrade scale." One of the West German machines, a rather jocose type, offers a numbered question to visitors that lets them ask, "When did Adam fall?" The answer is "In the autumn, when the apples are ripe."

There are three hundred and ninety-five American delegates at the conference, and one of the booths at the Grand Palais is that of the government's National Science Foundation, in Washington. The booth, as two attendant American scientists kindly explained, "gives a general picture, by its colored graphs and family tree"—which looks as if painted by Miró—"of the historical development of computers." It includes, as does no other booth, a large, impressive portrait of the English mathematician Charles Babbage, who in 1835 tried to develop a mechanically operated "analytical engine intended to include a hundred numbers susceptible of changing—each [to] consist of twenty-five figures." It is unlikely that even today anyone could build it.

AT the end of its first year, General de Gaulle's government has just had its first head-on, brief struggle with

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the labor unions, and by both sides' intelligently climbing down a trifle—the unions the farther—the government has won a big victory. The government's proud proclamation of the Fifth Republic's prosperous finances and stable franc after one year in office naturally tempted workers on the government-owned railroads to ask belatedly for their slice in the form of higher wages—a rise of eleven per cent having been promised them two years ago by the Fourth Republic, which had recognized that workers for the nationalized services got eleven per cent less than men working for private industry. Thus, sure that their cause was just (which the government did not deny but refused to consider right now), the three labor unions—the huge Communistic C.G.T. and the smaller Catholic and Socialist unions—called for a railroad strike from 4 A.M. until noon on this past Tuesday, to halt every train in France at the height of the tourist season. Moreover, it was to be the first in a planned series of strikes in all public services and big trades, in order to force a higher index of wages generally and so meet the higher cost of living under the present Republic, which has frozen wages. President de Gaulle himself signed the government's anti-strike order, posted in railroad centers, which threatened to draft about two hundred thousand of the railroads' more than three hundred thousand workers to meet the national necessity for uninterrupted train transport, and invoked the present government's right to fire, fine, and even imprison those who refused to turn up on the job—an alarming prospect, even if only partially applied, for the workingmen, and for the Ministers, too. Tuesday was also the day when tens of thousands of *lycée* students all over France were due to start their baccalaureate final exams, on which their future careers or university educations depend; because of the projected strike, the exam hour was nationally retarded from 8 to 9 A.M.—little help for a student in Versailles, say, who would have had to get up at five o'clock to walk to Paris and the exam rooms, behind the Sorbonne. Parents and students became indignant, and the strike took on an unpopular hue. Premier Debré, though promising nothing definite, promptly offered *les cheminots* an opportunity to talk wages in November instead of next year—his only concession. Late Monday afternoon, the strike was, as the unions put it, "deferred," for de Gaulle and Debré had

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For Pete's sake—and for all the other boys and girls, mothers and children that need the bright promise of a CSS summer camp—send your contribution to

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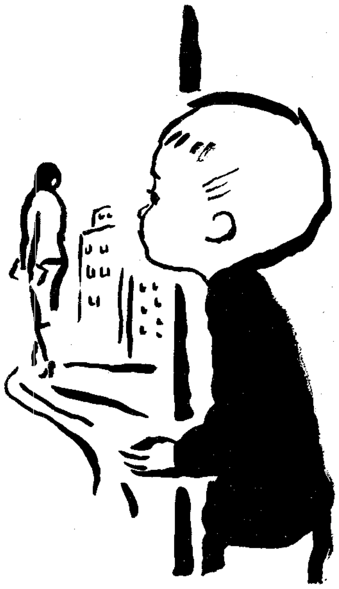

won, and had not even lost much popularity, by standing firm. As usual, the Communist C.G.T. leaders had overplayed their hand in clamoring for a triple united front of the Left against the political Right and capitalism—a united front of which the Socialist union workers are particularly gun-shy. Indeed, the Socialists' final note to Debré was meeching in tone, advising him to recall in November the old proverb "The manner of giving is worth more than what one gives"—a Christian meekness that the more belligerent Catholic union failed to show.

Actually, nobody in his right mind in France wanted the tourists to leave, fleeing the country to scatter their vacation money elsewhere. Furthermore, there is an astonished national pride in the present government's financial situation and the impending distribution, in mid-July, of the new, lifted hard franc, together with a public awareness that if wages should go up (which most of the public justifiably longs for), the new hard franc would start going down. At the moment, this could be ruinous to the undeniable financial miracle that the General has achieved.

A SECOND government victory was achieved in Parliament, now beginning the mere five-month term permitted it every year. The opening session started modestly enough, with a discussion of whether deaf-and-dumb motorists should or should not be given drivers' licenses and whether night taxi-drivers, who have been increasingly knocked out and robbed by their passengers, should be permitted to carry guns. Next, Premier Debré and certain deputies argued over whether the regular Friday oral-question hour about government programs could be followed by a vote. Debré coldly said no, amazed that anyone should even suppose that the government could be shaken about regularly at the end of every week. Then, last week, the inevitable debate began on Algeria and the continued war there, on which the French, in Parliament or out, are bitterly divided, as you know. The one new element was the presence in the chamber of Algerian deputies, especially that of Mme. Rebiha Khebtani, deputy mayor of Sétif and the first Mohammedan woman parliamentarian, who won a round of applause by stating, in her pro-de Gaulle declaration, that at this time last year she had been wearing a veil, like any Moslem woman, and now here she was (nicely hatted and dressed, too), a female deputy. Then the familiar

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quarrels and dissensions started, imbued with the old professional violence of provocative expression that marked the Third and Fourth Republics and carries on like a bad habit of illogic into the Fifth, with shouts, insults, and interruptions as frequent forms of debate—a kind of European parliamentary conduct that is exclusive, alas, to France and to Italy, where there also exists the inflammatory chemistry of a Communist sector in the chamber. During the Algerian debate, the uproar mounted to the visitors' gallery in waves, described by the papers the next day as "*brouhaha*," "lively applause from the Center and Right benches," "lively protestations from the Left" (which meant that things were getting louder), then "veritable tumult," "redoubled tumult," and, finally, "pandemonium." The Socialist deputy Francis Leenhardt provoked one of the tumults by declaring that "to enter into integration with Algeria is to take a decision without waiting for the moment when the population can be validly consulted," and started a redoubled tumult when he added, "There can be no real Algerian universal suffrage without a preliminary cease-fire." This implied that the present deputies from Algeria—pro-de Gaulle and pro-integration, as they all are—had been elected in a suspiciously limited manner under pressure from the French Army, which many metropolitan French frankly think was the case, but which the Algerian deputies naturally resented as an aspersion on the legality of their chamber seats. The profound importance attached to the Algerian question by this government was dramatically summed up by the cold-mannered Debré, who declared that "this debate has been passionate because the Assembly has the profound sentiment that in Algeria the honor, and even the existence, of France is at stake," adding, "On Algeria depends the life of the nation. Our duty is to prove the authority and the sovereignty of France." From the visitors' gallery it was discouraging and instructive to look down and see and hear to what extent the deputies of this chamber apparently failed to realize that more intelligent, improved conduct was incumbent upon them in order to counteract the flood of anti-Parliament contempt that so many French voters felt and still feel—to see and hear how they failed to realize that, as something like a punishment for former untrustworthy parliamentary conduct, they had now to stand in the corner at home for seven months of the year. Both old and débutant deputies seemed unaware that the loss of full republican parliamentary

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privileges—including the loss of an opposition that could really carry water, which they and many French citizens now deeply deplore, resent, and wrangle about—came from the Third and Fourth Republics' having too often used the water bucket to drown the government. Though Parliament knew full well during the Algerian debate that to vote against the government in this Fifth Republic was to sign its own dissolution, the deputies gave themselves the lively privilege of seeming to rehearse their violences as exercised in the good old days. At the end, realistically, even calmly, they gave the government an enormous majority vote on a mere item of the vast Algerian problem—the monetary and budgetary alliance of France and Algeria. The de Gaulle government's real victory in Parliament, it is safe to conclude, lay in everybody's knowledge that under the Fourth Republic of last year there would now be no government at all; it would have been knocked over by such stormy disagreements, and right now, right this week, France once more would have been rudderless, waiting for a new government to be hooked onto the ship of state.

TODAY, Thursday, is the nineteenth anniversary of the then unknown General de Gaulle's famous wartime radio speech from London. To commemorate that historic event, the government buildings, and even the buses and Métro trains, are flying the tricolor. —GENÊT

•

Svelte and chic in the manner of her "elders" Gloria Swanson and Marlene Dietrich, one Miami Beach matron beyond 45 is amazing and delighting her friends by having her first baby in five months!—*Gwen Harrison in the Miami Herald.*

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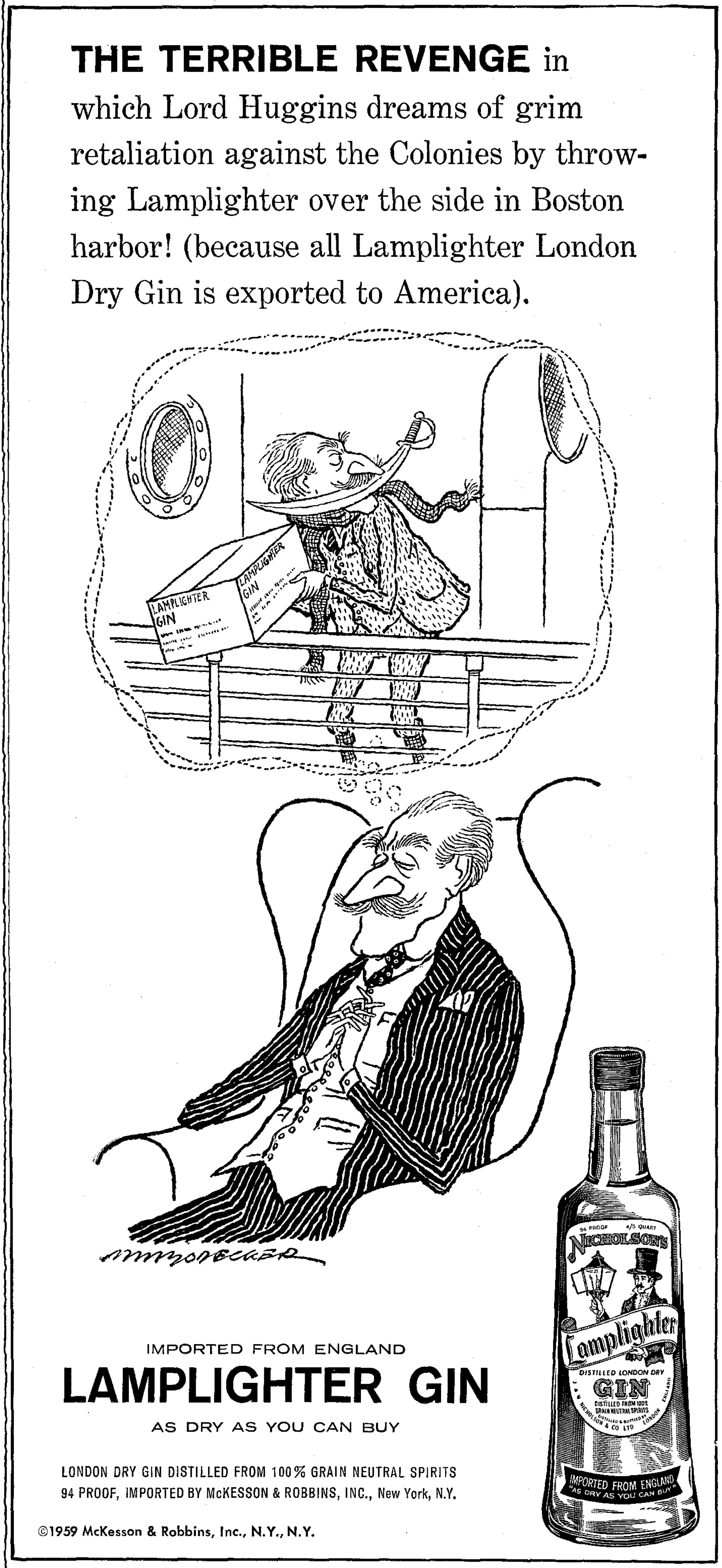

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

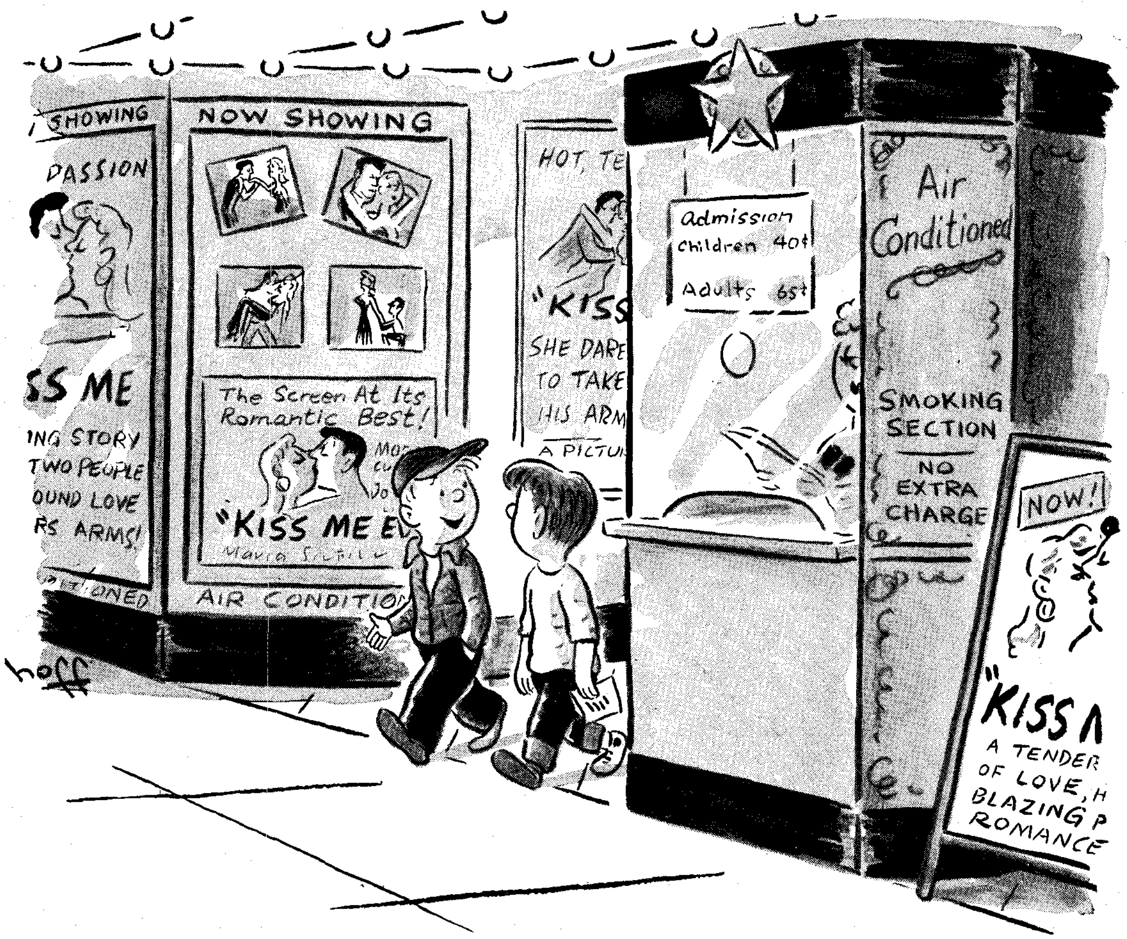
NO matter how early you get up, you can't fool Robert Leader, whose shop is at 146 East 54th Street, into thinking that summer has not arrived. He is making seasonal jackets and pullovers of cotton print to go over shorts, slacks, or straight skirts. Jackets that knot at the hem are of (1) white cotton garnished with aces of spades and clubs, not to mention rust-colored medallions that look like the backs of playing cards, or (2) white cotton menaced by charcoal wildcats, or (3) pea-green cotton plastered with purple, blue, chartreuse, and black birdmen wearing bird cages on their heads; $19.95 and $24.95. Long pullovers with turnover collars, slashed chests, and raglan pushup sleeves appear in cotton with a blue-and-white bedticking design on which a pattern of ropes tied in sailor's knots has been superimposed. And blue anchors have been added to the red-and-white bedticking pattern of the cotton used for collarless jackets cut so that they may be worn buttoned down the front or the back. Both pullovers and jackets are $19.95. Town-and-country hip-length jackets of black or turquoise-blue waffle piqué, and slit almost to the waist at the sides, have stand-away collars, and their raglan sleeves end in great poufs above the wrists; $29.95. Slender skirts to go with them increase the tab by $19.95. Sizes in the collection are from 8 to 14.

MACY'S Little Shop offers a small collation of dark two-piece dresses that will also do for early fall. Some of them could pass as suits, and all of them share a fondness for brown. Tobacco surah in a gigantic black hound's-tooth check is made into tops (with Puritan collars hiding the bare shoulders) and skirts (unpressed pleats). Blouses with wide turnover collars and raglan sleeves are paired with box-pleated skirts. Both are of silk-and-cotton in a black-and-coffee shadow plaid. Beige cotton satin cluttered with splotchy ink-blue, muted-green, and reddish-brown flowers is used for cardigans and for skirts with unpressed pleats. Things like that. The price scale is $32.88 to $42.88, which includes broad belts of matching fabric or contrasting leather.

THE beachwear department of Saks Fifth Avenue has been investigating play clothes from France. Samples of what Saks has had shipped over have been on hand for some time, and the main body should be on hand by now, too. Brassière tops and bikini shorts of avocado cotton poplin are covered up (to an extent) by décolleté pullovers of orange poplin; $45 all told. The pullovers have big bows along the front of the belt. More ingénue are the sets of slightly longer bikini shorts and bandeau bras that are of white polished cotton with red polka dots. Broad borders of pink and yellow field flowers proceed along the hems of the accompanying loose tunics. White cotton play suits with square throats and suspender backs are printed with royal-blue leaves, and the deep flounces across the rear are printed with royal-blue tassels; $39.95. White cotton bloomer suits in a print involving a small black mesh and green-and-yellow pineapples have one wide strap, at the left shoulder.

ELAINE STARKMAN, who has moved to more impressive quarters, at 149 Bleecker Street, near West Broadway, is producing pullovers with standing collars, long, tapered sleeves, and hip drawstrings. The fabric is black, mustard, or olive-drab sailcloth or cream, beige, or off-white hopsacking; $9.

IN Bergdorf Goodman's lingerie department reposes a six-piece wardrobe of filmy white cotton (from Switzerland) in a tiny mauve-pink



"I kinda liked it. Maybe I'm older than I thought I was."

"What's the secret of your beautiful swing?"

Sportswear by Bill Atkinson for Glen of Michigan

"I'm wearing it! GOOD NEWS by Warner's"

The back can't budge so the front stays up

The free and easy feeling of a perfect swing—unhampered, unrestricted—that's really a way of describing Good News by Warner's.® No straps to cramp your style, or cut your shoulders! Simply a gentle cling—for work or play, all year round.

The back is one long line of cotton-lined latex—so Good News™ can't slip or slide, ever! No more embarrassing tugs that interfere with your game, or the way you look in pretty off-the-shoulder dresses.

Front-closing, in an assortment of styles, for all fashions. And be sure to see the wonderful never-slip Good News pantie girdle, too! At your nicest stores.

New Good News pantie has elastic-banded legs that never ride up. #555. White, $12.50.

Left: Cotton contour cups. #P1081. White or black, $6.50. In lace: #P1091. White. $6.50.

By mail from Bermuda . . . Luxurious English Doeskin Gloves. A Trimingham specialty. White shortie slipon with dressmaker stitching. Silky soft; washes beautifully. In quarter sizes—6 to 8. $2.75, postpaid.

Authentic Indian Madras Handbags. Hand-loomed, vegetable-dyed, uniquely blended patterns. 8-inch Bermuda cedar handles. Made by Trimingham's. State colourings you prefer. Only $6.80 including postage.

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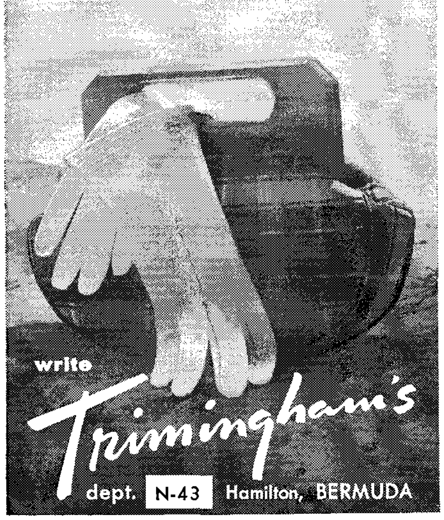

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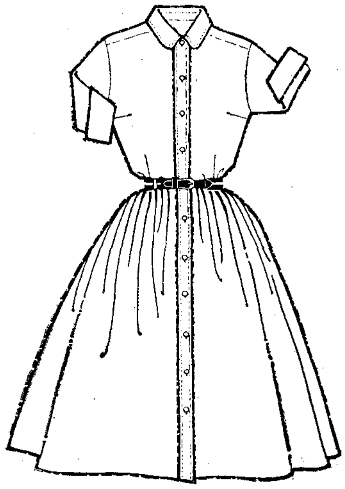

club collar dress

Our newest shirtdress is all fashion . . . from flattering full skirt to new club collar! Tailored in yarn dyed men's oxford shirting, it's accented with ocean pearl buttons . . . regimental striped elastic belt. Light Blue. 8 to 16.

ORDER BY MAIL $17.95
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Ladybug

264 S. Nineteenth St. Philadelphia 3, Pa.

flower-and-bowknot print—two loose short nightgowns with turnover collars, the more splendid of which has detachable bows of mauve-pink ribbon drooping over the shoulders; two long nightgowns, one of them a flowing thing with a narrow border of the print down the front, and the other with a ruffled square neck, short puffed sleeves, and a high drawstring waist threaded with mauve-pink ribbon; a bed jacket; and a peignor. The components of this set run from $10.95 to $18. Gowns of nylon tricot with fitted bodices and short, gathered skirts break into rosettes of nylon satin along the low, round neck. The accompanying orlon cardigans, wearing rosettes at the same spot, are for such diversified activities as reading in bed and going to cocktail and dinner parties; $30 complete. The colors: blue, pink, or white, with blue ribbons. Street-length robes with standaway collars appear in white French taffeta liberally doused with bouquets of pink and yellow flowers and lots of green foliage; $50. These can double as summer evening wraps. For $90, there are kimonos of crisp white silk organdie embroidered with pink and blue flowers.

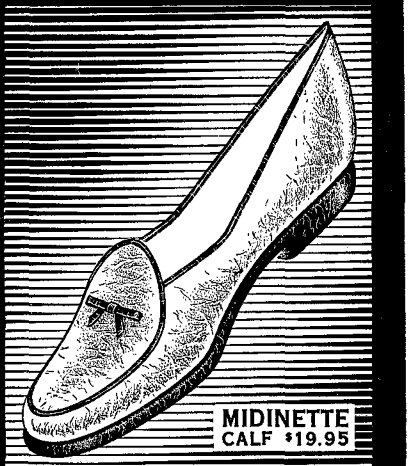
THE I. Miller shop at 1552 Broadway (46th) specializes in shoes ranging in size from 1 to 4 and in width from AAAA to C. *None* of them are made of glass. Classic pumps with pointed toes and medium or high heels are done in calf (black, beige, tan, or navy), suède (navy or black), white satin, or rough white silk. Walking pumps of black, navy, or brown grained calf with thin rubber soles are trimmed at the vamp with slanting tucks. One-eyelet oxfords of beige rayon linen with collars of tan lizard are tied by beige shoestrings; $23.95, which is the starting price of the lot. (The top one is $32.95.) Black or tan calf pumps with medium heels and tapered square toes bear minute bows of matching suède at the throat. Much more antic are the calf pumps with needle heels and drapery over the pointed foot; one side is orange, the other is red, and the toe is coral, or else one side is pistachio, the other is grass green, and the toe is pale green.

D. & LESLIE TILLETT, at 170 East 80th Street, cook up beguiling hand prints on the premises. A silk shirt in cream and beige stripes on which vast red or green lobsters loll is $35. The print is so ingenious that these shellfish look as though they were paint-

DE BUSSCHERE OF BRUGES
SHOE ARTISANS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

BELGIAN SHOES

De Busschere



SOLE AGENT FOR THESE HAND-SEWN, SOFT-SOLED CASUALS — OF A QUALITY BEYOND COMPARE. AVAILABLE IN MANY COLORS. FULL COLOR BROCHURE ON REQUEST.

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60 EAST 56TH ST., NEW YORK

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MICHTER'S
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ed on. Featherweight overnight bags on aluminum frames turn up in water-repellent canvas with green, turquoise, and coral stripes, plus an overprint of giant sea shells; $16.50. The bags are eighteen inches long, eleven inches wide, four and a half inches deep, and weigh two pounds. The newest Tillett silk scarves are reproductions of nineteenth-century steel engravings. Among them are eighteen-inch squares with gray-green lions roaming on watery-blue grounds. Twenty-four-inch squares portray milder scenes: ladies holding sceptres (rose silk), or framed in bluebells (turquoise blue), or wearing thistle headdresses and talking to donkeys decked out in green suits and shoes tied with lavender bows (chartreuse-and-emerald is the background).

THE Fulton Supply Company, down at 23 Fulton Street (two blocks from the Fulton Fish Market), has been dealing in foul-weather clothes for half a century. The current catch, from Norway, is of long-staple cotton with a yellow polyvinyl coating that supposedly is waterproof, will not crack or peel, and resists oil, grease, and acids. For adults, there are parkas with sleeves that snap at the wrists and trousers that (like newly hatched puppies) snap at the ankles; $22. Children in sizes 2 to 8 are allotted three-piece outfits of the same substance—bib overalls, sou'westers, and jackets that snap closed; $12.95. The shop is open Monday through Friday from seven-thirty until four-thirty.

ANDRE, up at 21 West 56th Street, supplies not too active yachtswomen with Norwegian jackets of the

there
it is
again

...that wonderful

La Ina

cocktail sherry

It's showing up in so many ways! Gently chilled, served in a delicate wine glass—on the rocks—or adding new smoothness to the really dry martini! This is La Ina ...the sherry that comes straight from Spain to you! It's dry, tempting, refreshing...a choice change of pace before luncheon, at cocktails or dinner. Enjoy La Ina today. Serve it to your guests. It's different. Delicious. Downright pleasing! **Pedro Domecq** Superb Spanish Sherries.

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IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Tahitian Stripes

*in dacron and cotton**

A perfect blendship of exotic colors interpreted in the casual elegance of a Norman Wiatt classic dress . . . with skirt of unpressed pleats to swirl around you. Sizes 10 to 18. About $25.00.

*By Fabrex

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HALLE BROS.
JACOBSON'S OF MICH.
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GODCHAUX'S

same coated cotton you get at Fulton Supply, in white decorated with pastel flamingos or with designs involving blocks, dots, and circles in green, gold, coral, gray, and blue; $12.50. There are standing collars, rustproof zippers down the front, dropped shoulders, and tapered sleeves.

Meyrowitz now comes up with French sunglasses whose long, narrow, slightly oblique frames widen and curve out as they join the temple pieces. They're of pearlized taupe or gray plastic, fake tortoise shell, or (for the beach) red, black, or white plastic painted with multicolored butterflies, with birds and flowers, or with sailboats. The lenses are blue-green. The top price is $20.

The Elder Craftsmen Shop, at 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), has turned its thoughts to unwell children, for whom it has bed aprons of red plastic with a series of red-and-white striped pockets through the middle; $2.50. These are filled with a book of comic strips, with crayons and paints to color them and a pair of plastic scissors to cut them out, and with modelling clay. They fasten with snaps around the neck, are long enough to cover a good part of the bed, and fold into small squares that can be tied with attached strings. . . . Bendel's Children's Department is offering a two-piece play suit of pale-blue drip-dry cotton for healthy little girls, sizes 3 to 6X; $6.95. The right side of the pullover top, which is edged with white saw-tooth braid, is decorated by a heaping plate of vanilla and strawberry ice cream (cotton) topped with an embroidered red cherry; the boxer shorts are unadorned. Handbags of natural wicker are shaped like dogs sitting on their haunches; $6. They have spaniel ears, poodle snouts, and short, turned-up tails, and they wear pink velvet bows on the top of their heads and velvet bowknots sprinkled with pearl beads on their paws. You open them by unbuttoning the hinged head. . . . The Green Frog, a fairly new shop at 13 Christopher Street, can provide drip-dry chambray smocks with flower embroidery growing on the patch pockets for toddlers on up to size 10; $4.95. Lavender smocks have purple violets, yellow ones have white daisies, and pink ones have rose tulips. Rag dolls almost two feet tall and dressed to match are the same price. The place is not open Mondays. —M. M.

• •

THE INVASION

Suddenly, one summer morning,
The young woods around us are filled
With ghost-white, upthrusting companies
Of Indian pipe,

Slender and bowed, bleached perfect flowers, forming
In marble, seed, stem, and petal; chilled,
Inappropriate, intrusive transparencies,
Odorless, slight,

They have crept up between night and dawning
And now surround us wholly; skilled
Stalkers, rising silently in twos and threes
Or more, they stripe

Leaf mold and spongy earth with forewarning
Pale spears, staked in the graves of those killed
By close-ranked shade, where oblivious trees
Advance green twilight;

Outrunners of dark, stealing, reclaiming
Life from the vanquished, ivory-gilled,
They drink damp death among frail gold inconstancies
Of leaves newly ripe.

We waken and find them gaining
Everywhere, near Solomon's-seal and loosestrife and frilled,
Fluttering grasses—a half acre of greeneries
Lost overnight.

—Otis Kidwell Burger

Rex Harrison reports from London on the

*Gentleman's martini

A PERFECTIONIST in the brilliant roles he has played on stage and screen, Rex Harrison naturally demands perfection in every phase of life—including a Martini.

Reporting from London on this subject, Mr. Harrison says: "A Martini is like a play. It can be terribly good or terribly poor. In London, as in other sophisticated centers, the preference today is for the gentleman's Martini, meaning a Martini that establishes a harmonious rapport with the audience.

"While the proportions of gin and vermouth for a gentleman's Martini may vary according to individual taste, experts are in general accord that the gin must be Booth's House of Lords. And Booth's House of Lords straight, *on the rocks*, is also a gentleman's drink. I suspect the Booth's people are as fantastically meticulous about making their gin as I am in developing a role—which is as it should be.

"Booth's House of Lords gin is sold in every civilized country, and in some countries not so civilized—which means you can enjoy the gentleman's Martini wherever you go."

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
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NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

IV—BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

ALT., 20. Pop., 158,709. The inner tube was invented in 1892 by Frederick Schraeder, of Bridgeport. Today, the Connecticut Turnpike bisects the city. Only four members of the Bridgeport community have received the Chamber of Commerce's most coveted honor, the Distinguished Citizenship Award, established in 1956: ex-Mayor Jasper McLevy; Herman W. Steinkraus, chairman of the Bridgeport Brass Company; Igor I. Sikorsky, the helicopter man; and Alfred V. Bodine, an industrialist. Mr. Bodine is known far and wide in Bridgeport as Bo, and his citation read, "Scholar, Industrialist, Civic Leader, Good Citizen, and Warm Friend." The mean temperature in Bridgeport is 50.5° F. Mr. McLevy, a Socialist, was mayor for twenty-four years, until 1957 (a Socialist in Bridgeport has been defined as "a Republican who believes in public transportation"), and is known far and wide as the Mayor. These days, the Mayor can generally be found at Van Dyk's Lunchroom, on Main Street, next to Miller Ross, newsdealer, having a cup of coffee. A sign in Van Dyk's reads, "NO TOASTED ENGLISH MUFFINS, NO FRIED OR SCRAMBLED EGGS AFTER 11 A.M." Van Dyk's is doing what it can to hold down the weight of Bridgeport's citizens. There are seventy-seven calories in a boiled egg. Since one pat of butter has fifty calories, and butter is used in frying and scrambling eggs, fried and scrambled eggs have a higher caloric value than boiled eggs. An average muffin's calories are *enormous* (a hundred and thirty-four), and an English muffin—well, there's no stopping an English muffin.

Igor (Igor) Sikorsky was on hand when Bo got his award. So were Jasper (the Mayor) McLevy and Herman (Herman) Steinkraus. There isn't much in Bridgeport that Herman Steinkraus doesn't have a hand in, and he has been just about everything a man can be down at Bridgeport Brass—sales vice-president, executive vice-president, president, and chief executive officer. Steinkraus believes in brass, and the figures would seem to prove that brass believes in Steinkraus. Sales at Bridgeport Brass have risen seventy-four million since 1942, when Steinkraus became sales vice-president. Not far behind him is Austin R. Zender, who has moved up the corporate ladder a mere organization chart's throw from Steinkraus, filling the jobs that he vacated. Zender is a man to watch in Bridgeport.

An out-of-town brass man recently had occasion to chat with a representative of Bridgeport Brass, in a reception room just inside the main entrance to the company's headquarters and just outside a huge, locked brass gate leading to the mysteries and complexities of the "plant." They talked about chains of command, about executives who meet in all-day corporate sessions and then fan out to branch plants to pass along the decisions, and about local men who are dynamos. The conversation went as follows:

BRIDGEPORT BRASS MAN: Ken Maloney, down at G.E., is a dynamo. Ray Colonari, at station WICC, is a dynamo—stands for Industrial Capital of Connecticut. Hawkins, at the Chamber, is a dynamo.

VISITING BRASS MAN: How about Steinkraus?

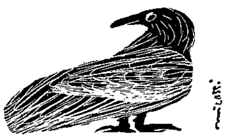
B.B. MAN: Dynamo.

V.B.M.: And Zender?

B.B. MAN: Dynamo.

V.B.M.: I'll be damned.

BLOCKS and blocks of red brick buildings house the mills and factories that turn the wheels of Bridgeport. Name it and Bridgeport makes it—dictaphones, drugs, typewriters, machine tools, small arms, fabrics, lighting equipment, valves, aluminum pots and pans. There is a park with a lighthouse down by Long Island Sound, and the mists often roll in across the park and obscure the Jenkins valve plant and some wooden shacks housing bars-and-grills. A man walking in Bridgeport, and looking up, sees the great white concrete overhead structure of the Turnpike winding and weaving near and around the older, sadder elevated structure of the New Haven Railroad. People whiz through and above Bridgeport. Some get off at the ancient yellow railroad station; others turn off at numerous exits from the Turnpike leading right into the heart of town. Bridgeport parks have an acreage of 1,207.4, and no keep-off-the-grass signs.



A Bridgeport Dynamo was ruminating recently with a stranger:

B.D.: Sometimes I wonder why Bridgeport, which calls itself the Arsenal of Democracy in Two World

CHAMPAGNE
Colman's Mustard
Make your own

Champagne Mustard

The world's most delicious gourmet mustard! . . . make it by blending Colman's English Mustard and champagne to a golden creaminess. Let "age" ten minutes. Ahhh. Mustard that's hot, heady, heavenly! What a sensation on beef, ham, tongue, cheese! If you're not uncorking champagne tonight—mix Colman's with beer, white wine, or just plain water. You get magnificent mustard that makes even the simplest cold meat taste *magnifique!*

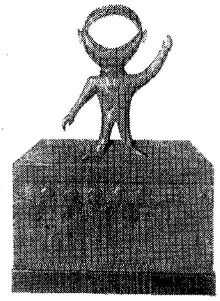
Imported from England

Colman's Mustard

Colman's Mustard

World-famous dry mustard

COMMENT IN WOOD



15" x 12"

"The Politician" **Price $100.00**

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Our audience is our first concern. Serving the most people in the most acceptable way calls for programming that's tailor-made to suit the many varied tastes of our listeners. That's what we call complete-range programming . . . programming with something for everyone.

On WJR today there are an impressive number of new programs—new services—new voices. But actually, these new programs are simply an extension of our long-standing, well-accepted philosophy of something for everyone.

It adds up to this—we are providing the 17 million folks in WJR's area with a more interesting, exciting and varied program service than ever before.

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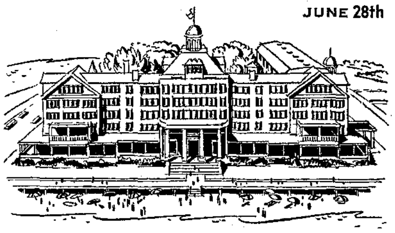

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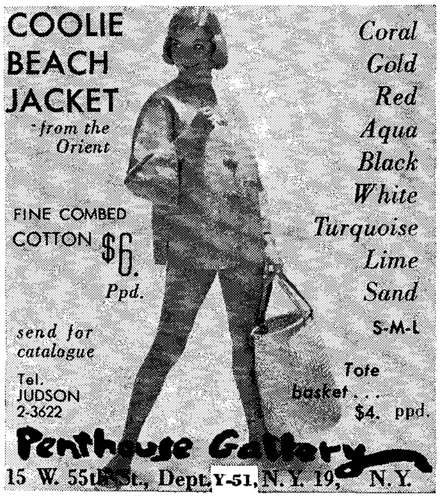

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Coral
Gold
Red
Aqua
Black
White
Turquoise
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Tote basket . . . $4. ppd.

Penthouse Gallery

15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y-51, N.Y. 19, N.Y.

Wars, is just a drab industrial town when the wars end.

STRANGER: You tell me.

B.D.: My God! My wife and her friends will hop in the car and drive all the way to a Westchester shopping center at night. The stores there are open until nine-thirty. It's a jaunt for them—gives them a lift, something to do, someplace to go, get out of themselves. Hey, now this town goes and gets itself on the critical list—unemployment, and all that! When the war is going full blast, you have gun sights being turned out, machine guns, and all that, and these days along comes an appropriation to *investigate* a missiles system. Not much employment in *that*.

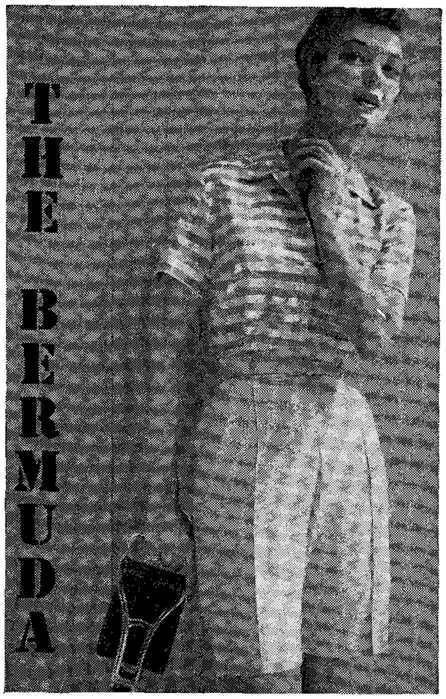
STRANGER: I see.

B.D.: Take the double bedrooms of Bridgeport—Fairfield and Stratford, where a good many of the people live. The exploding metropolis, and all that. Trumbull is a bedroom town, too. Population growing by leaps and bounds, large foreign influx during both wars, kids growing up, educational plants being built, and *problems*. We have cultural tone now, with the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, across the river. Above all, there's a Barnumania in this town, with the annual Barnum Festival—Wing Dings, Parades of Champions, Ballyhoo Show, ringmasters. The Festival makes people *happy*. We've had Ed Sullivan, and Enoch Light and his Songs of the Roarin' Twenties, and Helen Kane, the Boop-Boop-A-Doop Girl, and there's not a big company in town doesn't pitch in for the Festival, or have a representative on one of the committees.

STRANGER: Thank you.

IN Van Dyk's recently, an elderly lady who lives in Bridgeport was speaking of the Barnum Festival. "They all dress up in monkey hats and it's nothing but promotion," she said. The Mayor was having his cup of coffee on a stool nearby, but he wasn't listening. It was after eleven in the morning—no English muffins. "This town hasn't been the same since the circus moved its winter headquarters out, in 1927," said a second elderly lady. "Before that, there was life in the place. Freaks on the streets. Tall men and fat women." The Mayor continued to stir his coffee.

A stuffed elephant stands outside the door of the Barnum Museum, on the third floor of an orangy-brown Romanesque building on Main Street and directly in the path of a projected highway that will skylark over the city from one bedroom town to another. Bar-



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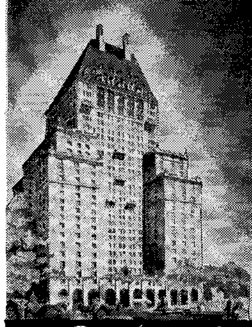

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ON THE SUNSET STRIP—HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

num's grave is in Bridgeport. Tom Thumb reached a height of thirty-three inches, and lived with his tiny, pretty bride, Lavinia Bump Warren, in a Bridgeport house that is now occupied by seven families of full-sized persons. The curator of the Barnum Museum, Elizabeth Sterling Seeley, had a grandfather, William E. Seeley, whose cousin Nathan married Barnum's daughter Pauline. Elizabeth Sterling Seeley's grandmother Jane Elizabeth Sterling had a brother, Frederick, who married Barnum's niece Minerva, who was the daughter of his brother Philo. To a philosopher, nothing human is alien. Barnum's desk and chair are in the museum, and a bust of Jenny Lind that he once owned. A reproduction, in vivid colors, of Leslie Fairchild's portrait of Tom Thumb hangs in the museum. The little fellow is portrayed at four—twenty-two inches high. He is all dressed up like Napoleon, boots gleaming, one hand imperiously thrust inside his jacket. There are arrowheads in the museum, various busts of Barnum, a stuffed auk, and the couch on which Jonathan Trumbull died. Miss Seeley bustles around in the museum, mumbling. She is convinced that nobody in Bridgeport cares about the past. She feels that her museum is doomed—if not by the new highway, certainly by the promotion people who deal in valves, brass, and automatic coffee-makers (with Peek-A-Brew indicators). Groups of visitors are permitted to see the personal effects of Tom Thumb, including his minuscule calling card ("General Tom Thumb"). "Here's his little boot, his little stovepipe beaver hat," says Miss Seeley. "Here's his wedding vest, satin, hand-embroidered, with its lovely gussets, and his lovely little overcoat, with its brown velvet cuffs, and his adorable pants and knee breeches, and his tiny little underwear, and his pajamas. Look at his adorable little pajamas!"

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THE RACE TRACK

Ladies' Day

PEOPLE who like to find fault with riders of beaten favorites had a fine time at Belmont Park last Saturday. Thanks to jockey Paul Bailey's regrettable judgment of pace, Quill, a 1–4 shot, flew through the first six furlongs of the Coaching Club American Oaks in 1:10⅘ (nearly a second faster than Tomy Lee's time for the same distance in the Kentucky Derby) and then, with half a mile to go, ran out of speed and lost by half a length to Resaca, who had finished nine lengths or so behind her a few weeks earlier in the Acorn Stakes. Czarina was third, fourteen lengths back. Although Quill is a bit on the small side, she is certainly the best three-year-old filly in the East (I believe that Silver Spoon, who is out in California, could beat her, but that's neither here nor there), and she showed great courage in the Oaks, for she rallied in the last seventy yards and was wearing Resaca down when they reached the wire. Perhaps the long delay at the post caused by Aesthetic, who unseated her jockey and bolted half a mile down the track, upset Bailey's plans for Quill. At any rate, he rushed her to the front at the start, set a sprinting pace, and went hammer and tongs with Addie Belle as far as the turn into the stretch. (Addie Belle was twenty lengths behind at the end.) For the record, it was the fourth time King Ranch has won the race, and that must have been some solace to the stable and its trainer, Max Hirsch, for their loss of Black Hills in the Belmont Stakes the week before. Hirsch had another victor the same day—Arnold Hanger's Waltz, who picked off the Leonard Richard Stakes at Delaware Park. It was a big afternoon, too, for Manuel Ycaza, who rode Resaca and three other winners. But before you start betting on jockeys, consider Charles Burr, who scored a triple one day last week. It ended a string of sixty-three losses.

IT looks as if C. V. Whitney's strapping fillies Silver Spoon and Bug Brush were on their way to as triumphant a season at Hollywood Park as they had last winter at Santa Anita, where they were just about unbeatable. A fortnight ago, Silver Spoon won the Cinema Handicap, beating colts in the process, and last weekend Bug Brush gave weight and a beating to older horses in the Inglewood Handicap. By the way, a sequel to the Cinema Handicap has everybody at the California track buzzing like bees. Fred Turner, Jr., the Texas oilman and cattleman who owns Tomy Lee, was so angry at his colt's finishing sixth in the race that he is selling his stable. It seems that Turner had expected Willie Shoemaker to ride Tomy Lee, but the boy was booked by his agent, Harry Silbert, to ride Sword Dancer in the Belmont Stakes the same afternoon, so Frank Childs, Tomy's trainer, engaged Don Pierce, the best jockey available. As you probably know, Tomy Lee swerved repeatedly in the race, but, curiously, Turner didn't blame Pierce for failing to prevent that; his wrath was directed at Silbert for not booking Shoemaker to ride the colt. Silbert's side of the story is that he had never promised Turner or Childs that Shoemaker would ride Tomy Lee in all his starts, and that the engagement for the Belmont was made before he had any idea that Tomy Lee would run in the Cinema Handicap. As matters stand, Turner expects to sell Tomy Lee to a syndicate and put the other horses he has in training—there are fourteen of them—up for auction next month. If Tomy Lee should start in the Hollywood Derby this weekend, which is doubtful, Shoemaker will not ride him. Willie will be in the race, but on Bagdad, who was second in the Belmont.

ONE of this department's outriders reports that Calumet Farm's On-and-On is likely to be heard from in the coming events for three-year-olds. Not so long ago, he ran six furlongs in 1:08⅗ at Chicago's Washington Park, setting a track record, and last weekend he led all the way in the twenty-fifth running of the Ohio Derby at ThistleDown Park in Cleveland. The Classic Stakes at Arlington next month should be just his dish.

IDUN has been beaten again, this time by Mlle. Dianne in the Regret Handicap at Monmouth last Saturday. Oh, well, you can't win them all.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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[*Blurb on the Bantam Books paperback edition of "Ice Palace," by Edna Ferber*]

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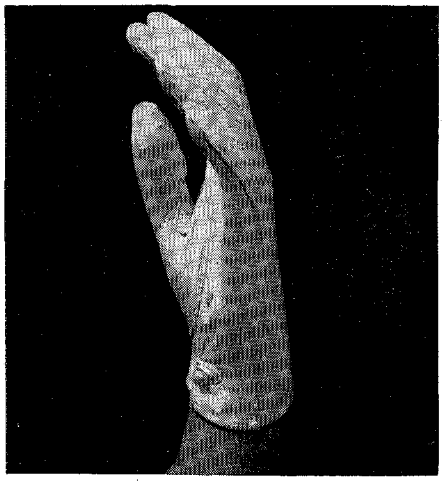

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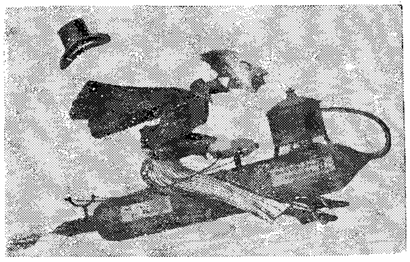

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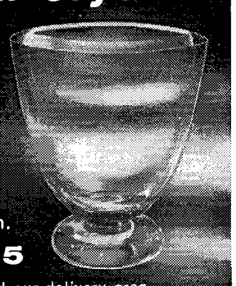

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Records

IMPROVISATION, the very seat of jazz, is a remorseless, bullying art that demands of the performer no less than this: that, night in and night out, he spontaneously invent original music based upon certain given themes and confined within certain limitations, by putting in perfect balance—with the speed of light—emotion and intelligence, form and content, and tone and attack, all of which, to succeed, must both charge and entertain the spirit of the listener. Improvisation comes in various shapes and colors. There is the melodic embellishment of Louis Armstrong and Vic Dickenson; the similar but far more complex thematic improvisation of Lester Young; the improvisation upon chords, as practiced by Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Parker; and the rhythmic-thematic-chordal convolutions now being put forward by Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins. There are, too, the collective improvisations, such as the New Orleans ensemble, a superbly intricate homemade device that, sadly, is all but defunct, and its contrapuntal descendants, which are thriving in the hands of John Lewis and Charlie Mingus. Great improvisation is a miraculous explosion that occurs once in a blue moon; bad improvisation, which is really not improvisation at all but a rerun or imitation of old ideas, happens all the time. There is no more precarious and dominating art. Indeed, there is evidence that the gifted jazz musicians who have either died or dried up in their twenties, thirties, or forties are primarily victims not of drugs and alcohol but of the insatiable furnace of improvisation. Thus, such consummate veteran improvisers as Armstrong, Dickenson, Hawkins, Buck Clayton, and Monk deserve considerable awe. In addition to being imaginative master craftsmen, they are remarkable endurance runners. Perhaps the hardiest of these unique beings is Hawkins, who, now fifty-four, continues to play with all the freshness, vitality, and authority that he demonstrated during the Harding administration as a member of Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds.

Hawkins, in fact, is a super jazz musician, for he has been an originator of the boldest sort, a masterly improviser, a shepherd of new movements, and a restless, steadily developing performer. A short, dapper, contained man, whose rare smiles have the effect of a lamp suddenly going on within, he was the first to prove that jazz could be played on the saxophone, which until then had been largely a purveyor of treacle. He did this with such conviction and breadth of imagination that by the mid-thirties he had founded one of the two great schools of saxophone playing. (The other, which was to have fewer members, because of the inimitable style of its leader, Lester Young, arrived later.) Its pupils, many of the more recent ones now diluted by other products, include such performers as Herschel Evans, Chu Berry, Ben Webster, Don Byas, Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Lucky Thompson, Charlie Parker, and Sonny Rollins. In 1939, Hawkins set down, as an afterthought at a recording session, a version of "Body and Soul" that almost achieves the impossible—perfect art. A few years later, he repeated this success with superlative refashionings of "Sweet Lorraine" and "The Man I Love." Unlike many other celebrated jazz musicians, who are apt to regard anything new with defensive animosity, Hawkins has always kept an ear to the ground for flutters of originality, and as a result he led, in 1944, the first official bebop recording session, which involved men like Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, and the late Clyde Hart. Soon afterward, he used the largely unknown Monk in some equally important recordings. Then his playing inexplicably began to falter and he went into semi-eclipse, from which he rocketed up, without warning, in the early fifties, landing on his feet with a brand-new style (his third), which, in its occasional all-embracing febrility, suggests the exuberance of a man several decades younger.

Hawkins' early style was rough and aggressive. His tone tended to be harsh and woody, and he used a great many notes, which bumped up and down the scale in the unremitting, staccato manner of a pneumatic drill. Unlike a similar contemporary trumpet player, Jabbo Smith, whose musical pyrotechnics grew more and more gaudy, Hawkins eventually simmered down, and by the mid-thirties he had entered his second and most famous phase. His heavy vibrato suggested the wingbeats of a big bird, while his tone, which grew to alarming proportions, suggested enormous rooms hung with dark velvet and lit by huge fires. He was now the despair of his imitators, who often sounded like old bellows. His technique had become infallible. He never fluffed a note, his tone never shrank or overflowed—as did Chu Berry's, say—and he gave the impression that he had enough equipment to state in half a dozen different and equally finished ways what was in his head. This proved to be remarkable, particularly in his handling of slow ballads, a lyrical approach largely originated by him and equalled by only a handful of musicians on any instrument.

Hawkins would often begin such a number by playing one chorus of the melody, as if he were testing its resilience. He would stuff its fabric with tone to see how much it would take, eliminate certain notes, sustain others, slur several, and add new ones. Then, satisfied, he would shut his eyes, as if blinded by the vision of what he was about to play, and launch into pure improvisation with a concentration that pinned one down by its very intensity. (Hawkins' total lack of tentativeness—the exhilarating, blindman tentativeness of Pee Wee Russell or Roy Eldridge—invariably suggested that he had written out and memorized his solos long before playing them.) He would construct—out of phrases crowded with single notes, glissandos, abrupt stops, and his corrugated vibrato—long, hilly figures that sometimes lasted until his breath gave out. Immediately refilling his lungs, often with an audible wind-tunnel ferocity, he would be off again—bending notes, dropping in little runs like steep, crooked staircases, adding decorative, almost calligraphic flourishes, emphasizing an occasional phrase by perversely allowing it to vanish into puffs of breath. He often closed these solos with roomy codas, into which he would squeeze a stream of fresh and frequently fancy ideas that gave the impression of being worthy material

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that had simply been crowded out of his earlier ruminations. If another soloist was to follow him, he might terminate his own statement with an abrupt ascending figure that catapulted his successor neatly into space. When Hawkins had finished, his solo, which had been anchored directly and emphatically to the beat (as opposed to the method of Lester Young, who was always pulling the beat inside out, as if he were hunting lost change in it), had been worked into a tight yet elaborate super-version of the original melody, as though he had fitted a rococo Victorian mansion over a modern ranch house. At fast tempos, Hawkins merely forced the same amount of music into a smaller space. There seemed to be no pause at all between phrases or choruses, and this produced a thunderhead intensity that appeared to thicken the beat and whose vehemence was occasionally indicated by sustained sandpaper growls. Yet for all this teeming, agile enthusiasm, Hawkins' playing during this period often left the listener vaguely dissatisfied. Perhaps it was because his style had an unceasing—and, for that time, unusual—intellectual quality, with the forbidding glint of perfection and a viselike unwillingness to let any emotion seep out, lest it spoil the finish on his work. At any rate, one kept waiting for the passion pumping away beneath the surface to burst through, but it never did—until five years ago.

Like a man fresh out of prison, Hawkins can now be volcanic. His present style is marked primarily by a slight tightening of tone, which occasionally resembles the sound he achieved at the outset of his career; the use of certain rather harsh and inflexible notes and phrases that, not surprisingly, suggest aspects of Charlie Parker and Sonny Rollins; and an open display of emotion that, when it does not go awry, can rock foundations. But this exuberance has been costly. In his pursuit of pure flame, Hawkins sometimes misses notes or plays them badly, and he falls back, perhaps out of temporary middle-aged fatigue, on stock phrases of his own, such as a series of abrupt, descending triplets, which sound like a hard-rubber ball bounding down a hall. When everything is in mesh, however, the results are peerless.

This happens more than once in two recent Hawkins recordings—"The High and Mighty Hawk" (Felsted FA J 7005) and "Coleman Hawkins/Soul" (Prestige 7149). Despite a few flat spots, the first recording, in which Hawkins is joined by Buck Clayton,

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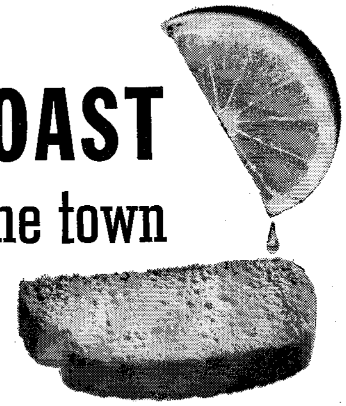

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Hank Jones, Ray Brown, and the drummer Mickey Sheen, is one of his superior efforts. There are a blues, three originals, and two standards. The blues, taken at a pleasant medium tempo, is a tour de force in the best sense of that expression. After the opening ensemble, Hawkins slides, with another-day, another-dollar casualness, into a soliloquy that lasts for no less than seventeen unbroken choruses, each of them totally different and each giving the feeling that it could fit only where it happens to fall. All of the best qualities of his present work are in evidence—the gradual, unremittingly logical development of a three- or four-note figure (the first five choruses), the near-parodying reflections of the work of the modern tenor saxophonist John Coltrane (tenth chorus), the tremendous bustle (eleventh and twelfth choruses), and the emotion (fifteenth and sixteenth choruses). It is remarkable improvisation. Hawkins matches this perfection in "You've Changed," a slow ballad, which, however, does not receive the glossy, ten-gun treatment he might have offered it a decade ago. Instead, for only a chorus and a half, he pokes at the melody in a soft, cautious, exploratory way, savoring its pleasant design, making minor improvements here and there, and infusing it with a warmth and a lyricism that are wholly affecting. Clayton and Brown, in particular, play with considerable beauty. Indeed, Brown's long solo in the blues number has an ingenious mixture of darting runs, exaggerated pauses, and half-time retarding phrases that very nearly top Hawkins' solo.

The second record is aptly named. Hawkins is accompanied by Kenny Burrell on guitar, Ray Bryant on piano, Wendell Marshall on bass, and Osie Johnson on drums. There are seven numbers, most of them blues. The longest is a very slow one, which is so blue—it is filled with swollen tremolos, gospel rhythms, stirrings of rock-and-roll, and screaming blue notes—that it becomes at once the epitome of all slow blues and a caricature of all slow blues. Hawkins takes a short, plaintive solo near the opening and returns later for an extraordinary chorus, in which, after some quiet, moody, chantlike phrases, he abruptly emits an astonishing wail that sounds like an exhalation from the bottom of Hell. No more unsettling moment has occurred on a jazz record. The shortest number on the record is totally dissimilar—a classic revitalization of the sixteenth-century "Green

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Sleeves." Hawkins simply plays embellishments on the melody, but with such pathos and blueslike feeling that one constantly fears he will break down before it is finished. Instead, instantaneously plumbing his three and a half decades of playing, Hawkins turns it into a kind of Gettysburg Address on improvisation. It's an indelible statement.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

[*From the Philadelphia Bulletin*]

Does anyone know how to get my address changed on my water bill? For 12 years I lived at 3431 Kip St. For 12 years my water bills have been mailed to 3441 Kip St. I never lived, owned or have been in 3441 Kip St. Every year for 12 years I have been going to City Hall, City Hall Annex and the old Bulletin Building, trying to get my address changed. About three years ago I went to the Mayor's Office for Information and Complaints. They sent me to see a man by the name of Joe Testo. Next year my bill went to 3441. Every time I go to get my address changed they type it on a piece of paper and paste it on the bill I already have. That is a big help.

The people who now live at 3441 Kip St. are nice enough to bring my bill to me. The people before them must have thrown it away every year. I used to have to go get a duplicate bill. They must be too lazy to get the book to change it. If anyone knows the trick of how to get my address changed, please let me know.

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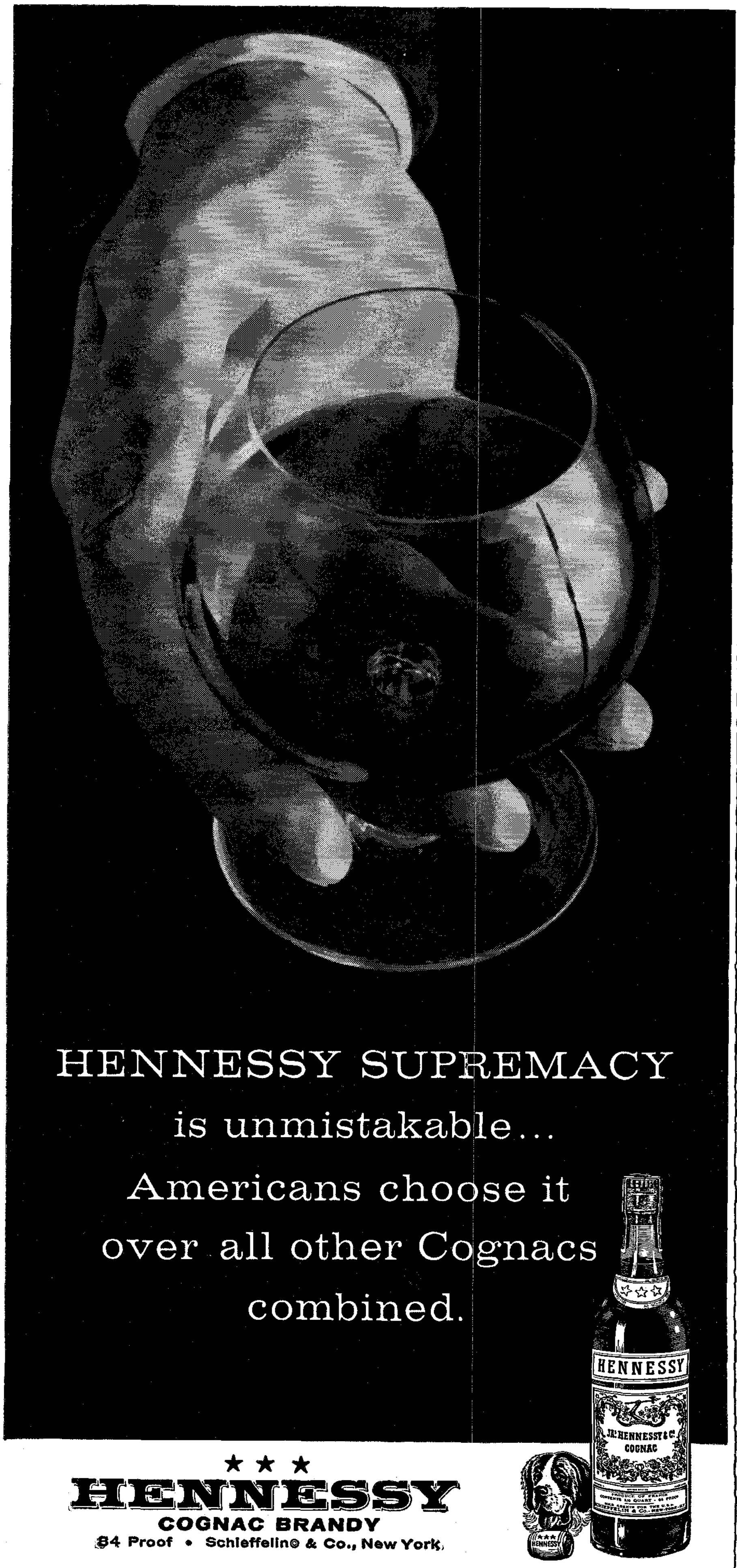
Your trouble, Worcester, is that your problem is a *simple* one. There is no way to get an address changed; we can assure you of that. Once a stencil is cut, men are incapable of altering it. More than a hundred years ago, Thoreau wrote, "I sometimes despair of getting anything quite simple and honest done in this world by the help of men." He was right—men are not gifted in this direction. They can get to the moon, though (a tremendously complex trick), and your best bet would be to move out of Philadelphia and to the moon. There is probably no water on the moon, and no water bill. Joe Testo will be there ahead of you, hard at work on something immensely difficult.

•

Like Dante, Tennessee Williams has his particular private inferno. In general, it is an inferno for the enemies of mankind, the enemies of life, and, most tragically, the enemies of themselves like the blond, wood numph, Blanche du Bois, of "A Streetcar Named Desire."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Wood numphs are good for stoking infernos.



BOOKS

The Dark Ages

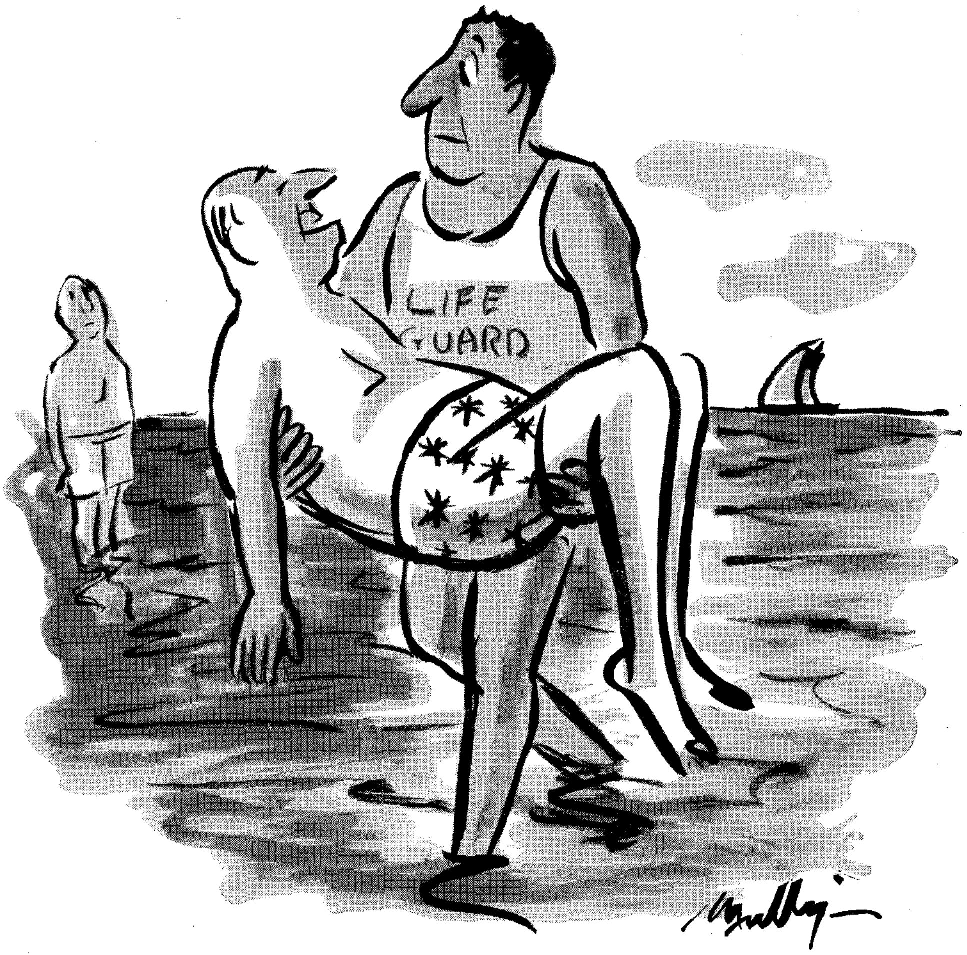
"I have here in my hand a list of two hundred and five that were known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party. . . . Tonight I shall give you the history of the Democrat candidate . . . who endorses and would continue the suicidal Kremlin-shaped policies of this nation. . . . I have in my hand fifty-seven cases. . . . I hold in my hand a photostat of the Daily Worker. . . . I hold in my hand the answer which J. Edgar Hoover gave. . . . You're shielding Communist conspirators. . . . You are a disgrace to the uniform. . . . Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman, point of order, point of order!"

THERE are some phrases that share with odors the power to arouse vivid memories. Those composed by the late Senator Joseph McCarthy exhibit this power to an extraordinary degree. To read them again is to feel again, all too distinctly, the dismay one felt in the days of his grotesque triumph, when it seemed that this nation, the leader of a vast and intricate system of alliances, could conceive of no problem more urgent than "rooting out" the man responsible for the promotion of an Army dentist. Those were the days when honorable reputations were destroyed for the sake of a morning's headlines. Those were the days when a single senator could, and did, conduct an independent foreign policy, and was allowed to make this Republic appear contemptible in the eyes of Europe. Those were shameful days.

Even now it is hard to speak of Senator McCarthy without raising one's voice. Tumult was the breath of his political life, and the rancor that his name can still excite is at once the most fitting monument to his career and the disheartening measure of its success. In a sense, we were all dupes of McCarthy, those of us who detested him as well as those who admired him. For his shenanigans drove friend and foe alike to such extremities of passion that good sense gave way to hysteria in almost every quarter. To take the dimensions of such a man and such a career is a difficult enterprise. Yet it has been accomplished, and brilliantly, I think, by Richard H. Rovere in "Senator Joe McCarthy" (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Rovere is an acute and breathtakingly levelheaded reporter. Under his dispassionate gaze, the lifework of the ogre from Wisconsin appears in human perspective for perhaps the first time, and with a curious result. When we cease to regard McCarthy as a creature of nightmare, the story of his career, for all the tragedies it contains, takes on some of the aspects of low comedy and becomes a sort of squalid satire on the art of politics in America.

The Senator's début as a hunter of Bolshevists was farcical enough. He began, the reader will recall, with the revelation that there were in the State Department two hundred and five Communists whose affiliation was known but who nevertheless continued to dictate our foreign policy. And who was selected to receive this terrible news? Why, the ladies of the Ohio County Women's Republican Club, in Wheeling, West Virginia. McCarthy was so little prepared to find himself the cause of a major sensation that, as Mr. Rovere relates, "he had not even taken the simple precaution of keeping the materials for his speech in Wheeling so that he would know for a certainty what he had said there." Called back to explain himself on the floor of the Senate, McCarthy simply obtained the files that the State Department earlier had given the House Appropriations Committee, and, announcing that he had pierced "Truman's iron curtain of secrecy," he began his first virtuoso recital, in which he proposed to read from the dossiers of eighty-one cases, none of which was identified by name. "I am only giving the Senate," he declared, "cases in which it is clear there is a definite Communist connection . . . persons whom I consider to be Communists in the State Department."

Among these eighty-one specimens of Communists in the State Department, it soon appeared in the course of his recitation, were a number of people who were not Communists, and a number of people who were not in the State Department. McCarthy was good enough to say so: "I do not confuse this man as being a Communist." Cases 15, 27, 37, and 59 were never mentioned at all. Case 3 proved to be the same as Case 4, and Case 9 was identical with Case 77. Case 72 was a perfect jewel of confusion. This man got on the list because he was "the direct opposite of the cases I have been reading;" that is to say, because he was an anti-Com-



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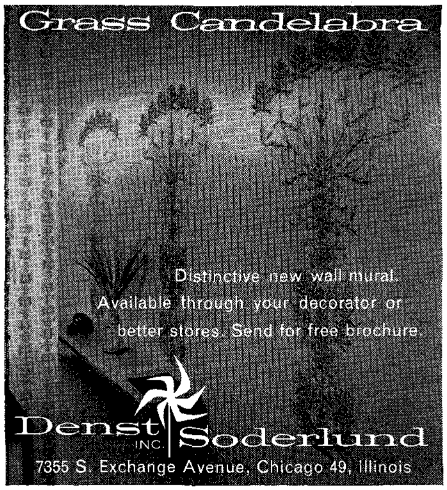

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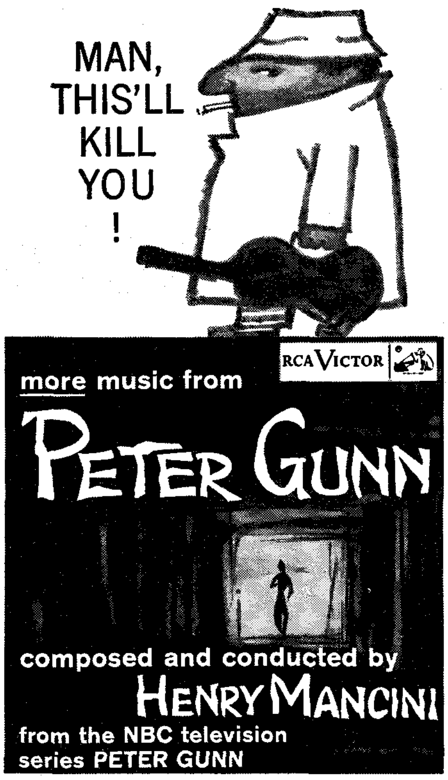
munist who had never worked for the State Department. Time after time, McCarthy's baffled colleagues tried to persuade him to submit his discourse to the test of reason and fact, or at least to clarify his figures, but always in vain:

> He would not explain, he would not amplify, he would not qualify—yet, and this was always part of his method, he would employ all the cant of rational discourse, all its paraphernalia, all its moods and tones and tenses. Cornered on the conflicts in his totals, he said, "Let's stop this silly numbers game." Asked if the report in the Wheeling *Intelligencer* was correct, he said, "I may say, if the Senator [Scott Lucas] is going to make a farce of this, I will not yield to him. I shall not answer any more silly questions of the Senator. This is too important, too serious a matter for that." Confronted with a request for clearer language, he said, "I am afraid that if it is not clear to the Senator [Herbert Lehman] now, I shall never be able to make it clear to him, no matter how much further explanation I make."

McCarthy's stupefying dissertation, which took six hours to deliver, made a poor impression on McCarthy's fellow-senators, but it was not from their favor that he was to draw his strength. He was playing for a larger audience, and to that end he enlisted—or, better, conscripted—the aid of the press:

> Few newspapers could print—because few readers would read—reports of a length sufficient to give the true gamy flavor of the performance. Even if they had wished to do so, it would have been difficult to get the reports, for McCarthy's presentation had been so disorderly, so jumbled and cluttered and loose-ended, that it was beyond the power of most reporters to organize the mess into a story that would convey to the reader anything beyond the suspicion that the reporter was drunk. . . . What did filter through, then, to a moderately conscientious reader of a moderately conscientious newspaper was the news that a United States Senator had delivered a long and angry speech giving what he claimed were details on eighty-one persons who he insisted were Communists in the State Department. . . . But no newspaper could print the truth—because no newspaper could be sure it *was* the truth—that he had failed to identify even one Communist in the State Department.

A prodigy had found his calling and his instrument. What the cello is to Casals, the newspapers were to McCarthy. He got to know the newspapermen, their deadlines, and what made a good story. He learned to counter a story unfavorable to him. An item about a poll of Washington correspondents and political scientists that rated him the worst man in the Senate was effectively obliterated by a picture of the Senator on the Capitol steps with a new broom, acting out his intention to sweep



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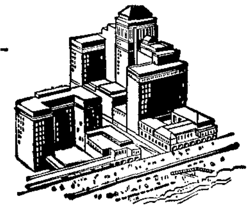

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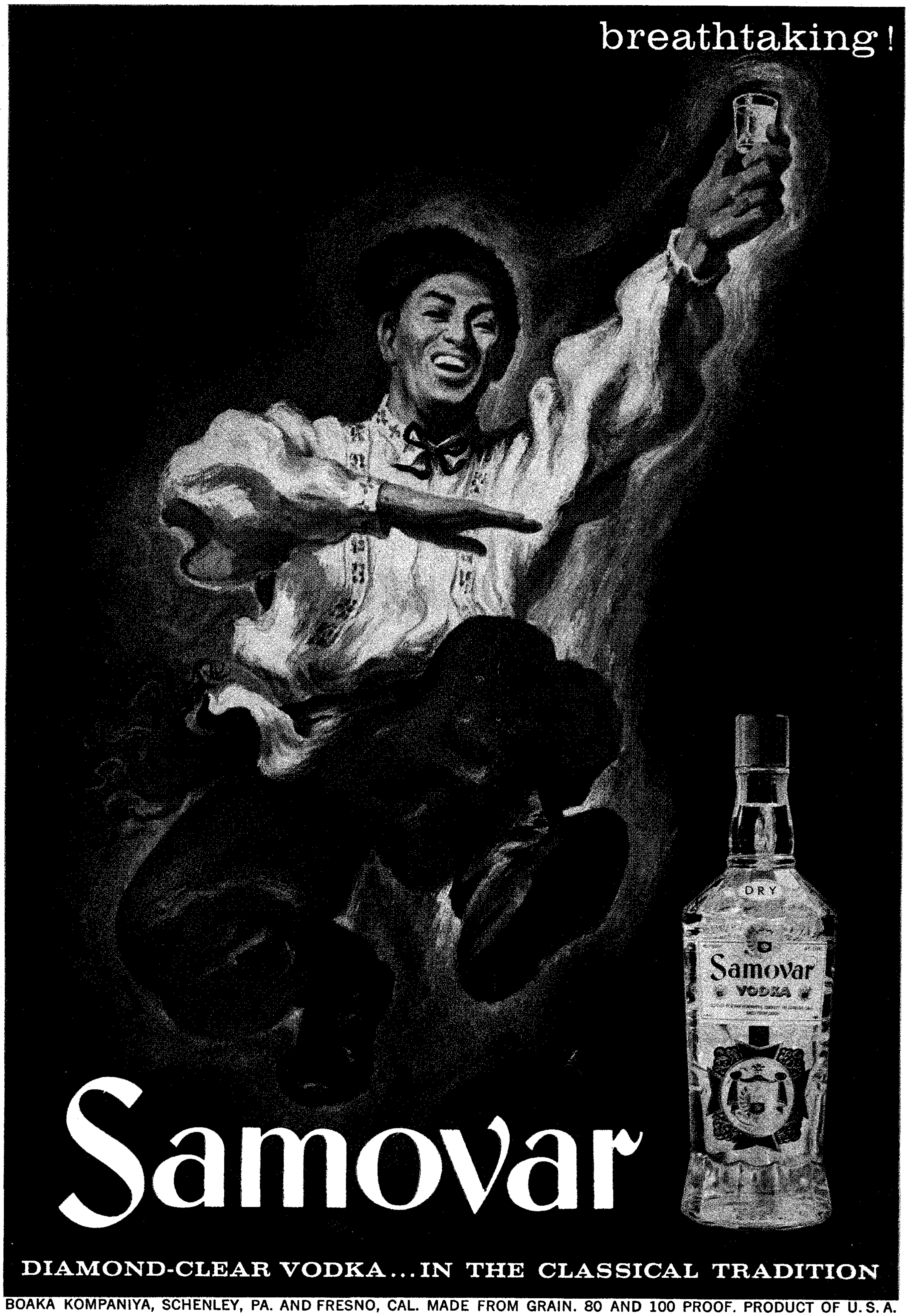
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clean. In the days of his prime, he could make headlines merely by asserting that a man was *not* a Communist. "I do not think [Dr. Nathan Pusey, who had just become president of Harvard] is or has been a member of the Communist Party." Mr. Rovere has helpfully traced the genesis of one memorable story, that in which McCarthy declared his intention to subpoena ex-President Harry Truman. McCarthy came upon a pair of newsmen in the corridors of the Senate Office Building and asked if they were looking for a story. On being assured that they were, he thought hard for some moments, after which he "reached in his pocket, where he always kept a wad of blank subpoenas, and began then and there making one out for the former President. 'You're not serious, Joe; you can't be,' one of the reporters said. 'The hell I'm not serious,' McCarthy said. 'I'll have this filled out in a second.' 'What are you going to subpoena him for?' he was asked. McCarthy tapped his big skull with his fountain pen. 'Oh, I'm calling him to testify about Harry Dexter White, that's what I'm calling him for.' " Truman ignored the subpoena, naturally, but the story was printed, "even though the reporters to whom it was given were angry about the system that required them to publish 'news' they knew to be fraudulent but prohibited them from reporting their knowledge of its fraudulence." As Mr. Rovere points out, the press was peculiarly helpless to cope with McCarthy and his kind. If the profession was to remain honest, it could not grant a reporter the prerogative of telling his readers which public statements he considered true and which false. Consequently, if McCarthy was to be called a liar, the calling had to be done by someone besides a working reporter.

As time went on, almost no one whose livelihood depended on public favor was willing to perform that service. With the despicable and successful campaign against Senator Millard Tydings, of Maryland, McCarthy proved his talent for destruction and entered upon the days of his sordid glory. Yet, menacing as he was, there was something comical in the figure he cut. This scourge of the professors, the author observes, "positively flaunted all the stigmata of the pedant." His upraised hand was seldom without a document, and "the bulging briefcase—the scholar's toolbox—became to him what snapping red galluses and a stream of tobacco juice were to the older Southern demagogues." His career abounds in

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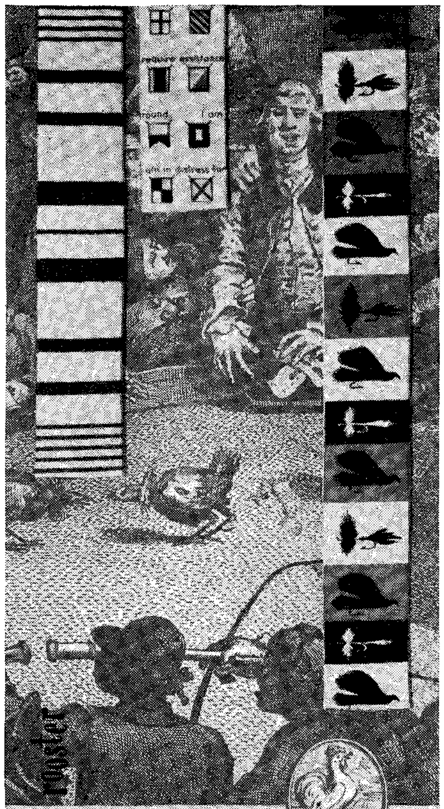

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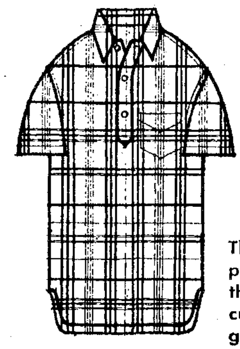

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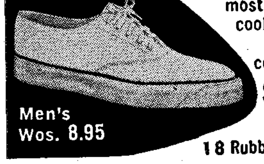

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anomalies that are essentially comic. Probably no one in those years did more than McCarthy to frighten Americans into conformity, yet he was himself a violent flouter of convention, who "denounced the very institutions that are customarily thought of as the fortresses of American conformity: the Army, the Protestant clergy, the press, the two major parties, the civil service."

Thanks to McCarthy, there came a time when politics in America seemed to consist almost entirely in hunting subversives. In his 1954 State of the Union message, President Eisenhower had the satisfaction of proclaiming that his new security program had brought about the dismissal of twenty-two hundred government employees (not one of whom, it appears, was a certifiable Communist), and, Mr. Rovere points out, "the Democrats, instead of raising a standard to which people of elementary common sense and decency might repair, boasted that they had done just as well or better when they were in power." If Aristotle was right in his opinion that tragedy depicts men as being better than they really are and comedy depicts them as being worse, then the years of militant McCarthyism were indisputably years of comedy. The fatuity that daily filled the newspapers would have boggled the misanthropic imagination of Jonathan Swift. One hardly knows whether to feel grateful to Mr. Rovere for restoring the period so vividly to mind, even for the purpose of drawing salutary lessons from it.

But the author's stomach is strong, his temper good, and his analysis invariably penetrating as he chronicles the ascent to the zenith and the sudden, curious collapse of McCarthyism. He writes with an evident passion for truth and decency about a man to whom those qualities meant less than nothing, but he writes without bitterness. Indeed, there are times when Mr. Rovere's detachment seems almost preternatural. When he cites the letters he has received from outraged McCarthyites, letters that were "ugly, threatening, in many cases vile," it is to show that they illustrate "a love for the man which, though it was doubtless a form of self-love, was not entirely without a power to be affecting." Stroke by stroke, he paints a portrait of McCarthy that does a great deal to explain not only the Senator's rapid ascent to power but also his peculiar acquiescence in defeat. This portrait is a subtle one—a more subtle one, perhaps, than anyone else has given us—and no brief description can do it justice, but the following portion of it

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may sustain the reader until he can get his hands on the book:

> McCarthy, though a demon himself, was not a man possessed by demons. His talents as a demagogue were great, but he lacked the most necessary and awesome of demagogic gifts—a belief in the sacredness of his own mission. A man may go a long way in politics—particularly in democratic politics—without much in the way of convictions, but to overcome adversity he needs the strength that can be drawn either from belief in an idea or from a sense of his own righteousness. If he has no convictions, he can scarcely draw courage from them. It was the lack of conviction that made McCarthy at once a more vulnerable and a more interesting human being than any of his followers or imitators.

—DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CALIFORNIA STREET, by Niven Busch (Simon & Schuster). A workmanlike novel, written in rapid, colloquial style, about a powerful San Francisco newspaper owner and his three daughters, of whom the eldest is his illegitimate child by a woman he lived with during his early, struggling days. The publisher, Anchylus Saxe, was a poor, ambitious boy who gave himself a good start up the ladder of success when he married his boss's daughter, Jessica, with whom he happened to be very much in love, although her position and money and air of breeding did the romance no harm at all. Anchylus's wife and daughters are ladies, but he himself retains enough of his native roughness of manner in society, and more than enough of his ruthless, roughshod behavior in business dealings, to cause people in general to regard him with antagonism and distrust, and sometimes with hatred. His action in taking his illegitimate child into his house is viewed with displeasure by San Francisco society, in spite of the fact that he has Jessica's eager support in what he does, and eventually the eldest girl's presence causes a split in the family, which widens into a permanent breach between Anchylus and the two younger girls. Mr. Busch depends to a large extent upon long flashbacks, but the actual story he tells here is confined to the days immediately following Jessica's death, when her two daughters take up arms against their father in an attempt to destroy him.

LOVE IN THE MIST, by Rosalie Packard (Houghton Mifflin). The difference between this and practically every previous lighthearted reminiscence

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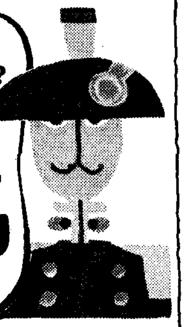

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by an American girl married to a bowler-hatted Englishman is that this one (which is disguised as fiction) is a triumph of literate comedy. One would have thought that nothing funny could still be written about the British Martini or British phlegm, or about sewing with the church ladies or longing for chocolate malteds, but Miss Packard has tried her hand at it, and has proved once more that every subject is brand-new for the real writer. A delightful book.

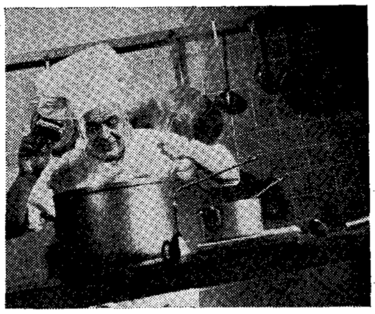
Waiting for Love, by Venetia Murray (Dutton). In prose that is wise, wistful, and girlish, Kitty Lee, a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl, tells of her infatuation for a man of thirty-one. The scene is London, mainly.

Four Stories, by Sigrid Undset, translated from the Norwegian by Naomi Walford (Knopf). A quartet of long tales about the cruelties inflicted naturally by life, and even more naturally by society, on humble, self-effacing people who will neither lie down and die nor stand up for themselves—nor, better still, laugh at themselves and their eternal, useless predicament. "Selma Broter" concerns a middle-aged spinster's pathetic fluttering at the edge of a young love affair. "Thjodolf" describes the anguish of a childless woman who adopts a sickly little boy and is then pursued by the child's mother. "Miss Smith-Tellefsen" deals with an ugly, aging housekeeper who loves her employer, a widower, but is pushed away by him. "Simonsen" is about a poor clerk, grown old and unsure, who is ill-treated by his son and daughter-in-law. All the stories are set in Norway.

The Little Disturbances of Man, by Grace Paley (Doubleday). Eleven short stories. Mrs. Paley's writing is fresh and vigorous, and her view of life is her own, but she juggles her phrases at such a dizzy speed, executes so many sleights of hand and quick reshuffles, and generally presents her reader with such a variety of little surprises that it is not always easy to see whether she is telling a story or merely performing tricks with words. Most of the stories are told in the first person singular, and most of them deal, in a wry, half-compassionate, half-tough tone, with the predicament of being a woman, young, old, or middle-aged, in the world today.

GENERAL

Sarajevo, by Joachim Remak (Criterion). The grim story, tidily told,



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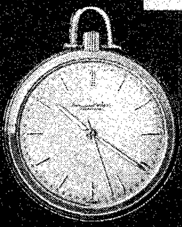

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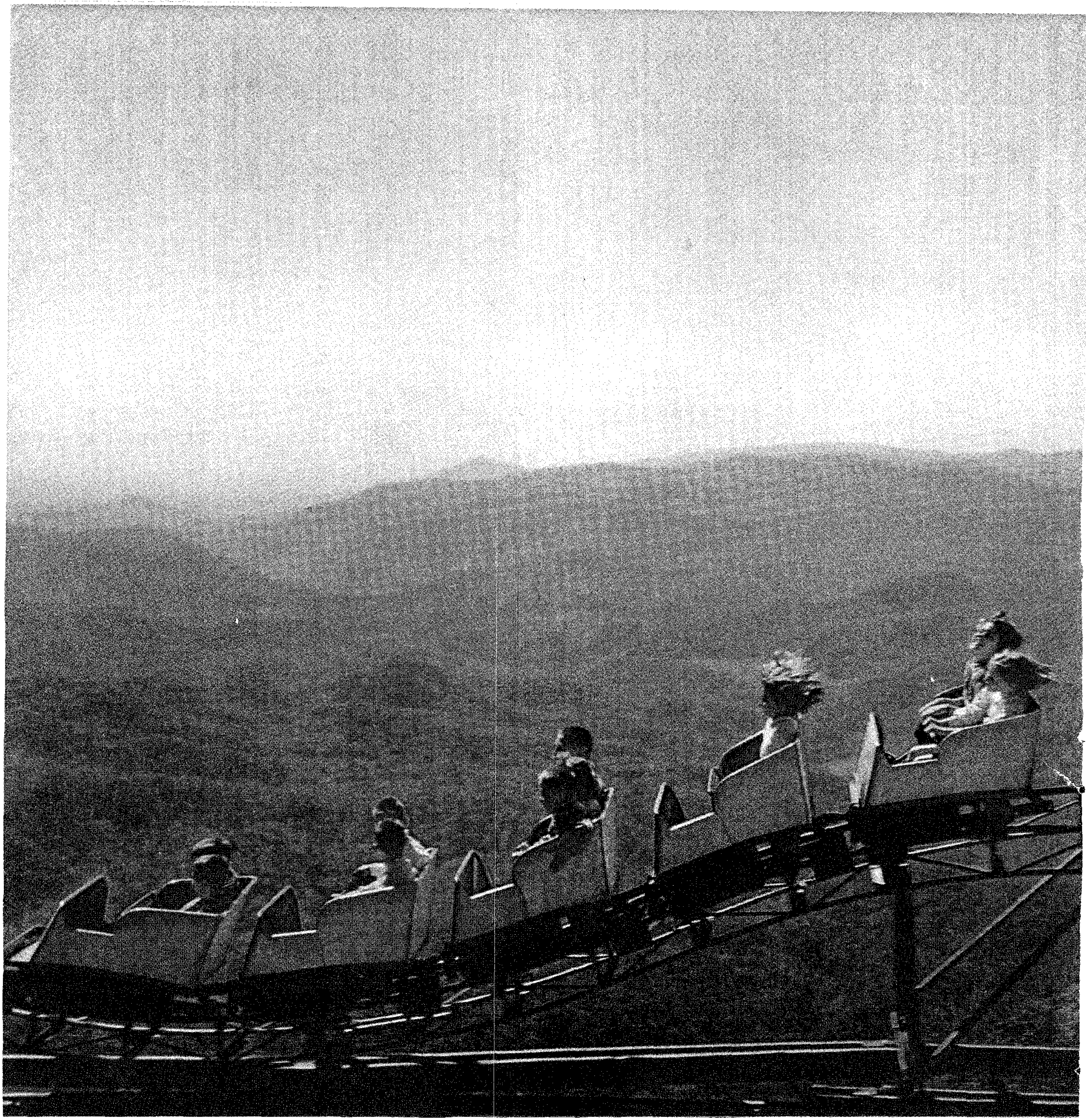

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North Carolina roller coaster, a recent Holiday photograph by Burt Glinn

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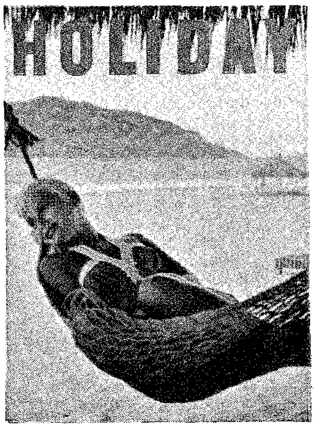

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of the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, while on a visit to Sarajevo, the capital of the Austrian province of Bosnia, on June 28, 1914. The murder was planned by the Serbian Army's director of military intelligence, who was also the head of a secret Serbian terrorist society. He selected Franz Ferdinand as the victim because it was widely believed that the Archduke, on his accession, planned to revamp the Austro-Hungarian Empire and make it a more attractive arrangement for some of its restless nationalities. This program threatened to assuage the Serbs of Bosnia, a group that the Serbs of Serbia preferred to see irritated and full of yearning for incorporation into a Greater Serbia. The assassins were seven young men who in most respects could qualify for membership in an American street gang; they were poor, they came from disturbed or broken homes, and their imaginations had been stimulated to violence by anarchist pamphlets, the Balkan counterpart of comic books. Dr. Remak has plausibly disentangled a complicated imbroglio and explained this much about the start of the First World War: the Serbs didn't want a war but thought they could get away with a murder, while the Austrians were spoiling for a war and ready to go the moment the Serbs gave them a pretext. Photographs.

THE CURSE OF THE MISBEGOTTEN: A TALE OF THE HOUSE OF O'NEILL, by Croswell Bowen, with the assistance of Shane O'Neill (McGraw-Hill). A biography of Eugene O'Neill, who had an unhappy childhood, became an unhappy man, and made his wives and children at least as unhappy as he was. Mr. Bowen offers one reason for O'Neill's success, which is that he worked hard. But in spite of quantities of earnest research into the matter, he doesn't explain why O'Neill spread so much misery around him. This failure is not entirely Mr. Bowen's fault; the people who were most injured by O'Neill—and are most willing to talk about their injuries—were so awed by him that they never attempted to understand him, and the best they can do is report how they were steamrollered. And some questions about O'Neill's relations with his children quite clearly remain unanswered because the answers might be held libellous. In any case, the theory that O'Neill occasionally subscribed to—

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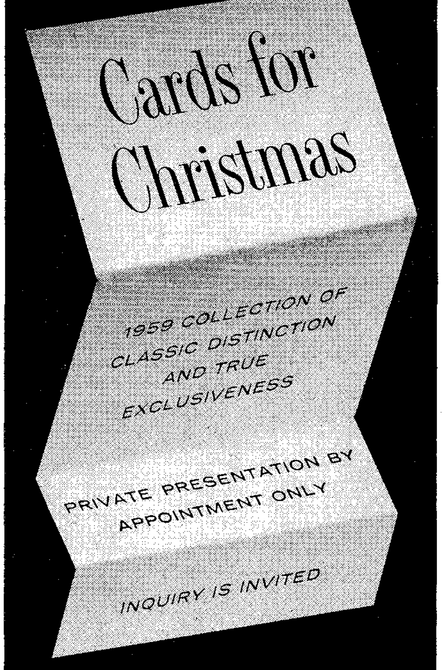
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that he was the victim of an Irish curse—seems like nonsense.

THE LITERARY CLEF, compiled and translated from the French by Edward Lockspeiser (Taplinger). An anthology of letters and other writings by nine French composers. We have Berlioz describing the writing of "The Trojans," Bizet reporting his fury at the Paris Commune, Lalo fulminating against Brahms, Chabrier taking down Spanish flamenco rhythms, Debussy complaining that Rome is all "marble and fleas," and Satie tossing Wagner aside as "sauerkraut." A slight and charming work, smoothly translated, and beautifully illustrated with drawings and caricatures by, among others, Manet and Picasso.

PICASSO: HIS LIFE AND WORK, by Roland Penrose (Harper). A case of material triumphing over presentation. The style is pedestrian, but the amount of research that has gone into the book permits not only a year-by-year but almost a day-by-day account of the life to date of a man who is certainly one of the most extraordinary artists of all time and has had a career that is unparalleled in its precocity of development, its daring, and its fertility (estimates, including Picasso's, differ, but he is supposed to have produced at least twenty-five thousand pictures in the sixty-odd years of his career), and the very carefulness of the documentation somehow serves to accentuate the brilliance of his accomplishment. Many photographs, and a hundred and ninety-three halftone reproductions—small, but useful in identifying references in the text. The same author's "Portrait of Picasso," a kind of family album of two hundred and twenty-six photographs and other memorabilia of the artist, which was published two years ago, is an almost indispensable accompaniment to the present work.

MASTERPIECES OF EUROPEAN SCULPTURE, compiled by Martin Hürlimann, with a prefatory note by Eric Newton (Abrams). In his introduction, Mr. Newton remarks of sculpture that, "unlike painting, it is not easily portable," and that "in order to discover the originals of the hundred and sixty-seven plates in this book, it would be necessary to make a journey of more than a thousand miles; villages and remote islands, galleries and churches difficult of access would have to be visited. . . ." In a sense, this consideration alone justifies the book's

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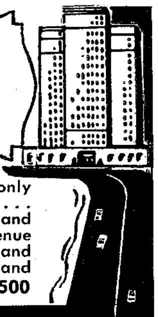

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[1] Charles Poore, N.Y. Times.
[2] John Barkham, Sat. Review Syndicate.
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publication. Add its range—in time from the sixth century B.C. to the present, and in space from Greece throughout Europe to England—and its handsome presentation, and the book is clearly a valuable addition to anyone's library. There are omissions, to be sure, but few are of signal importance, and there are none that cannot be explained by the scope of the effort. On the whole, the selection has been made with extraordinary perceptiveness, and the very rarity of many of the items (in addition to the major sites, lesser-known ones, like Vézelay, Lübeck, and Aachen, have been drawn on) makes the book a treasure indeed. Fifteen dollars.

MONDRIAN, by Sam Hunter (Abrams). Piet Mondrian, who had the surest and most sensitive feeling for the refinements of design of any artist of his period, certainly deserves that any book about him should be prepared with adequate attention to the same formal qualities. The present one neatly fulfills this primary demand, for its format is almost as clean and precise as Mondrian's own painting. The text, most of which is in the form of running commentary on the reproductions, is equally spare and succinct, and the sixty-one illustrations (sixteen of them full page and in full color) range in date from a self-portrait done in his student days to a group of paintings done just before his death in 1944, offering an admirable step-by-step survey of his development as an artist.

CUBISM, by Guy Habasque, translated by Stuart Gilbert; and FAUVISM, by Jean Leymarie, translated by James Emmons (Skira). Two more volumes in the by now fairly extensive Taste of Our Time series. They are compact, small in format, and handsomely presented, and the illustrations (seventy-one in each) are well reproduced, except for an occasional harshness in tonality, and are closely tied in with the text. The writing in the volume on Cubism is a bit pedantic, but the book is solidly documented, and its step-by-step, dry, and unemotional recital may indeed be the best way of dealing with the events of that tangled and turbulent period. The work on Fauvism, like the paintings it deals with, is more colorful, but its documentary background is sound, too.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO FRENCH LITERATURE, compiled and edited by Sir Paul Harvey and J. E. Heseltine (Oxford). This is a

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THE ELDER STATESMAN: A PLAY, by T. S. Eliot (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). This latest play of Eliot's, presented for the first time at the Edinburgh Festival in August, 1958, depends almost entirely on simplicity of structure and of speech for its effects; the stir and rustle of exciting language, usual in his poetry and in his earlier plays, are absent. But because the structure involves true moral and dramatic confrontations, and because the final resolution (the rejection of pretense for love, and of fear for contrition) is firmly based, the action moves from point to point in an absorbing way, and at the end we find that Eliot has revealed a full range of human failings as well as of human virtues without relinquishing for a moment his low-keyed approach.

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His pockets, of course, are very long and flat.

•

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SAM SAMARAS

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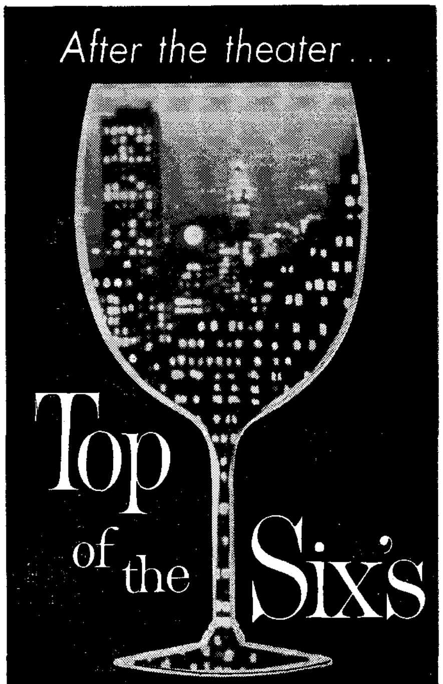

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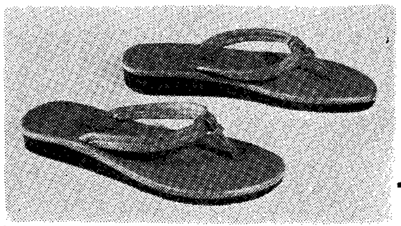

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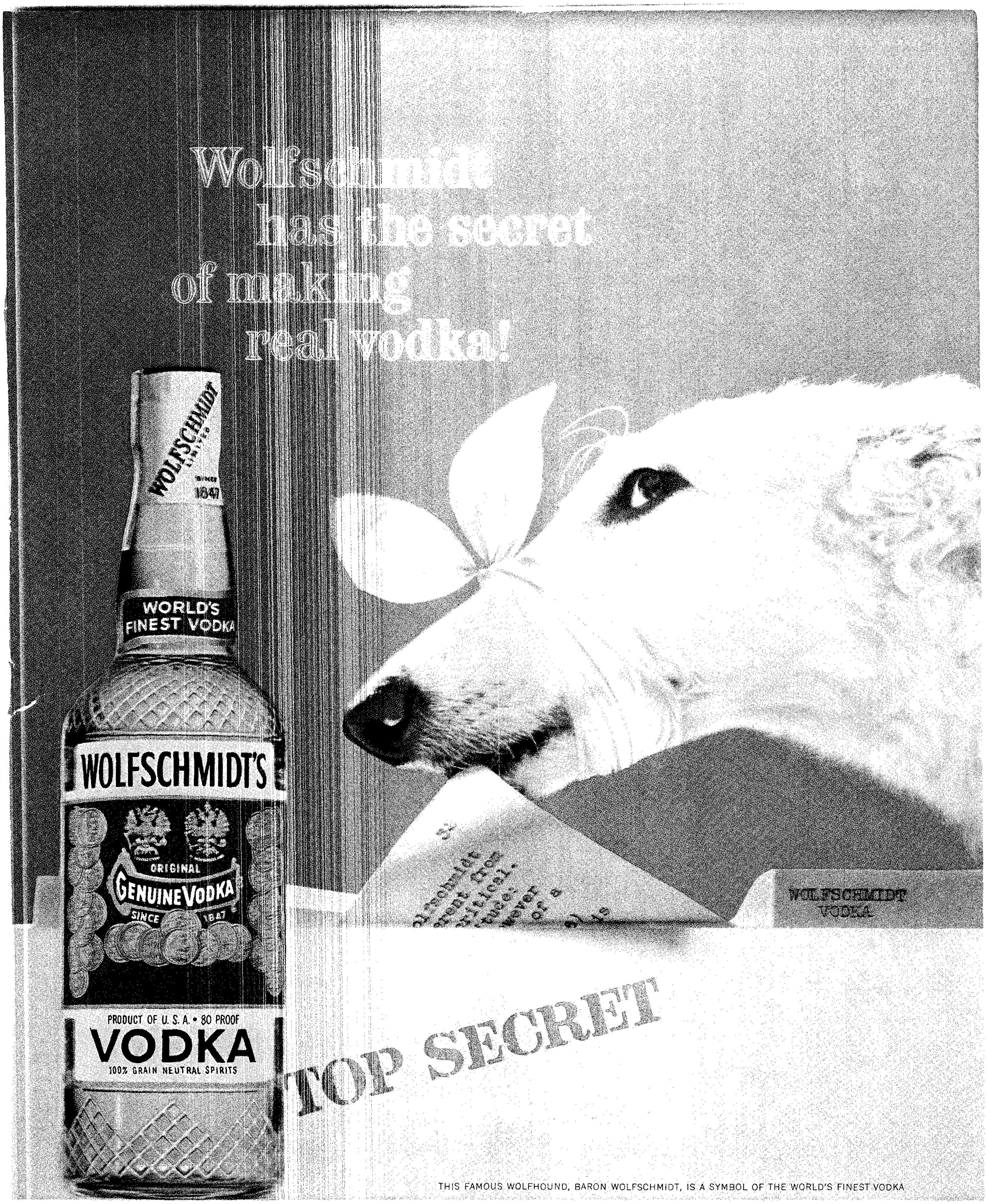
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